THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, Inc.
GENERAL LIBRARY
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

RUARY

O

NTS

GLADYS

ARTHOUT

Earl Christy

STENING IN AT SING SING" by Warden Lawes

Don't Marry a Band Leader Girls!.. see page 32

Irresistible

the invitation to ROMANCE

There are women who invite Romance as naturally as flowers invite the enjoyment of their perfume. You envy them, perhaps. For you, too, want Romance. But do you invite it? Do your lips lure? Your eyes promise? Your skin, your hair, your very fragrance . . . do these invite caresses?

Irresistible Beauty Aids are an irresistible invitation to Romance. The satin-smoothness of Irresistible Powder, the soft blush of Irresistible Rouge, the seductive coloring and creamy indelibility of Irresistible Lip Lure . . . these speak the language of allure. Final touch, IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, romantic as the first flowers he sent you.

Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure. Laboratory tested and approved.



BUY Irresistible

PERFUME *and* BEAUTY AIDS

IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE, MASCARA, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE, TALC

ONLY 10¢ EACH AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES



SAYS SOCIAL LEADER

"Shocking"

A SOCIALITE AND A DENTIST CLASH OVER A STALK OF CELERY

"Splendid"



SAYS DENTIST



(*But the civilized way to combat* "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" *is* IPANA *and* MASSAGE)

"SHOCKING!" burst from a society leader. And she *was* shocked at this picture. Emphatically. Just as you'd be shocked by such primitive conduct at your own dinner table.

But modern dentistry disagrees sharply!

"Shocking?" would respond your own dentist. "That picture's *not* shocking. It's a splendid, scientific lesson in the proper way to use the teeth and gums. If more people today would only chew their food as energetically as this girl, there'd be a lot fewer gum troubles in the world."

It's only too true. Today we all eat soft foods that rob our gums of health-giving work. And without regular exercise, gums become lazy . . . weak . . . tender. It's no wonder "pink tooth brush"—a cry for help from ailing gums—appears so often.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a Warning

"Pink tooth brush" is a definite warning that your gums are in an unhealthy condition. And ignored, "pink tooth brush" may swing the door wide open to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea.

Take care of your teeth and gums the way modern dental science urges—with Ipana and massage. Each time you clean your teeth massage a little *extra* Ipana into your gums. Soon you'll see—and feel—a new, healthy firmness to your gums.

For Ipana is especially designed to help combat "pink tooth brush". . . to help keep teeth bright . . . to give you a sparkling, brilliant smile.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums.





"Yesterday.. DULL, HEAVY, LIFELESS Today- ALIVE"



"My system cleared of accumulated poisons the easy way"

Why put up with jolting, harsh, "all-at-once" cathartics that may upset and shock your whole system! Take your laxative the 3-minute way—the modern, pleasant, *easy* way to clear your system of accumulated poisons. Just chew FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes before going to bed. It's those three minutes of chewing that make the difference between FEEN-A-MINT and other laxatives. You have no cramping pains—no nausea—no unpleasant after-effects. Its utterly tasteless medicinal content goes to work *gradually*. You wake up fresh as the dawn. In fact FEEN-A-MINT—the three-minute way—is the ideal family laxative—and it costs only 15* cents and 25* cents for a big family-size box.

*Slightly higher in Canada



better because you chew it

RADIO STARS

ETHEL M. POMEROY, Associate Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

LESTER C. GRADY, Editor

TWELVE UNUSUAL STORIES OF RADIO FAVORITES

LISTENING IN AT SING SING.....Warden Lewis E. Lawes 14

ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL (*Clara, Lu 'n' Em*) Miriam Rogers 16

MEMORY LANE AND MARGARET (*Margaret Speaks*) Nancy Barrows 24

ACES UP (*Easy Aces*).....Jack Hanley 26

RADIO PAYS A DEBT (*George Gershwin*).....Nanette Kutner 28

"COLOSSAL IN A BIG WAY" (*Jumbo*).....Tom Meany 30

DON'T MARRY A BAND-LEADER, GIRLS!...Mary Watkins Reeves 32

THEY NEVER SAY 'NO!' (*Louella Parsons*).....Dorothy Herzog 38

"NEVER LET LIFE BEAT YOU!" (*Edgar A. Guest*).....Beatrice Plumb 40

ARE COMEDIANS THROUGH ON THE AIR? (*Eddie Cantor*) Gladys Hall 44

A NUT ABOUT HORSES (*Bing Crosby*).....Ruth Geri 46

WHY DEANE SINGS ONLY OF LOVE (*DeaneJanis*).Katherine Albert 48

NEWS FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

Radio Ramblings..... 6

Keep Young and Beautiful..... 10

Board of Review..... 12

For Distinguished Service to Radio 19

In the Radio Spotlight..... 20

Radio Stars' Portrait Gallery.... 34

While They Weren't Looking... 42

The Radio Hostess..... 50

Nothing but the Truth?..... 52

Radiolaughs..... 104

Cover by EARL CHRISTY

Radio Stars published monthly and copyrighted, 1936, by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 360 North Michigan Ave. George Delacorte, Jr., Pres.; H. Meyer, Vice-Pres.; J. Fred Henry, Vice-Pres.; M. Delacorte, Sec'y. Vol. 7, No. 5, February, 1936, printed in U. S. A. Single copy price 10 cents. Subscription price in the United States, $1.00 a year. Entered as second-class matter August 5, 1932, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry New York, N. Y. The publisher accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.



HUMANITY'S GREATEST LOVE STORY!



"A life for a life you love." So vowed this handsome idler! In that terror-haunted cell he asked himself what is the greatest sacrifice he could make for the woman he loved . . .

The producers of "Mutiny On The Bounty", "China Seas" and other big hits of this season are happy to bring you another million dollar thrill-drama! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has re-created for the screen, in breath-taking realism, one of the great romantic dramas of all time, penned by Charles Dickens whose "David Copperfield" was the most treasured picture of 1935. We now confidently predict that "A Tale of Two Cities" will be the best-loved romance of 1936!



RONALD COLMAN

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Cast of 6000 including Elizabeth Allan, Edna May Oliver, Blanche Yurka, Reginald Owen, Basil Rathbone, Walter Catlett, Donald Woods, Fritz Leiber, H. B. Warner, Mitchell Lewis, Billy Bevan, Lucille La Verne, Tully Marshall, E. E. Clive, Lawrence Grant, Henry B. Walthall, Claude Gillingwater, Tom Ricketts

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • *Produced by* David O. Selznick • *Directed by* Jack Conway

RADIO RAMBLINGS

The latest news of those who follow the microphone



Frances Stevens, singer at the Roosevelt Hotel, New York City, is now engaged by NBC. (Below) Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Thibault at home with their pets.

NOW Santa Claus has come and gone. We have written our prettiest thank-yous for the season's gifts and settled down to enjoy them. Now the snow falls and winter evenings are long and cheery. Now we tune in our radios, sitting comfortably by the fire, while mother knits and dad smokes his pipe, listening to music and drama and merriment. Christmas comes but once a year, but radio is a constant joy.

Among the many influences charged to radio, we hadn't thought of it in the rôle of Cupid. But Ray Perkins, quizzing Deputy Clerk Philip A. Hines, who is in charge of the Marriage License Bureau of New York City, discovered that radio's romantic music and singing is increasing marriages. According to Hines, the day after Bing Crosby or Lanny Ross have sung their tender melodies, a horde of couples come knocking at his door for the license to make their lives a song. Let Lew White and Jesse Crawford play a love song upon the organ, and more lovers decide to spend their lives together. Hines credited Wayne King, Richard Himber, Guy Lombardo, Bert Block and Rubinoff with causing more marriages than Dan Cupid himself.

People like the old songs best—so Kate Smith reports, on tabulating the numbers requested by her air audiences. She is asked to sing "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain," in its entirety, more than any other number. Other favorites are: "Danny Boy," "Remember," "I Love You Truly," and "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

"Rolling Along," the melody which opens and closes the Phil Baker laughcasts over CBS Sunday nights, is an original composition by the noted comedian. He has received several offers for publication but prefers to keep it exclusively for his radio program.

A singer of whom radio listeners never tire is Edward MacHugh, NBC's Gospel Singer. When MacHugh removed recently from Boston to New York, he felt it unnecessary to take with him his collection of two thousand old hymn books, which he has in his Newton, Massachusetts, home. He carries the words and music of three thousand hymns in his head.

Strolling along the airialto, we overheard other

bits of news of radio favorites:

Jane Froman was born and raised in Missouri, but she is as cosmopolitan as New York. Her friends range from ragged street urchins to those whose names adorn society columns—down-and-out troupers, page boys or radio sponsors, all get the same warm smile from Jane. She adores obscure little restaurants on New York's East Side, but is the object of delighted attention at the swanky Park Avenue clubs.

Zora Layman, singer of sophisticated songs, is one of radio's few women farmers. She owns a modern farm near Syracuse, New York, which she uses for a week-end retreat, and a ranch near her home town, Hutchinson, Kansas.

Robert L. (Believe-It-Or-Not) Ripley lives on a small island in Long Island Sound, off Mamaroneck, New York. His estate consists of thirty-three acres, on which stands a rambling house of twenty-two rooms. Some of the rooms are set apart as a museum, in which Ripley keeps oddities collected from all corners of the earth, and worth a fortune. It's a fascinating place to visit and Ripley is a delightful host.

Tragedy or comedy? It's all in the viewpoint.

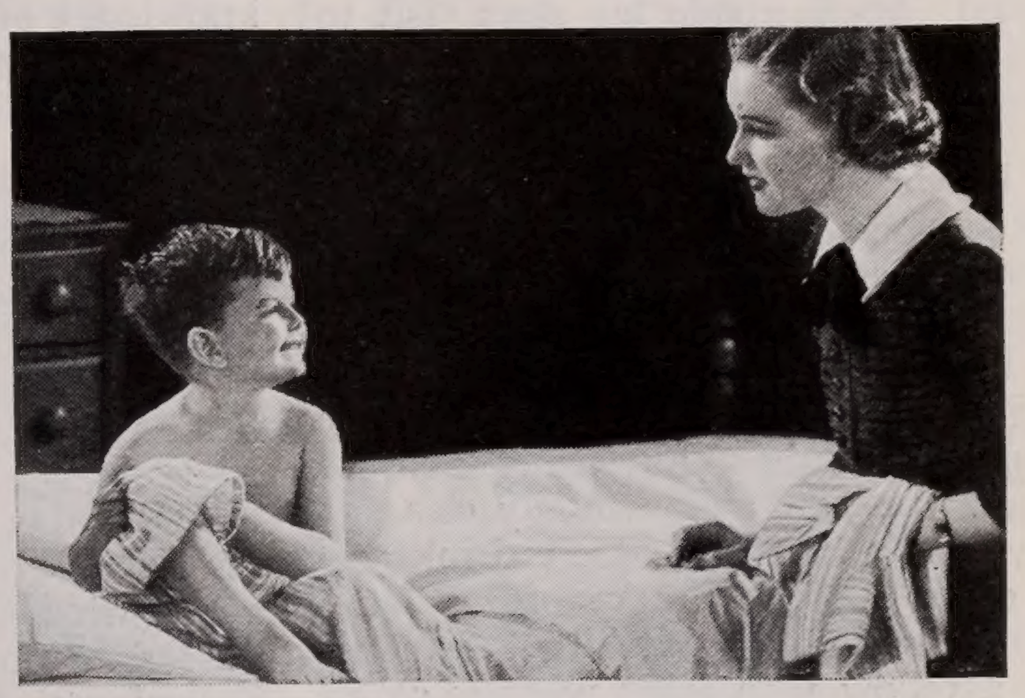
Walter Wicker relates an incident which occurred during a broadcast of "Today's Children." At a dramatic moment in the program, the sound-effects man tripped over a light cord, pulling the plug out of the socket and leaving the cast in darkness, unable to read their scripts. Frantically striving to replace the plug, he knocked over a bucket of water with dishes in it, with a reverberating crash. An instant of paralysed amazement followed. Then the light came on, and, hastily, Wicker and the cast *ad libbed* about the noise and went on with the performance.

It might have been tragedy for Betty Lou Gerson, of the "First Nighter" program, if a spider hadn't saved her life. It happened in Miami, during the 1926 hurricane. Just before retiring, in her hotel room, Betty noticed an enormous spider on the bed. Failing to slay it, she called the management and was given another room. During the night the hurricane broke and a tremendous crashing of glass went sounding through the corridors. Investigation revealed that the wind had shattered the glass in the French doors and smashed the bed in the room which Betty had deserted—thanks to the spider!

(*Continued on page 8*)



"G'willikins! My shirt can't talk, Mom, but Mrs. Palmer said it tattles like anythin'."





"The trouble is, she said—your soap doesn't really wash clean. Your clothes wouldn't have tattle-tale gray, she said, if you'd only change to Fels-Naptha Soap."

(Few weeks later)

"Whe-e-e, Teddy! Mom's so tickled she's takin' me to the movies 'cause I told her how to get rid of tattle-tale gray."





"Who wouldn't be tickled! My clothes used to look as gray as a rain-cloud and now they're white as snow! It's wonderful the way Fels-Naptha's grand *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* get out every bit of dirt. Fels-Naptha is so gentle I use it for my finest silk things, too. And how nice it is to my hands!"

© 1936, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" *with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!*

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(*Continued from page 7*)

Curtis Arnall, radio's Buck Rogers, who flies through space with the greatest of ease in his 25th Century broadcasts, confesses that a ten-foot tumble brought him down to earth. Hiking in New York state, he slipped on a rock and plunged down an embankment. Rescuers sped him to a doctor, who found his back injured. So he made his next visit to Neptune bandaged from waist to neck.

If you're considering a career as actor, singer or announcer on the air, here's pertinent advice from some who should know:

Rudy Vallee, radio headliner for eight years, says: "A fellow can't be tops unless he's physically able to stand the gaff and mentally clear. I guard my health. I don't drink and I don't smoke. I'm careful what I eat. I'm not ashamed to be known as a fellow who leads what is called 'a clean life.'"

Michael Bartlett, youthful tenor and screen leading man, has definite ideas on keeping your voice in condition. "Get plenty of sleep—ten hours a day isn't too much. Take regular exercise. Above all, refrain from social engagements and other distractions while working. And," he adds, "never get mad! It sends your voice down to your boots!"

According to Pat Kelly, NBC's supervisor of announcers, the requirements of a radio announcer are: "First, a hair-trigger mind. He must see, translate, and interpret instantly. He must be resourceful, able to overcome the unforeseen difficulties which often arise during a program. He must be a diplomat, able to understand and soothe temperamental artists. Showmanship and a knowledge of production, together with a knowledge of music, are among other prime requisites."

And, on the same subject, Graham MacNamee, ace NBC announcer, contributes: "Despite my many years before the microphone, I am constantly learning new things about technique and presentation. The minute a man thinks he knows all there is to know about broadcasting, he is on his way down hill."

Helen Hayes, stage star and star of NBC's "The New Penny," was asked what qualities an actress must possess. "Concentration and the gift for relaxation," Helen replied. "Ability to work hard, and capacity for vision. Love of people and relish of life itself. In a word—understanding."

Like all of us, radio stars have their hobbies.

Frank Parker, star of the "Atlantic Family," is considered one of the best polo players in the East.

After a hard day's work, there is nothing Al Pearce likes better than a five-hour game of rummy.

Kay Chase, author of "Painted







(Lower left) Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman in "Anything Goes." (Next) Captain Tim Healy of NBC's Stamp Club, with Girl Scouts. (Lower right) radio's Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Truex in the film "Ladies Love Hats." (Next above) Helen Jepson of radio and opera. (Next) Niagara Falls. CBS sound-engineer gets the theme song for Carborundum program. (Top) Natalie Parks of "Hawthorne House."







Dreams," says her wire-haired terrier, Moochie, is her chief hobby.

Bess Flynn, Irish boarding-house keeper of that program, says her dearest hobby is her three children. A minor hobby is collecting first editions, especially Ibsen.

Mario Chamlee (Tony of "Tony and Gus") has abandoned his pet hobby, aviation. Enthusiastic over flying, he built a plane himself. Got it fifty feet off the ground, when it crashed. No more flying for Mario!

Johnny Green, Jack Benny's music-master, has a collection of 147 pipes of all shapes and designs, from every part of the world. But he always smokes an old French briar that he won in a poker game while a freshman at Harvard.

—•—

We got a chuckle out of Olga Albani's favorite story:

An English playwright, a self-educated cockney, wrote a play for an actress famous for her wit as well as for her acting. She invited him to read the play to her. Overcome by excitement and enthusiasm, the playwright lapsed into the idiom of his early days. At the end of the reading silence greeted him.

"Did my play seem too long?" he faltered.

"Well," the actress commented, "it took you three hours—minus your h's."

—•—

There is much discussion regarding the presence at broadcasts of studio audiences. In most instances these audiences are drilled as a part of the cast for the program, the master of ceremonies instructing them beforehand when and how their applause shall be given, to build up the picture for the invisible radio audience.

For example, on Fred Allen's "Town Hall tonight" program, Harry von Zell instructs the audience not to applaud when they first see Portland Hoffa. Not until she makes her appearance on the air, with her *"Mister Al-len!"* is the applause card lifted, for the audience's response.

Similarly, on Lanny Ross' "State Fair" programs, last summer, care was given to create for the unseen audience the picture of Lanny entering the Fair Grounds. Although he is standing on the platform, in full view of the studio audience, the picture is carefully painted by scattered applause from the few who presumably see him first, then increasing in volume as he supposedly walks toward the platform.

Leslie Howard, however, believes that studio audiences are a disadvantage to a dramatic program.

"It is difficult," he says, "for an actor, who (*Continued on page 98*)

Be sure
the laxative YOU take
is *mild* enough
for even a little child



HARSH cathartics are frowned upon. The laxative you take should be mild, gentle. It shouldn't cause strain and pain. Shouldn't leave you feeling weak afterwards.

The way to be absolutely sure is by taking the laxative that is gentle and mild enough even for little children. Such a laxative is Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax is given to more children than any other laxative. Yet with all its mildness and gentleness, Ex-Lax is effective enough for any adult. And you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Take Ex-Lax yourself. Advise your husband to take it too. Give it to your children. It is the ideal laxative for every member of the family. 10c and 25c boxes on sale at any drug store. Get the genuine; spelled E-X—L-A-X.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS!... Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative.

MAIL THIS COUPON **FREE!**
EX-LAX, Inc., P.O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. MM26
Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

KEEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL

And harken to what radio's men stars call real feminine charm

By MARY BIDDLE



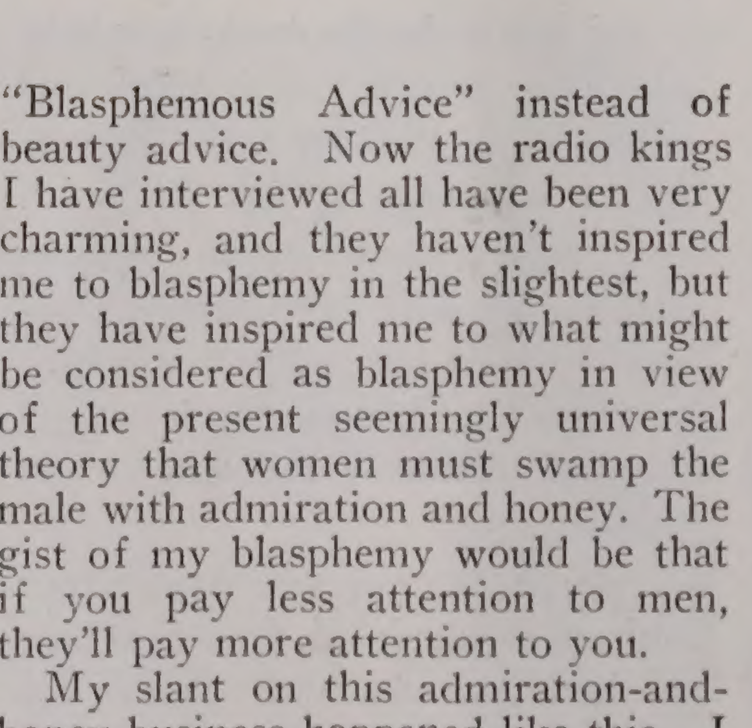
Orchestra pilot Ozzie Nelson and his wife, Harriett Hilliard, as King and Queen of Winter at Lake Placid.

WHEN radio kings name the qualifications for their queens (of the heart), their qualifications pretty much correspond to those of the John Smiths' and the Henry Jones', and all the other maculinity of the land that has to sit and twiddle its collective thumbs while the feminine element yearns over the romantic "hearbeats" of the air. If you would be queen of hearts to a radio king, or to your John Smith, or whatever his name may be, here's a collection of tips for you from our radio valentine box.

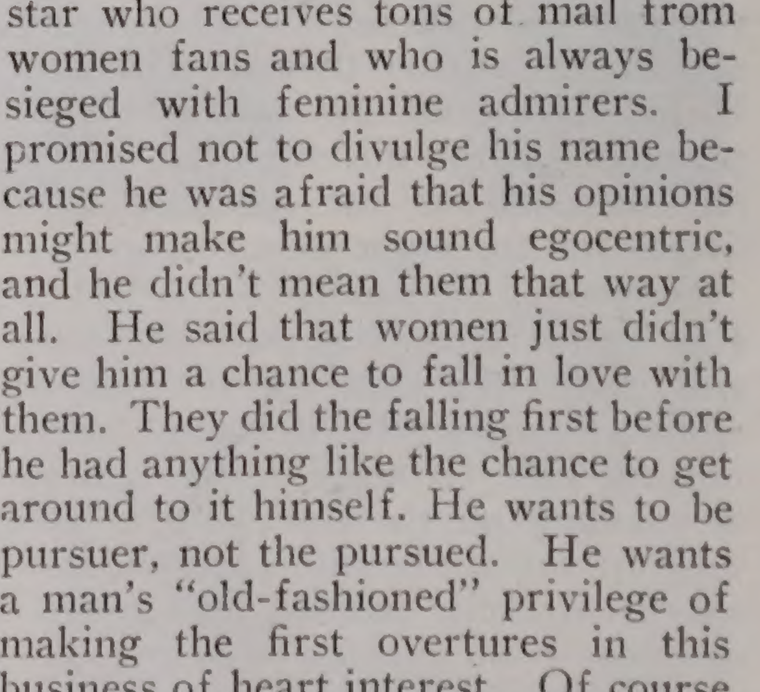
Since men are the reason why women seek to be beautiful, there's a connection between beauty advice and Cupid at which I felt it my duty to shoot my interviewing arrows this valentine month. As a result, I struck as handsome a group of radio raves as ever has given a girl that far-away look in her eyes. Now that's a real beauty editorial service for you, isn't it?

Some day I may do an article on "Blasphemous Advice" instead of beauty advice. Now the radio kings I have interviewed all have been very charming, and they haven't inspired me to blasphemy in the slightest, but they have inspired me to what might be considered as blasphemy in view of the present seemingly universal theory that women must swamp the male with admiration and honey. The gist of my blasphemy would be that if you pay less attention to men, they'll pay more attention to you.

My slant on this admiration-and-honey business happened like this. I talked to one very good-looking radio star who receives tons of mail from women fans and who is always besieged with feminine admirers. I promised not to divulge his name because he was afraid that his opinions might make him sound egocentric, and he didn't mean them that way at all. He said that women just didn't give him a chance to fall in love with them. They did the falling first before he had anything like the chance to get around to it himself. He wants to be pursuer, not the pursued. He wants a man's "old-fashioned" privilege of making the first overtures in this business of heart interest. Of course he realizes that radio glamour is partly responsible for his "embarrassment of riches" in the way of predatory feminine admirers, but when he falls in love, he wants to do it like any plain John Smith. He wants a woman to be in love with him for



Eddie Duchin, NBC's ever-popular orchestra leader.



And need we say this is Bing Crosby? (as Gil Gordon)



Nino Martini, famous opera, movie and radio star.



Nelson Eddy, Firestone's popular baritone soloist.

himself, not for his synthetic radio glamour. He admires a woman who has spunk and independence of spirit, who is intelligent enough to be a person rather than just a "puff-sheet" to a man's vanity.

Maybe it's my duty (although duty is as unpleasant a word as vanity) to remind you right here that too-obvious perfume, too-obvious make-up, too-obvious anything, puts you in line with the pursuing rather than the pursued.

The handsome blonde Nelson Eddy with the robust baritone voice, sensation of the air and screen, feels much the same as does our "unnamed" in regard to woman the pursuer. Eddy is a rather serious chap, indifferent to social life, but not at all priggish. He is a person of ideals; ideals about his work, ideals about women. He likes a woman to be thoroughly feminine, and he prefers the "sweet" type to the worldly sophisticate. (*Hear, hear, you Janet Gaynor!*) "Pursuit tactics" annoy him. He doesn't like a girl to ask him to take her some place; he wants to do the asking if any asking is done. Delicacy, reserve, and good taste are qualities that he places high among women. One of his favorite people is Jeanette MacDonald, the screen star with whom he has co-starred. Which reminds me that Jeanette is one person who certainly earned her beauty and success. She worked for both.

Since we've started with the blonde contingent of the male heartbeats, there's Ozzie Nelson, another handsome rugged blond. Let's put him on the interviewing throne, with Harriett Hilliard, his Queen of Hearts. (Harriet is now in Hollywood having signed with RKO-Radio Pictures.) The handsome Ozzie was a star quarterback on the football team when he went to Rutgers; he also was the intercollegiate welterweight boxing champion. A regular he-man, Ozzie, tall, rugged, (*Continued on page 95*)

"It's thrilling to see your skin grow lovelier and lovelier"



SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

It's thrilling to see your skin grow lovelier and lovelier—week after week—under Camay's perfect care.

Sincerely yours,
Ellen Conger Fernandes
(Mrs. Lim Fernandes Jr.)

November 2, 1935

THIS smiling lady is Ellen Conger Fernandes—slender, graceful and lovely to look at! But above all, she possesses a skin that meets the most trying test of a fine complexion—clear, youthful, enchanting even without a trace of make-up. And for that loveliness, she gives first and major credit to Camay.

You, too, will find—practically as soon as *you* start with Camay—new youthfulness and loveliness coming to your skin. You'll gradually become aware of a new smoothness, an exquisite freshness, a finer texture! This very day, convince yourself that Camay is a real and dependable beauty aid. Its price is so low you'll want to order at least a half-dozen cakes today.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women



BOARD OF Review

Lester C. Grady
Radio Stars Magazine, Chairman
Alton Cook
N. Y. World-Telegram, N. Y. C.
S. A. Coleman
Wichita Beacon, Wichita, Kan.
Norman Siegel
Cleveland Press, Cleveland, O.
Andrew W. Smith
News & Age-Herald, Birmingham, Ala.
Lecta Rider
Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas
Si Steinhauser
Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Leo Miller
Bridgeport Herald, Bridgeport, Conn.
Charlotte Greer
Newark Evening News, Newark, N. J.
Richard G. Moffett
Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla.
James Sullivan
Louisville Times, Louisville, Ky.
R. B. Westergaard
Register & Tribune, Des Moines, Ia.
C. L. Kern
Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.
Larry Wolters
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.

THE CRITICS VOTE AND HERE ARE THE RESULTS

★★★★

TOWN HALL TONIGHT (NBC).
Hilarious Fred Allen—whose only rival is Jack Benny.

HOLLYWOOD HOTEL WITH DICK POWELL, GUEST SCREEN STARS AND RAY PAIGE'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
Louella Parsons' Hollywood stars are the highlights.

EDDIE CANTOR WITH PARKYAKARKAS, JIMMY WALLINGTON AND GRESS ORCHESTRA (CBS).
Gag comedy, but as you like it.

AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN, LUCY MONROE AND GUS HAENSCHEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Recent winner of the Distinguished Service to Radio Award.

FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE AND GUESTS (NBC).
Variety with a capital V.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).
Best of the air dramas.

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC).
Symphony, jazz, novelty and the heavenly voice of Jessica.

MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR (NBC).
Most popular program on the air.

VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH WILLIAM DALY'S ORCHESTRA, MARGARET SPEAKS AND MIXED CHORUS (NBC).
Nelson Eddy and Richard Crooks have been added to the cast as soloists, appearing alternately.

JELLO PROGRAM STARRING JACK BENNY AND JOHNNY GREEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Guaranteed to make you laugh and eat jello.

FORD SUNDAY EVENING SYMPHONY —VICTOR KOLAR, CONDUCTOR (CBS).
Listeners are symphony-minded this season and this program explains why.

LESLIE HOWARD DRAMATIC SKETCHES (CBS).
Leslie retains all of his screen and stage charm which makes the ladies swoonish.

RATINGS

At present, there are so many excellent programs on the air the judges found it quite impossible to single out the best five. Practically every important program has been considered, but unfortunately, space does not permit a complete listing. The ratings are as follows:

★★★★ Excellent **★★★ Good**
★★ Fair

The ratings of the Board of Review are a consensus of opinions of radio editors throughout the country and do not necessarily agree with the editorial opinion of Radio Stars Magazine.

There has been an amazing general improvement in radio programs. Today there is scarcely a program on the air which is without merit.

WALLACE BEERY AND THE SHELL PROGRAM (NBC).
Wally, as master of ceremonies, has made this an acknowledged leader in air entertainment.

GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS (NBC).
A dignified presentation of the world's best music with Erno Rapee as conductor.

RCA MAGIC KEY (NBC).
Guest stars from all over the world, with Frank Black's Symphony.

WORLD PEACEWAYS (CBS).
Speeches, sketches and music with Deems Taylor as m. c.

CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM (CBS).
Lily Pons and Nino Martini alternating. Superb.

FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS).
Waring makes a dance orchestra a complete show in itself.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT, BARITONE, WITH DON VOORHEES AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS).
Lawrence has the voice to sing any of 'em down. His selections, however, are sometimes an injustice to his voice.

LUX RADIO THEATRE (CBS).
Stars of Broadway and Hollywood in favorite plays.

PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE (NBC).
Operettas on a grand scale, with energetic John Barclay as m. c.

THE BAKERS' BROADCAST WITH ROBERT L. RIPLEY, OZZIE NELSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Ripley's Believe-It-Or-Nots are the most amazing things on the air.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT (CBS).
The world's best story teller.

ATWATER KENT PROGRAM (CBS).
William Daly's orchestra and guest stars.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK (CBS).
Most popular of the symphony orchestras.

RAY NOBLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS).
Ray is the English band leader who has become a good-will ambassador.

YOU SHALL HAVE MUSIC WITH JACK HYLTON (CBS).
Another Englishman who is dictating tunes for America.

MARCH OF TIME (CBS).
Newsreel of the air.

★★★

LUCKY STRIKE HIT PARADE WITH AL GOODMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Lennie Hayton's music is missed.

HOUSE OF GLASS (NBC).
Maybe a good laugh, maybe a good cry, but always something for your tender emotions.

LOMBARDO ROAD (CBS).
Guy Lombardo and his brothers and their easy-to-dance-to music.



James E. Chinn
Evening and Sunday Star, Washington, D. C.

H. Dean Fitzer
Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.

Vivian M. Gardner
Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.

Joe Haeffner
Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y.

Andrew W. Foppe
Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, O.

Oscar H. Fernbach
San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

RUBINOFF AND HIS VIOLIN.
Rubinoff is getting along nicely without Eddie Cantor, thank you. His orchestra bows to none in trick arrangements.

COLUMBIA SYMPHONIC HOUR—VICTOR BAY, CONDUCTOR (CBS).
Losing some of its popularity because of the Ford and General Motors programs.

WALTZ TIME—FRANK MUNN, LUCY MONROE, ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Frank and Lucy sound better when accompanied by Gus Haenschen's orchestra.

GRACE MOORE (NBC).
Grace will make you take back all those terrible things you've muttered about radio sopranos.

HELEN HAYES (NBC).
The script hasn't a general appeal, but Helen definitely has.

CAMEL CARAVAN WITH WALTER O'KEEFE, DEANE JANIS AND GLEN GRAY'S CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA (CBS).
Broadway Hill-billy O'Keefe may not always be hilarious, but he's always original, and glamorous Deane Janis consistently delights.

CLARA, LU 'N' EM (CBS).
Most amusing of the girl comics.

PHIL BAKER WITH BEETLE, BOTTLE AND HAL KEMP'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
More of Hal Kemp's music would be appreciated.

KATE SMITH'S COFFEE TIME WITH JACK MILLER'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
Kate's coffee broadcast will absolutely keep you wide awake!

MAXWELL HOUSE SHOWBOAT (NBC).
Lanny Ross keeps it afloat.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (NBC).
The offerings are not quite as ambitious as those of the other symphonies.

IRENE RICH (NBC).
The famous movie star and how to keep that figure.

NATIONAL BARN DANCE (NBC).
Choose your partners!

WARDEN LAWES (NBC).
The famous Sing Sing warden in dramatic stories of prison life.

(*Continued on page 89*)

Van Raalte says:
"IVORY FLAKES keeps fine fabrics looking fine"



A three-minute date with Ivory Flakes will make your undies and sheer stockings wear longer! You see, if perspiration is allowed to linger, it attacks fine fabrics.

But if you think daily washings mean washed-out colors you've been using a too-strong soap! Change to *pure* Ivory Flakes—made from the same pure Ivory Soap that doctors advise for babies' tender skins.

Here's good advice from Van Raalte, makers of the famous Singlettes, "We heartily recommend frequent washings in cool Ivory Flakes suds for our lingerie, silk stockings and washable gloves because Ivory is pure—keeps colors and textures like new through *many* washings!"



CHIFFON-THIN FLAKES
OF GENTLE IVORY SOAP
99 44/100% PURE



Illustration by
Ralph Shepard

LISTENING

By WARDEN LAWES

THE most intent radio listeners of the land are the men who live behind the walls and bars of American penitentiaries. They listen with an intensity that you who live in a normal world cannot understand. You, who sit at your loudspeaker, are free to get up, go downstairs, take a drive, stroll through the streets, drop into a movie, call on friends—do anything of the commonplace things a person in the outside world can do when he or she gets bored or fidgety.

But behind the stone walls and the chrome steel bars of a prison there are only two things a man can do after dinner—go to sleep or listen to the radio. And so, this being all he can do, he brings to his listening a passionate attention, a fierce interest. He laughs at comedians, at gags and funny situations, twice as hard as you do; he laughs longer. And for hours after, he remembers and thinks about the things he has heard.

Hearing a moving scene in a radio play, he is doubly depressed. The political speaker who puts you to sleep is followed closely by the men in the cell blocks. During the recreation periods, you can hear them in the yard wrangling over the points made on the radio the night before, chaffing each other about their favorites, all with an eagerness and an enthusiasm greater than is displayed by even the most devoted fans of the outside world.

You see, radio is life to them. It is the whole outside world, all that they are missing. An opportunity to share in the activities of the lucky ones who live in a free and unguarded world. That is a great deal. Men in prison get all choked up with energy and emotion. If this is not given an outlet, there is trouble. Possibly the best outlet

In this absorbing story



IN AT SING SING . .

of all is radio. And this is proved by the fact that the punishment most dreaded at Sing Sing is being deprived of listening privileges.

Before we installed radio, what could a prisoner do with the long evening? He might read, if he happened to be the reading kind—which doesn't very often happen. Usually he would sit and brood, sit twiddling his thumbs and grow desperate, hopeless. And hopeless men are dangerous men. Radio, along with athletics and other entertainment, has helped prisoners enormously. Whereas in these early days before radio, half the prisoners would return—now three out of four never come back.

For this reason most of the prisons now give their inmates radio facilities. Eighty per cent. of the prison population, or about 150,000 men, comprise this "shut-in" radio audience. They have no easy chairs to sit in as they listen, no dials to turn—all they have is a set of earphones at the head of their beds.



Warden Lewis E. Lawes, penologist and humanitarian.

At Sing Sing we have a powerful three-channel radio receiver, watched over tenderly by one of the prisoners. Once a week a schedule of programs is made up and these will be the programs that all who reside there will hear, no others. The schedule is highly varied and skips about, from NBC to Columbia, and in and out among the New York and New Jersey local stations. Melancholy programs and those featuring deaths and executions are kept out of the death house or the CCs (condemned cells) as they are known. With this exception the prisoners get pretty much what they want. After all, these programs designed for the home, should not be harmful to prisoners.

They let their wants be known, by messages, to the officers of their own Welfare League, who make up the schedule and submit it for approval to the Director of Entertainment, who, in turn, sends it along to me.

Frequently I have been asked if I permit prisoners to listen to crime and blood-and-thunder stories. Certainly I do—because nine times out of ten prisoners see through these yarns and find them uproariously funny. I don't think anything makes them laugh harder than the average crook thriller. They recognize, better than most listeners, how unreal and faked they are. Only once or twice have I been obliged to ban programs—and these were entertainment which furnished an incentive to crime.

Variety shows, news commentators and good orchestras are the popular programs at Sing Sing. Preferences, of course, change. Once Amos and Andy were best liked. Today the struggle for top honors is between Major Bowes and Eddie Cantor. Inasmuch as these two are on the air at the same time, we give a half hour of each. Fred Waring is another popular favorite.

Bowes is enjoyed because of the variety he injects into his show. And it is this same (*Continued on page 80*)

Warden Lawes shows the value of radio to men in prison

ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL

BY MIRIAM ROGERS



Louise Starkey—"Clara"

CLARA, LU 'N' EM are real people. They were born—and under a lucky star, it seems—when Isobel Carothers, Helen King and Louise Starkey conceived and created them for their own amusement, little suspecting how these three country matrons were to dominate their lives.

The three girls were classmates in the School of Speech at Northwestern University and as they studied or frivoled away some free hour together, they began chatting of their work or of college and sorority events in a manner and speech wholly unlike their own. It was grand fun! And as time went on they found, amazingly, that these three imaginary characters whom they called "Clara, Lu 'n' Em," had become real people, with personalities so fully established that they could no more be changed than you could change the habits and natures of any of your friends.

Even in those early days, the three country women must have reacted to mathematics as they do today!

"I never thought that arithmetic reasoning had much to do with real life," Clara protests.

And Em heartily agrees: "All they used to have to do ta me was ta say a boy worked four and three-quarter days and made three apples—and my mind was as paralyzed as if I had a shock of some kind."

And similarly, Lu cries: "The thought o' questions jest scares everything outa my head!"

One day the girls introduced Clara, Lu 'n' Em to a friend. And after that other friends clamored to meet

"Clara, Lu 'n' Em," conceived for a lark, become real



Isobel Carothers—"Lu"



Helen King—"Em"

them and delighted in their appealing absurdities, their ungrammatical chatter about familiar problems, their cheerful ignorance, their gorgeous good humor. But though only a privileged few knew Clara, Lu and Em in these early days, the three personalities were vital and enduring. Inevitably they carved out their own careers.

Louise, Isobel and Helen had planned to teach. In fact, after graduation, with a Bachelor of Letters degree apiece, each secured a teaching position in widely separated parts of the country. If they had dreams—and what girl hasn't?—it was no doubt of the day when they would marry and settle down in some pleasant community to the most desirable of careers, as wives and mothers.

Only Helen considered another career. She was a fine pianist and it occurred to her that radio might offer an opening. But Clara, Lu and Em demanded their own destinies, and Fate—it seems too big to call it mere coincidence—stepped in and brought the three girls together again, in Chicago. Helen found a stumbling block to her career in the lack of sufficient funds to join the Musicians' Union. But there were no stumbling blocks to the career of Clara, Lu and Em! Opportunity didn't merely knock on the door, it opened wide and summoned them imperiously to the microphone. So, like reluctant Siamese twins—or triplets, rather!—Helen, Isobel and Louise answered the summons. The first audition, shyly undertaken at the insistence of a friend, led immediately to a job! And so the familiar game amazingly turned into a career!

That was five years ago. And (*Continued on page 62*)

to their creators and to a host of listening friends

Here's *Made-to-order* Protection!

3 TYPES OF KOTEX

DESIGNED FOR DIFFERENT WOMEN—AND FOR DIFFERENT DAYS!



IN THE BLUE BOX
Regular Kotex

For the ordinary needs of most women, Regular Kotex is ideal. Combines full protection with utmost comfort. The millions who are completely satisfied with Regular will have no reason to change.

IN THE GREEN BOX
Junior Kotex

Somewhat narrower — is this Junior Kotex. Designed at the request of women of slight stature, and younger girls. Thousands will find it suitable for certain days when less protection is needed.

IN THE BROWN BOX
Super Kotex

For more protection on some days it's only natural that you desire a napkin with greater absorbency. The extra layers in Super Kotex give you extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

All 3 types have these exclusive features:

"CAN'T CHAFE"

The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. The sides are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton —all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But sides only are cushioned — the center surface is left free to absorb.



"CAN'T FAIL"

For security Kotex has a channeled "Equalizer" center that guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk — prevents twisting and roping. The filler is 5 *times* more absorbent than cotton.



"CAN'T SHOW"

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines when you wear Kotex. The ends are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.



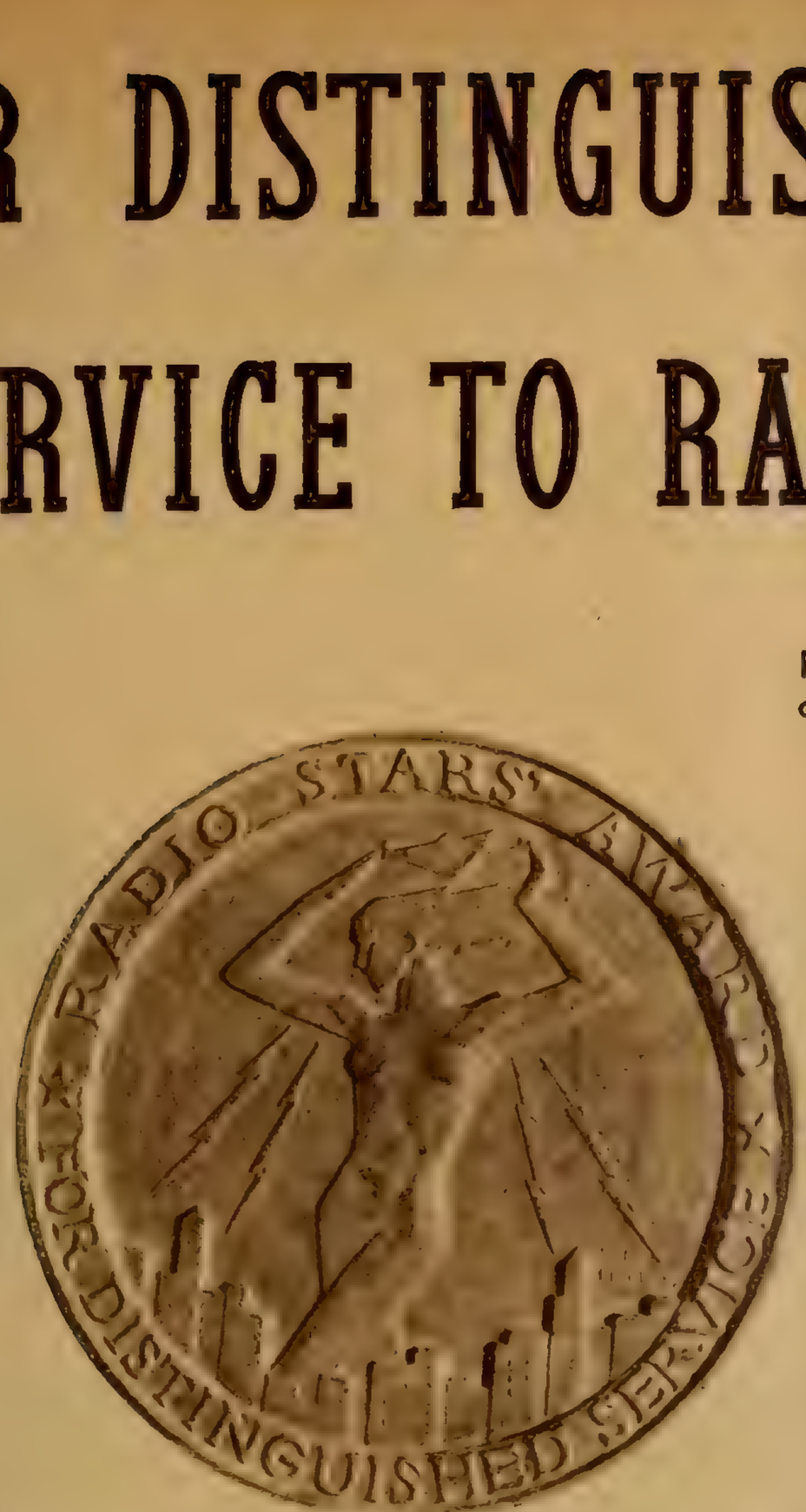
WONDERSOFT KOTEX

A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO



Fred Allen in four characteristic poses.



Wednesday night means "Town Hall Tonight" starring Fred Allen, which, consequently, means that practically every radio listener in the land is promptly tuned in for an hour's enjoyment of good humor and sprightly music. It is a program which, thanks to Fred Allen's good taste and originality, definitely has raised the standard of comedy on the air to lofty heights.

Fred's spirit of fun is in hilarious evidence throughout the popular proceedings. His newsreel theatre, the uproarious Mighty Allen Art Players, the talented amateurs—all these amusing features are in keeping with the keen sense of humor possessed by the genial master of ceremonies, Fred Allen.

Heckling Portland Hoffa, Peter Van Steeden and his orchestra, and Announcer Harry von Zell keep smartly in pace with Fred's tempo of merriment.

The program, presented by Ipana Toothpaste and Sal Hepatica, is teaching the nation the meaning of good cheer. In recognition of this, RADIO STARS Magazine awards its Distinguished Service Medal of the month to "Town Hall Tonight."

Lester C. Grady

—Editor.

IN THE

"Behind the Eight Ball—"

Rudy Vallee enjoys a game of pool at his lodge at Lake Kezor, Maine.



Wallace Beery of Shell Chateau greets Harriet Hilliard. And (right) Carmen Lombardo goes skating.



Leslie Howard, with Elizabeth Love, who holds the enviable rôle of leading lady in his radio serial, "The Amateur Gentleman."





RADIO SPOTLIGHT

and in front of it—bright stars of the air-waves
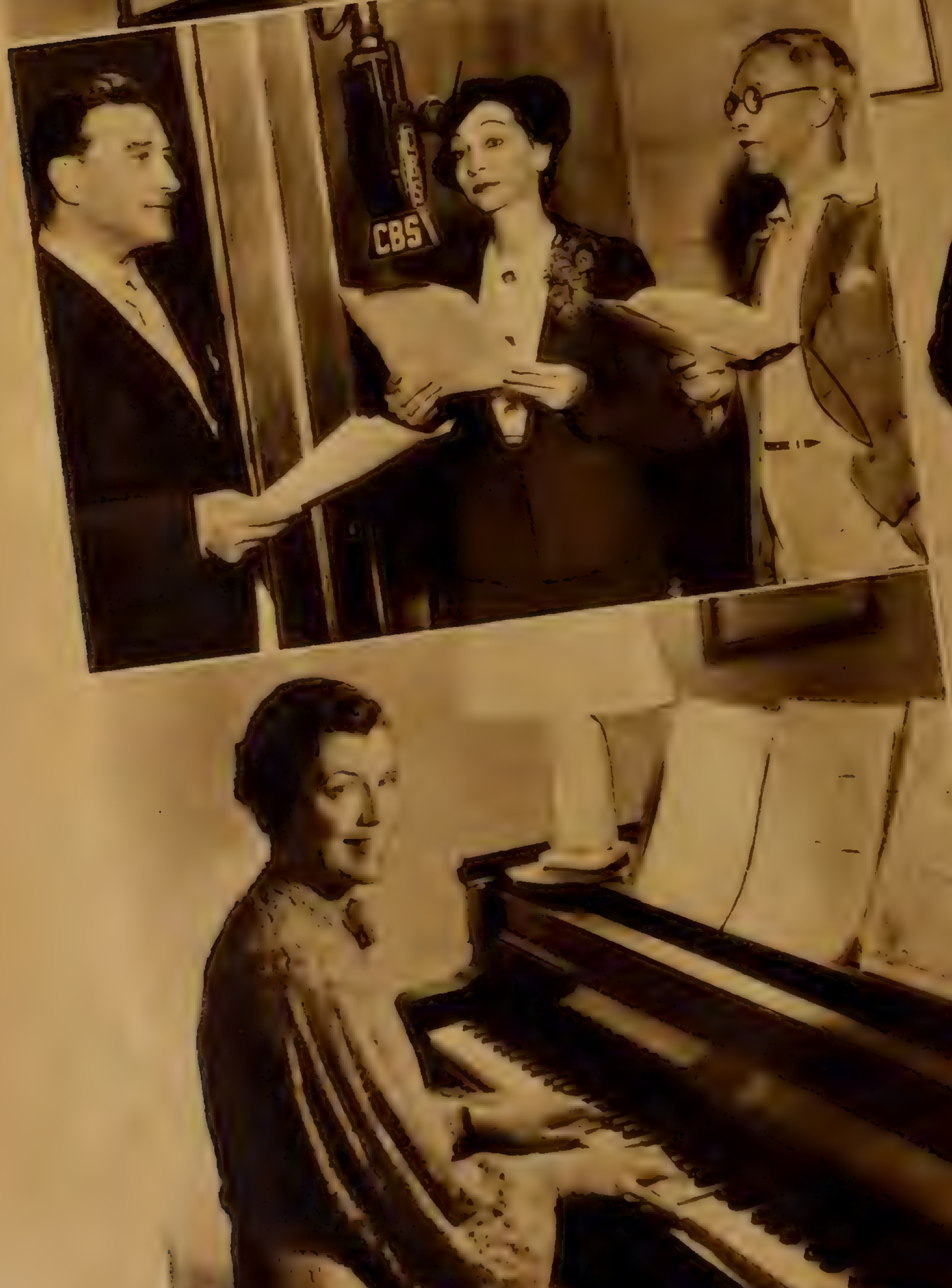
(Below) Lily Pons, brilliant coloratura soprano, at the microphone, singing on the Chesterfield program. (Right) Madame Schumann-Heink, as she rehearsed for Gertrude Berg's program.

(Left) Dorothy Lamour, "Dreamer of Songs." Hollywood wants this little NBC singer. (Right) Here is Joan Crawford with her husband, Franchot Tone, and Franchot's father, Frank J. Tone.

IN THE RADIO SPOT









The girls' trio of the "Roy Campbell Royalists"—Mildred Monson (left), Jean Yewell (center), Eleanor Bowers (right). NBC's "Tune Detective," Dr. Sigmund Spaeth, explains clues to Evelyn Rowell of the NBC song-releases department. Irene Rich, stage, screen and radio star, has a beautiful singing voice. One of the earliest and greatest of movie matinee idols, Francis X. Bushman, reading his radio rôle, (Michael Dorne) in "The Story of Mary Marlin," with Joan Blaine (Mary Marlin). Dick Himber has a radio fan who resembles him. He is Jerry Reich. Vivienne Segal poses on a cello! Margaret Gent (Lullaby Lady). Joan Bennett, who starred in "Merely Mary Ann" for the Lux Radio Theatre.

LIGHT . . .





Only seventeen, dainty Durelle Alexander has been an entertainer since the age of five. Her songs are now featured on the Paul Whiteman Music Hall broadcasts.



Two very characteristic poses of Margaret Speaks, at home and in the NBC studio.

MEMORY LANE AND MARGARET

BY NANCY BARROWS

Introducing Margaret

SOMEWHERE north of London and south of the Cheviot Hills there is—or was—a little village known as Bramford-Speke. Whether it still exists, or has been absorbed by some larger township, an eager traveler, with but a brief time for the search, could not discover.

But some day Margaret Speaks hopes, on a more leisurely journey through England, to find that spot to which her family gave its name, and from which they set forth some generations ago to found a new home in America.

You know Margaret as the lovely soprano soloist and assisting artist on the Voice of Firestone concerts. And when you tune in your radio for that program and hear its theme song:

"Strolling again
Memory Lane
With you . . ."

you hear words pe-



Speaks, lovely young singer of the "Voice of Firestone."

culiarly applicable to this young singer. For Margaret Speaks is one whose roots go deep—down into the soil of this country which is her own, down into the soil of England, which her remote grandfathers settled.

She likes to remember, in these times of stress and insecurity, that in her flows the blood of pioneers and settlers —men and women to whom courage and fortitude were as necessary as food and drink, to whom honor was no empty word but a precious heritage to live for and to die for. Men and women whose vision of a brave future was enriched by memories of a splendid past. People with love and loyalty in their hearts and with music in their souls.

Music, to the Speaks family, is like their mother tongue. Margaret's father sings and plays the guitar and the 'cello. Her mother, an accomplished musician, accompanied Margaret on the piano the first time she sang in public—at the ripe old age of four.

"It was a Children's Day concert in the Methodist Church in Canal-Winchester," Margaret said. "And I had a new dress to wear, and new shoes of which I was particularly proud. And it rained! Mother persuaded me to wear my overshoes. But when I got to the church I forgot all about them. It was only after I had finished my song that I glanced down. There were my galoshes, hiding my beautiful new shoes. It was one of life's darkest moments!"

Margaret's uncle is Oley Speaks, the famous composer who gave us those lovely songs, "Sylvia," "The Road to Mandalay," "Morning," and other tender and beautiful melodies known the wide world over. On Christmas Day the Speaks family always gathers together—father and mother, uncles and aunts, Margaret's brothers, her husband and her boy. And one of their cherished treats comes when dusk begins to steal in from the corners of the room and the candles bloom more brightly on the tree, and Oley plays and sings his songs.

And for each listener the music frames bright memories that give life richer meaning.

Margaret likes to remember how her father once, saying goodbye to an elderly, frail relative, standing by the door of her car, had the door inadvertently slammed shut upon one of his fingers. How, silently, he wrapped his handkerchief about his nearly severed finger-tip, giving no sign that he was hurt, lest the knowledge cause shock to one whose strength the years had drained. And to remember how, when he was a congressman in Washington, he would not accept even a box of candy from someone for whom he had done a favor, lest it seemed to lay a price upon his honor.

"And he never has smoked nor taken a drink of liquor in his life," she says.

She likes to remember, too, her grandfather, that strong, hardy man who settled in that little Ohio hamlet, then known as Canal-Winchester. Who, when the day's work was done, loved to go down and sit by the edge of the canal from which the village took its name, and lift his eyes to the stars and play upon his violin the music that was in his heart.

Quite naturally Margaret Speaks has inherited that strength, that courage, that love of music.

Almost as soon as she began to talk, she began to sing. And so, to her, singing is not merely a career to be served at all costs. It is, more precisely, something that she does as naturally as breathing. It is a part of the business of life.

"My husband regards my work as a business, just as he regards his own work," she said. "There is no clash of interests between us. We each have our own work, and when the work is done we have our home, our life together."

They live in New York, but the home to which she refers with happy pride is one which they built in northern Westchester. And there (*Continued on page 60*)



"Memory Lane" leads to a dear Cape Cod cottage in northern Westchester.



Margaret's charming work-room is a place for comfort and inspiration.

The Easy Aces' program originated in bridge games they played with friends

BY JACK HANLEY



Jane and Goodman Ace

IF you're looking for glamour don't call on the Easy Aces. Or if you expect an erudite discourse on the cultural influence of radio in American home life, ditto. Goodman Ace and his drawling wife, Jane, are fresh out of glamour, hokum and affectation; they're refreshingly *un*-colorful—delightfully normal.

I was vaguely apprehensive about interviewing the Aces. I'm always apprehensive about talking to a professional funny man. Comedians have a trick of being either impressively serious about their comedy or using you as a target for a rapid succession of gags at which you are supposed to laugh enthusiastically.

The Aces live in one of New York's smartest apartment hotels. It wouldn't have surprised me at all if a stiff-backed butler had opened the door and ushered me in. As a matter of fact, however, Goodman Ace, in his shirt sleeves, answered my ring. A small, boxlike contrivance like a baby radio on his desk was chattering away in a thick Brooklyn accent.

"It's a Teleflash," Ace explained. "Works over the 'phone wires.' It gave, I gathered, racing results almost as soon as the horses

ACES

themselves knew them. Ace studied a racing sheet as the voice droned, then tossed the sheet aside.

"I didn't even show," he observed, with no great chagrin.

I ventured a brilliant bit of deduction. "You play the horses," I said.

"It's our favorite recreation," Ace said. "Jane and I go to the tracks whenever we can."

Not being a follower of the sport of kings myself, I looked anxiously for the hectic and feverish signs of the rabid gambler in Goodman's face. Unless the ever-present cigar cocked in his mouth was indicative, there weren't any signs on the amiable and open Ace countenance. Apparently racing was purely a pleasant recreation—no more.

"Listen to this announcer," he grinned, turning the machine louder. "I get quite a few funny ideas from him for Jane's mispronunciations." The racing announcer was struggling valiantly with a polysyllabic word which finally threw him. Ace made a note on a pad. I asked about Jane's microphone "dumbness."

"Several persons have written about that," he said. "One man wrote, saying he liked the program, but why was Jane so dumb? I answered that Jane wasn't dumb enough. That's one reason why listeners find Jane's misuse of words so funny—it's flattering to people to hear someone make a mistake in a word when they know the correct one. But we don't 'punch' gags like that across; we don't emphasize them and wait for laughs. The lines are almost thrown away—and if listeners get them it's okay and if they don't it's okay."

There, I believe, is the secret of the Easy Aces' popularity, if secret there be. The team is well named. They work easily, naturally. There's no frenzied striving for "sock" laughs, no vaudeville comedy. Goodman Ace's tolerant delivery and Jane's amusing drawl are the essence of naturalness. It's not hard to feel that you know this team, that they're friendly, amusing people rather than a hardworking comedy team. And that's exactly what they are. Ace's gently caustic digs and Jane's delightfully blank obliviousness have their counterparts in couples we all know; less brilliantly funny, perhaps, but basically the same. One of the funniest lines in their program came from life.

You remember the broadcast in which Jane was writing a letter. And at the end (*Continued on page* 86)

UP!

Photograph by Abril Lamarque

IF it were not for radio, there mightn't have been a 'Porgy and Bess.'"

The words were spoken in the deep full voice of George Gershwin. He continued:

"Last year some people criticized me because I went on the air for *'Feen-a-mint.'* They said that if I broadcast at all, I should have a more dignified sponsor.

"I'm glad to take this opportunity to answer what seems to me an utterly stupid objection. As far as I'm concerned, there is no difference between the labels of a cathartic, a toothpaste or an automobile. A sponsor *pays* me to broadcast my music to millions. That's the main issue. It may sound commercial. And it is! I'm not ashamed of being commercial-minded. Why should I be ashamed? It's a means to an end. Let me tell you," and he waved a forefinger, "it was just because I was paid by a sponsor that I could afford to take the time to do the one thing I've always wanted to do—compose an opera."

I looked at him admiringly. I have known George Gershwin a good many years. During that time he has steadily gained in competence, in social position, in success, in maturity, but he has lost none of his original enthusiasm.

I remembered a day, nine years ago, when, with his boyish, see-what-I've-got-here manner, he handed me a book.

"Read it. I want to do an opera out of this," he had said. The book was "Porgy." And George Gershwin said that to me even before "Porgy" became a successful Theatre Guild drama.

At the time I wasn't impressed. I didn't really know Gershwin. The Gershwin who can frankly and accurately appraise himself, his abilities and ambitions; the Gershwin who is a combination of nerves, of emotions and sheer level-headedness, of steel and intuition, an intuition so great that when he wrote his first long piece, although he knew he could take several of its themes and transpose them into quick money-making songs, he refused to be tempted. He felt that the piece in its entirety would live. He was right. For the past twelve years, ever since George Gershwin played it with Paul Whiteman's orchestra during that gentleman's first memorable jazz concert at Carnegie Hall, no one has topped "The Rhapsody in Blue." And for music lovers it has lost none of its magnetism.

When Gershwin confided his operatic ambition, I was but dimly aware of these facts. The previous week Vincent Youmans had also told me he intended writing an opera. The next day another composer publicly made the same vow. An opera to a composer is what the great American novel is to a newspaper man. It's the big thing they're always going to do . . . some day. Only they never do it.

Gershwin did.

And you can't just sit down and dash off an opera. It meant a lot to George Gershwin. It meant not being side-tracked by big commercial projects. It meant giving up his painting. It meant giving up many amusements. It meant spending a hot summer on Folly Island near Charleston. It meant going abroad,



George Gershwin

not to sun himself on the Riviera, but to study counterpoint. It meant constant building . . . building. Although "An American in Paris" was a gratifying success, to Gershwin it was merely a step toward his goal—the opera. This meant more and more work, and study with Joseph Schillinger, the musicologist who made him concentrate on modern harmony.

Then, after all that, Gershwin considered himself ready to begin the actual composing, which took *two years more.*

With justifiable pride he showed me the finished published score—five hundred and sixty pages, the original of which he has had photostated. And he showed me the orchestration he did himself, seven hundred pages of closely written music, all in his own hand.

No wonder Gershwin is furious when people doubt that he does his own orchestrations.

"I have only one answer to that—every orchestra in America employs two men who do the orchestrations, so why shouldn't I be considered competent to do my own?"

He stared again at the many pages.

"Radio has done a lot for me," he said softly. He paused. Then, "I agree that radio can kill a popular song faster than any other medium. For the present I am restricting the 'Porgy' music. However, I shall shortly release two of the dance tunes, and the songs have already gone to a gifted few—to Everett Marshall, to Conrad Thibault, to Jane Froman and to Lawrence Tibbett.

"Yes, radio does a lot to kill the sale of a song. But, in its way, it has repaid me. Because I made money from my broadcasts I could afford *not* to write a Broadway show, which, of course, takes much time and effort, and thus I could work on my opera.

"Besides, I feel that radio (*Continued on page 82*)



"Radio enabled me to write 'Porgy and Bess,'" says George Gershwin

BY NANETTE KUTNER

Radio's big thrill, the new Jumbo Fire-Chief program, all agree, is colossal!



Right, Jimmy Durante, star of "Jumbo." And beyond is Jumbo himself with admirers.
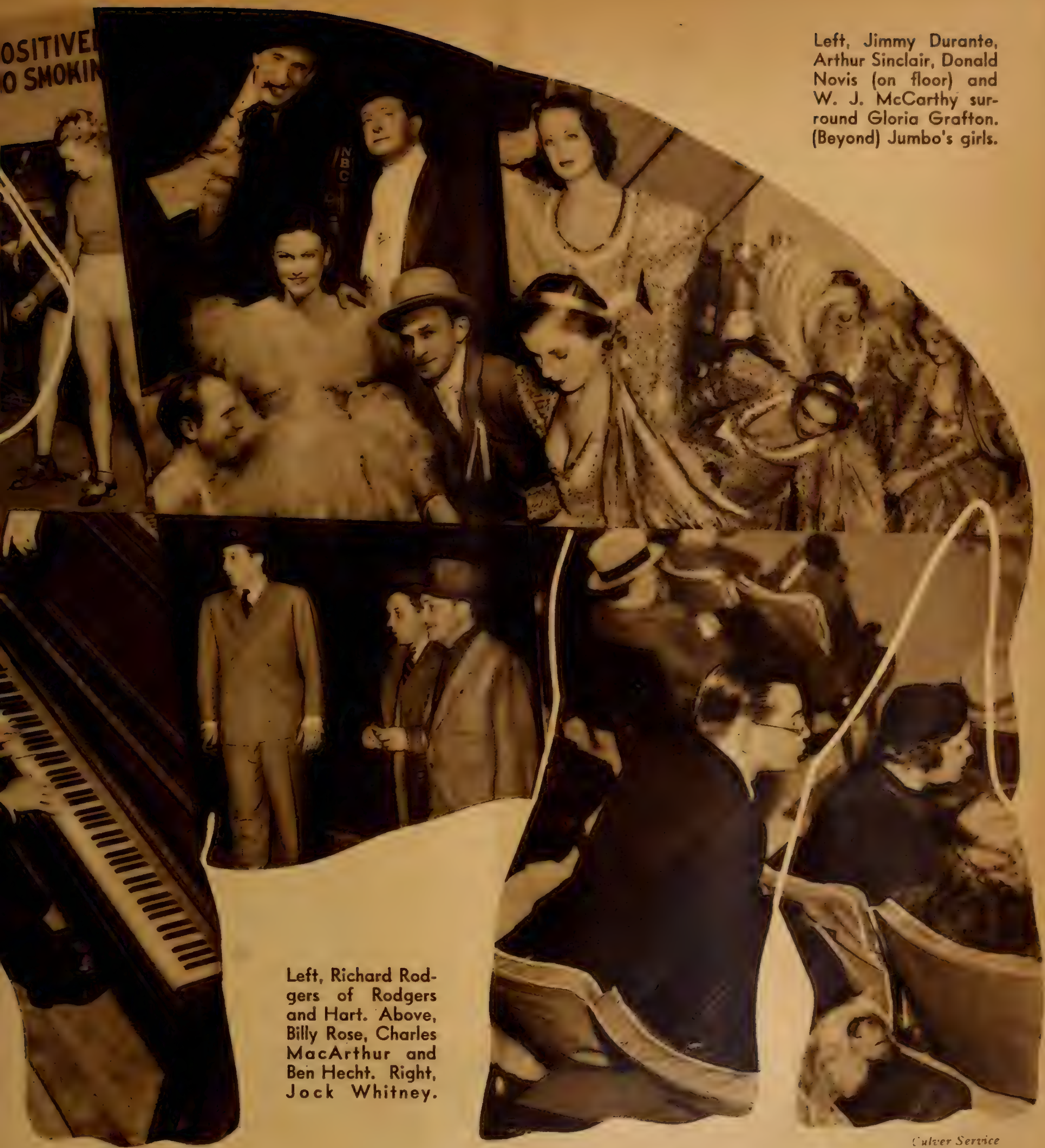
OVER a half-century ago, Phineas Taylor Barnum, the greatest showman of his time, negotiated the purchase of a huge African elephant, yclept Jumbo, from the London Zoölogical Gardens. Its advent in America was three-sheeted far and wide, with P. T. informing the American public: *"It's the biggest thing yet."*

Jumbo delivered as advertised, something which not all of Barnum's products did, until it came to an untimely end in a railway accident in Canada in 1885. Because the sawdust maestro repeatedly stressed the titanic proportions of Jumbo in his ballyhoo, the name has since slipped into the language as a synonym for anything of exceptional size—Jumbo-peanuts, Jumbo-firecrackers, and so on.

The weekly "Jumbo" broadcast which the Texaco Company brings to the air over the NBC network every Tuesday night deserves its title. As Barnum said of his elephant: "It's the biggest thing yet." How successful it will be on the air remains to be seen, but its size never will be questioned. As the movie magnates are supposed to say, *"It's colossal—in a big way."*

Eagerly watching the ethereal progress of "Jumbo" will be John Hay (Jock) Whitney, New York's millionaire sportsman. Whitney holds a half-interest in Billy Rose's show of the same name, which gives two performances daily at the old Hippodrome in New York. Except, of course, on Tuesday when it goes over the air for Texaco, at the price of $12,500 per broadcast.

Aside from the financial return from the radio, Whit-



Left, Jimmy Durante, Arthur Sinclair, Donald Novis (on floor) and W. J. McCarthy surround Gloria Grafton. (Beyond) Jumbo's girls.

Left, Richard Rodgers of Rodgers and Hart. Above, Billy Rose, Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht. Right, Jock Whitney.

Culver Service

ney is hoping that it will create a desire in the provinces for listeners-in to see "Jumbo" on their visits to New York. The chance to bring "Jumbo" into a hundred million homes once a week had as much to do with the acceptance of Texaco's offer as the cash itself, not that $12,500 is anything to be sneezed at, even by guys who've hired an elephant, and not a white one, they fervently hope.

"Jumbo" will give twelve performances weekly, in a theatre which seats 4,500. At that rate, New York's regular army of theatre-goers soon would be exhausted. It will be the tourist trade which will put "Jumbo" across, if it is to go across—the tourist trade lured to the Hippodrome by the weekly broadcasts. For sheer advertising, the radio tie-up is the greatest break any show ever received. It's even better than being raided by the police.

Because of the advertising possibilities of the radio, there are many along Broadway who insist that Whitney and his associates should pay Texaco for the privilege of the national hook-up, instead of receiving money from the gasoline company. Certainly the broadcasts bring "Jumbo" before millions who otherwise never would hear of the production.

Whitney, a personable, blondish chap, who stands over six feet and is in his early thirties, has three ambitions. One is to win the Grand National, a four-mile steeplechase which is run at Aintree, England, every spring. His horse, Easter Hero, finished second a few years ago, the closest Jock ever came. His (*Continued on page 83*)

DON'T MARRY A

BY MARY WATKINS REEVES

Decorations by Irene Zimmerman



SO YOU'D like to marry an orchestra leader, would you? You'd like to join the enviable ranks of The Women Behind the Baton—those lucky creatures whose lives are glamorous with French labels, reflected glory, celebrity guest lists, town cars and servants, opening nights and brilliant parties. Plus a handsome husband whose dancing tunes are famous the world around.

Well, before you decide too surely that you want a band pilot in the family I'm going to tell you some stories that may make you look at your prospective bank-teller or insurance salesman with a new glint in your eye. For if you should wed a radio orchestra leader the odds would be exactly three to one that your marriage couldn't last. And that, my dear, is from actual statistics of both networks.

There's a dread jinx on the Women Behind the Baton. They have every item for happiness that money and fame can get for them except that greatest item of all —*the companionship of the men they married.* As a group they're the loneliest women in all radiodom. And it's trite but true that love flies through the window pretty quickly when there's only one person on the inside looking out.

Band Leader Johnny Green enjoys a dance with his wife.

And here are Lily Belle Lombardo and husband Guy.

BAND LEADER, GIRLS



There's a jinx on the women behind the baton—but some of them know how to beat it!

Take any six p. m., any evening. Mrs. Average Housewife knows that her husband is coming home to his supper and slippers and a game of bridge or a movie. And if that prospect makes Mrs. A. H. anything but thrilled, then she should talk to some of her less fortunate sisters who married baton wielders.

At six p. m. every evening, including Sundays, Mrs. Orchestra Leader is flicking the last speck of dust from her husband's top hat, raising her lips for a quick g'bye kiss, then settling down to a lonely dinner and a long and lonelier evening. Mr. O. L. will be away until three or four in the morning at the hotel, night club or ballroom that boasts his music. He'll catch a bite of supper during intermission, he'll have a broadcast or two, and the rest of the evening he'll spend under the adoring gazes of the young lovelies who dance to his music—bowing to their applause, playing and sometimes singing their requests, and greeting them with the obligatory personal handshake which, as any bandsman will tell you, makes customers out of one-time guests.

Mrs. O. L. has that to muse on while she sits at home idly twiddling her lily-white thumbs. And sit at home —or somewhere else—she must, since musicians' wives who 'go to work' with their husbands are frowned upon by the dance-band industry. It isn't as though she's had Mr. O. L. to herself any that afternoon, either. Oh, no! Not in this radio-minded world. He slept, necessarily, till noon; then he was off on his endless round of rehearsals, recordings and all the other things maestros have to do to stay maestros. If Mrs. O. L. has seen him for an hour at lunch and a few minutes between five and six in the afternoon, she's been lucky, indeed. Many evenings he just simply wears the spare tails in his dressing-room, without getting home to change.

All of which, when you first think of it, shouldn't really be so unbearable for a rich wife. Money opens so many doors to amusement. *You* could manage to stay happy, you think.

Well, the odds are again three to one that you couldn't. And I have this first-hand from the women who should know. For, because you love your orchestra leader, nothing quite compensates for his absence, for the home you can't have, and consequently the children you can't very well have, because you never know when home is going to be London, Hollywood, Miami or a time table.

Surely then, those who are making successes of their marriages have found a secret for the lonely days and nights. Let's see what their secrets are, how they're holding their celebrated husbands.

Probably the longest record (*Continued on page 54*)



Margaret Livingston is Mrs. Paul Whiteman.



Lovely Harriet Hilliard is Ozzie Nelson's wife.



Mary Danis works with husband Enoch Light.



Carmen Castillio, Mrs. Xavier Cugat.



Nelson Eddy and Babs Ryan

He grows handsomer all the time! Our favorite Nelson Eddy, who is singing again this season on the winter series of Voice of Firestone concerts. And pretty Babs Ryan, who, with her "brothers," now sings on Ray Noble's "Refreshment Time" program, looks lovelier than ever, too.





Bernice Claire

and

Rose Bampton

Tune in on "Melodiana," on Sundays, to hear the lovely, lilting voice of Bernice Claire (left), former star of many New York musical productions and well known to radio listeners. And here is Rose Bampton, contralto star of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre. Rose has arranged her work in opera at the Metropolitan so as to make possible this present radio series.

Upper left, Louella Parsons brings Myrna Loy to the air. Upper right, Joan Bennett and Herbert Marshall with Louella. Below, Gary Cooper at the mike and beside him Sir Guy Standing. And the duo to the left, Louella and Grace Moore. Lower left, Louella with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe. Across the center, Clark Gable broadcasts. Frances Langford and Rosalind Russell (left), Louella and Jean Harlow (right). And finally, last but never the least, Louella and lovely little lady, Merle Oberon.

THEY NEVER SAY "NO!"

BY DOROTHY HERZOG

When Louella Parsons calls the stars come running!

BACK in the infant days of motion pictures, when Wally Beery was making two-reel comedies at the old Essanay Studio in Chicago, he little thought that one morning, some twenty years later, he would be consenting to co-star with the scenario editor of his studio when she made her radio début in Hollywood. As a matter of fact, Wally could not have known. Neither could the scenario editor of this studio—Louella O. Parsons. For then neither Hollywood, the talkies, nor radio had been officially born.

One morning, some twenty years later, in 1933, when they were going strong, Wally was called from his breakfast with the words:

"Louella Parsons wants to talk to you."

Not only was Wally at breakfast, but propped up on the table before him was Louella's newspaper movie column and there was a story in that column, as there had been many times since those old Essanay days, about him.

He answered the telephone:

"Hello, Louella."

"Wally," the voice on the other end was a little breathless, "I've just signed a radio contract."

"You have!"

"I have to do an interview with a star over the air every week. Will you be on my first program?"

Now Wally, like most Hollywood stars, is not any too inclined to the radio unless it be to appear on his own program.

"You've just got to do this for me, Wally," Louella entreated.

Wally pondered.

"All right. I'll do it for you, Louella."

The following week, Mary Pickford agreed to do the same thing. Practically every star in pictures has appeared with Louella O. Parsons on her radio programs.

Why—so many people have asked and do ask—why do the stars consent to do what Louella asks when they don't, or won't, for many others?

One answer is: Louella Parsons is the dean of motion picture writers. She has sat behind an editorial desk and has mingled in business and society with motion picture folk for years. She has seen countless stars come, countless stars go. She has known, and knows intimately, executives, producers, players, directors, scenarists. The newcomer to the screen seeks Louella Parsons. A word from Louella may make or break a beginner and even be of consequence to an established personality.

For, Louella has

(*Continued on page 65*)





BY BEATRICE PLUMB



Edgar A. Guest relaxes comfortably in the living-room of his Detroit home, with his daughter, Janet, and their canine pet.

"Who wants an easy game? The sport's in the odds

TWENTY years ago I had started my writing career interviewing Eddie Guest and here I was about to interview him again.

"Our Eddie, I knew him when—" Queer how a snatch of a phrase, like a whiff of perfume, or a bar of music, will leap the years, bring back the past, clear as today's sky, vital as today's life.

It took me across the ocean, to the year 1890, to a father and son out walking.

On a Sunday morning in England, one takes a stroll. It is one of the things *done* over there. It was done five centuries ago and probably will go on being done until Doomsday. It's a good old British custom!

On that particular Sunday morning, a small lad and his very tall dad were strolling the hills of Birmingham, talking about America, that wonderful land to which they were so soon to sail. The greatest country on earth, dad said, where dreams come true! The land of peace and plenty; where men weren't separated by class lines —these folks, gentry; those folks, commoners. Where a man was a man for a' that!

"It's the man that counts," young Eddie's father told him, "not his station in life, or the clothes he wears. See this shabby-looking fellow coming toward us? Just a laborer, but the salt of the earth. A good husband and father, a good neighbor and friend. Not shabby inside, Eddie. A fine, decent chap."

Little Eddie, soaking up, sponge-like, all he could learn about this amazing world, ran a little faster to keep up with his dad's long legs. Dad didn't tell him fairy stories. He didn't talk about kings, millionaires, geniuses. He thought the plain, common people—"just folks"—were the most interesting on earth.

A stylish carriage rolled by, with its pair of high-stepping thoroughbreds, its coachman and groom, in magnificent trappings. Inside, in solitary grandeur, rode a faultlessly-tailored, stately personage, fairly oozing wealth and woe. A toff!

"Poor beggar," mused dad. "Fed up on everything. No wonder he looks glum, with nothing to do but loaf. What's life without a job? It's bad for anyone, rich or poor, to be out of work, Eddie."

He stifled a sigh. At that moment he, himself, was out of work. Business reverses had almost beggared him. He'd barely salvaged enough to make a new start in a new land. He looked down at the silent lad at his side, at the rosy face so suddenly serious. What was his little nibs thinking about?

"A penny for your thoughts, Eddie!" joked dad. Eddie shook an absorbed young head. So much had soaked in! He said it over to himself. "Just folks" were

"NEVER LET LIFE



Edgar Guest, with Cliff Arquette, new editor of the "Welcome Valley Chronicle."



Eddie himself, the man whose homely verse delights and helps millions.

you're up against," says Eddie Guest, poet-philosopher

the grandest people! It was what you were, not what you had, that made you somebody! If your soul wasn't shabby, it didn't matter about your coat. It was *work* that made a man happy!

A little walk, a little talk in the fitful sunshine of an English summer. As casual as the sunbeams that made a leafy pattern at their feet. Yet enduring, true, vital enough to span an ocean, focus that little boy's point of view for all time and live on in the heart and works of America's best loved poet-philosopher.

"A penny for your thoughts, Eddie!" Little did dad guess that one day, across the sea, they would offer this funny little son of his a fortune for his thoughts!

Eddie's *printed* thoughts, at first, in a daily homespun rhyme in his own *Free Press* column; then syndicated in newspapers throughout the land; then in volumes of verse and prose—one, two, three, a dozen, and more!

Eddie's *spoken* thoughts, at first, before Rotary clubs, churches, societies; then, as his audiences outgrew walls, on the air, going into thousands upon thousands of lowly homes, carrying with them the warm handclasp, the cheer and friendliness of America's neighbor.

And now, Eddie's thoughts dramatized on the movie screen.

It seemed as if Eddie's dad, gone on years ago, rode in the taxi along with me as I traveled to the *Free Press* building. A glad, proud dad, full of reminiscences . . . *"My Eddie! Always a worker. Always on the job."*

A pang of pity shot through me for all jobless men. I remembered the sad years when Eddie's dad had tramped Detroit's streets looking for a job. For the Guest family arrived in America just in time to meet the panic of 1892. Eddie's father, a bookkeeper, lost his job when his firm failed. Through grueling years of unemployment he battled on, along with thousands of other desperate dads. His face grew haggard, his hair white, but his fighting heart, his faith in America, never faltered. A fellow could lose all and still be a winner. America was still the grandest country on earth!

There was no work for an experienced accountant in those lean years, but there were odd jobs for schoolboy Eddie. He ran errands at the corner grocery store for precious dimes and quarters. His wide grin and cheery off-key whistle amused the customers. They missed him when he wasn't there. *"Where's Eddie?"* they'd ask.

The corner drugstore catered to the tired business man. One could drop in there for a quick lunch and laugh, a cigar, a paper. Eddie was soon installed behind the counter as a soda clerk. He continued to amuse the customers. Just to see that bright, brisk youngster almost falling into the glass showcase in his eagerness to reach a customer's favorite brand of (*Continued on page 74*)

BEAT YOU . . . !"

WHILE THEY

Perhaps you listened in when Clark Gable was starred in the recent Lux Radio Theatre broadcast of "The Misleading Lady." If you wondered what he looked like before the "mike," these candid camera shots should give you a fairly good idea. His leading lady, Lillian Emerson, comparatively unknown until the occasion, is the girl you see in the first two pictures. She did remarkably well and Clark was enthusiastic about her going to Hollywood for talkies. Clark enjoys broadcasting and wants to do more of it.







WE REN'T LOOKING



Here we look in on another broadcast. Fascinating, fleet-footed, sweet-singing Eleanor Powell, before the microphone for "The Flying Red Horse Tavern" half-hour. Miss Powell, who made a dazzling hit with her tap-dancing and singing in Broadway musicals, vaudeville and night clubs, leaped into wider fame in "The Broadway Melody of 1936." With Hollywood all agog over her, she returned to New York for "At Home Abroad." Now, because she sings almost as well as she dances, she is a hit on radio.





"We've got to laugh," says Eddie Cantor. "Laughter is food and drink. It's sunshine. It's life!"

ARE COMEDIANS THROUGH

THINGS *matter* to Eddie Cantor. That's why he matters, as he does, to all of us. Great things matter. Little things. Inventions. Progress. Big business. Home. Family. Friends. The tears in a fellow's eyes and why they are there. His wife's clothes. (He was responsible for his Ida losing twenty pounds, she told me. He'd watch every mouthful she ate. He said: *"She spent a lot of money on clothes and she doesn't look so good in them when she's fat."*) The whole living of life matters to Eddie, from bacon and eggs at breakfast to the signing of a contract at night. You matter to him. I matter to him. There is a tremendous heart in that small, dynamic body.

We sat at lunch, Eddie and I, in the Brown Derby. Eddie said, at once—he *always* has something to say, something vital, something he cares about: "There was a paragraph in a local newspaper the other day. Written by some radio critic chap. He came out and stated that *comedians were through on the air.* In a year or two, he said, there would be no comedians in radio. He gave as his reason for this startling announcement, his premature epitaph, that we never change our type of stuff, never change our personalities.

"I want to tell you that comedy *never will die!* Nor comedians. Not in pictures, nor on the stage, nor on the air, nor in the hearts of men. And if comedy does die, the race of men will be in their death-throes—the only time when a laugh is not possible.

"And why," urged this small Big Man, eating scrambled eggs and finnan haddie as he talked, "why *should* comedians change their stuff, their personalities? Take Jack Benny—Jack has spent years, some of them lean years of apprenticeship, years of hard work, of struggle and effort, and trying-again, in order to perfect his stuff, make his personality saleable. And now he *has* made it saleable. He has signed a big radio contract. He's a wow on the air., He's wowing them in the movies. He's finally got what he wants and where he wants. And should he now right about face and change what he is doing, what they are buying? What for?

"Take Burns and Allen, W. C. Fields, Amos & Andy —take me, *ditto.*



Wide World

(Left) Eddie Cantor, radio's big little man, with his stooge, Parkyakarkas. (Above) Eddie celebrated his twenty-first wedding anniversary while convalescing from an operation. Here is his family: (Left to right) Janet, Eddie, Mother Ida, Natalie. (Rear row) Edna, Marjorie and Natalie Cantor. And (right) Eddie tries his gags on another comedian, Jack Benny.

ON THE AIR?

BY GLADYS HALL

"Why, to change a comedian's personality, his 'line,' because it remains the same, would be like smashing a statue on which a sculptor had worked a life-time because the statue always remains the same. If you go to look at Michelangelo's 'Moses,' you go because you feel like seeing the 'Moses' and not because you feel like seeing Rodin's 'The Thinker.' If you go to see Whistler's 'Portrait Of His Mother,' you go because you want to see that portrait and not the 'Mona Lisa.' It's the same in everything. If you go to see Garbo, you go because you want to see Garbo and not because you want to see Miriam Hopkins. And you go to see these works of art, these personalities, because you know what you will see, you know what to expect. They give you what you want.

"Another thing you can take from me—comedy is the hardest thing in the world to do. Most especially and particularly, comedy on the air. I ought to know. I never wanted to be anything but a funny boy. From my first days in the Ghetto of New York, I wanted to make folks laugh. They gotta laugh. Laughter is medicine. It's tonic. It's food and drink. It's sunshine. It's health. It's life.

"It's so easy to make people cry. And do you know why? Because, and especially during these recent years, *we are all on the verge of tears.* All of the time, we are on the verge of tears. For one reason or another. Maybe one of the kids is sick. Maybe it's the wife or the mother. Maybe it's the mortgage or the bank balance or the job or unemployment. Maybe it's just because the eyes of the whole world are tearful right now. I don't know. But I do know that we are all ready to cry at any given moment. And all we need is a little extra shove, a word, a gesture, a plaintive song—and we're drowning!

"So, it's easy for the dramatic stuff. It's easy to make tragic stuff successful when success is measured by tears. Easy to get copious results when we play on the minor-keyed heart-strings of the world. They're ready, tears are, to fall from the eyes of millions . . .

"And that being the case, it's relatively harder to make people laugh. It's exactly *twice* as hard. For there are two motions to make. When (*Continued on page 70*)

A NUT ABOUT HORSES

BY RUTH GERI

HE is known as one of the most outstanding and highest salaried performers of radio; he is one of the screen's most popular stars; he has a lovely wife and three adorable children. Yet Bing Crosby's cup is not running over. For he never has won the Santa Anita Handicap.

By way of explanation, in case you are unfamiliar with Bing's pet hobby, horse racing, the Santa Anita Handicap is America's—and that means the world's—richest horse race. It was run for the first time last winter at the newly opened Santa Anita race track in California, a picturesque and imposing course built at the very back door, so to speak, of the Hollywood movie studios.

It's possible Bing may never realize his ambition of winning the rich race, the $100,000 in prize money that goes with it and the handsome gold trophy which the governor of California presents to the winner. However, if you will take a look at Bing's "past performances," to use a turf phrase, you will concede that he generally accomplishes what he sets out to do.

The sun was scarcely up as I leaned against the rail of the beautiful race track at Saratoga, New York, and listened to the famous singer, all thoughts of stage, screen, business and contracts fled for the moment, while he spoke of his horses, of racing, of his hopes for his own string. His eyes glowed with enthusiasm.

The night before, under flood lights by the "sales ring," where each year a million or more dollars worth of juvenile race horses change hands at auction, I had watched Bing bid for a long-legged bay beauty which my catalogue told me was by *Black Servant* out of imp. *Bessie Alix* (whatever "imp." means). By fifties, then hundreds, the price soared as other owners sought the pretty young thoroughbred. But there was a determined light in Bing's eye. Finally the auctioneer nodded toward him. Sixteen hundred dollars! Later the same evening he bought another horse for $300.

The next morning, he told me the $1,600 beauty would be named *Shim Sham* and the $300 one, *Hangover*.

"I'd be thinking of a hangover, too, if I'd spent $1,900 last night, like that," I told him. He laughed.

"I like to pick odd names for my horses," he explained. "The one I bought the other night for $1,000, I'm naming *Jig Time*. Maybe one of these three will win the big handicap at Santa Anita. But, of course, maybe they won't, too," he conceded as an afterthought. "That's my big ambition—to see my colors in front in that handicap."

"What are your colors?" I asked.

"Blue and gold," he replied. "I have a blue and gold necktie I wear to the track on days when my horses are racing. It brings me luck. And Dixie (he refers to Mrs. Crosby, better known as Dixie Lee) has a blue and



Wide World

A thrilling race-track scene, one of those which, more than any other, intrigues Bing, on the breath-taking turn to the home stretch.

Horses! Horses! Horses! And where they go, Bing Crosby follows!



Wide World

gold scarf she wears, too, just for extra luck."

"Is she a racing enthusiast, too?" I asked, aware I might be treading on dangerous ground, since many wives of husbands who race horses are decidedly not. Dixie, apparently, is an exception.

"Is she!" her husband exclaimed. "I should say she is! Why, she gets as big a kick out of the horses as I do. You know, nearly every morning out on the coast I get up at 5.30 so I can be at the track at 6.30 to watch the horses exercise. Usually she's right with me. And when a woman gets up at 5.30, she's enthusiastic!"

Bing had no horses of his own at Saratoga, save, of course, the new ones he bought while there. He shipped them at once to his Rancho Santa Fe in California where his other horses are quartered. Yet on the morning I talked with him, he had left a comfortable bed in the luxurious, if somewhat old-fashioned hotel, and hied himself to the track to watch other people's horses exercise. While the slim, shiny thoroughbreds galloped about the tree-lined course, he talked of horses and racing, of his own turf hopes.

"I've always been a nut on racing," he confided. "Six or seven years ago, when I first began to get just a little bit of money, one of the things I used to do with any surplus I happened to have was bet it on a horse. More often than not I wouldn't be able to get to the track to watch the horse run, but I liked to have a bet down, just the same.

"Away back in those days— (*Continued on page 78*)

Bing Crosby and his diminutive 16-year-old jockey, Billy Martin.

WHY DEANE SINGS ONLY OF LOVE . . .

A tender story of Deane Janis, romantic singer of the Camel Caravan

DEANE JANIS brings a note of glamour, excitement and beauty into radio.

The old order is changed. One sees less and less of the broken down vaudevillian who turns to radio as his last hope of existence. And more and more there come into the ascendency girls like Deane Janis, whose lovely romantic voice you hear twice weekly with Walter O'Keefe on the Camel cigarette hour.

Deane prefers to sing the romantic numbers. And there's a very thrilling reason for that. For she knows that, no matter where he is, Stanley Pascal is listening to her, wishing that he were with her.

And that brings us to one of the most strangely glamorous romances in radio.

Deane met Stanley in San Francisco. At that time she was recuperating from a strenuous eighteen-weeks' singing engagement in Chicago. And, although it had been marvelously exciting, she was wondering if show business were worth the time and energy that it demanded. Then one night at a sparkling party someone brought a handsome man to her and murmured an introduction. Deane looked into Stanley's eyes. Their hands touched briefly and Deane knew that this was the romance for which she had been waiting.

In telling me about it the other day she said: "I don't know how I knew it, but I did. Yet at that very moment something told me that we soon were to be separated. However, I am a complete fatalist. I believe absolutely that what is to be will be."

With these curiously mixed emotions she lived for the next several weeks. Stanley is a gold-mining engineer. And although his official residence is San Francisco his work takes him to many cities. She thought: "How nice it would be to stay in San Francisco and be near Stanley." But the strange feeling of impending separation which she had had at that first meeting persisted. And then her little prophecy was fulfilled. The symbol of its fulfillment was a telegram from Hal Kemp, the orchestra leader, telling Deane that the band was opening at the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York and that her old job was waiting for her.

She might have ignored that wire or she might have answered with a polite refusal. But she didn't.

"I will try to make you understand about that," she said, her beautiful eyes deep and earnest. "You see, New York meant all the things in show business that I wanted. It is the hub and the center of the profession I had chosen. I had worked hard. I had had a few good breaks of which I felt I had made the most. But I was far from accomplishing the goal I had set myself.

"Stanley was a success. I felt that I must be a success, too. That I had to prove myself before I could be—well, let's say worthy of him. Does that make sense?" She was trying very hard to convey a clear picture of the emotions which tormented her at that time. "My ambitions were high. I had to go, that was all. And I felt that if I didn't accept this opportunity I would regret it . . . that I would turn into one of those people who, in later life, are always saying: '*If* I only had done this. *If* I only had done that, things might have been different.' One of those people who makes a decision and then hasn't the courage to stick by it."

And so she and Stanley said goodbye for the first time. It was to be but one of a long succession of goodbyes.

They are always meeting and always parting. Whenever it is possible Stanley flies to New York to be with Deane for a few breathless hours.

The airplane provides the wings for this romance. And although sometimes it terrifies Deane to think of Stanley flying across the continent so often (the report of every air crash leaves her weak and trembling) she calms (*Continued on page 68*)

BY

KATHERINE

ALBERT



THE RADIO *Hostess*

NANCY WOOD PRESENTS

NINO MARTINI





Wide World

Nino Martini has an epicurean zest for food. He dines frequently with his teacher, whose cook loves to prepare the singer's favorite dishes.

Above—and doesn't it tempt you?—a platter of Italian antipasto, a dish which is the equivalent of the French hors d'oeuvres.



HAVE you ever noticed how set most of us are in our ideas about foreign people and foreign foods and how prone we all are to slip into generalities about our brothers across the pond?

You know the sort of thing I mean—"Frenchmen," someone will announce with complete conviction, "Frenchmen are all excitable and eat only frogs' legs and snails." Or, "The English have no sense of humor and live on underdone beef."

Furthermore, I'm sure that if you were to ask anyone to describe an Italian tenor in a few words, he'd immediately draw you a word picture of a middle-aged gentleman possessed of few good looks, too much weight and an inordinate and practically exclusive fondness for garlic and ravioli!

Certainly that's the accepted notion—or at least it was until Nino Martini appeared on the operatic horizon. Now, however, all that is changed for it seems that an Italian tenor can be young, slender and romantic in appearance. While his taste in foods, you'll be glad to hear, includes a variety of dishes bearing strange sounding names, perhaps, but composed entirely of ingredients that are familiar to all of us. What's more, ravioli is conspicuous by its absence and garlic by the restraint with which it is used! So I'm sure you'll find an entire meal made up of Martini favorites intriguingly unusual and entirely to your liking.

But first let me introduce Mr. Martini to you personally—not alone as a thrilling voice featured on the Chesterfield program on Saturday evenings but also as the thoroughly likable young man that I found him to be, during the course of an interview that was full of color and surprises.

I must confess that our conversation did not start off auspiciously, however, for Mr. Martini, having just eaten, wished to relax over his coffee and cognac. And not being hungry, he most emphatically did not wish to speak about the subject on which I had come to interview him—namely, his favorite foods.

"Oh, no," he objected. "Do not ask me about food when I have just finished eating!" He tempered his refusal with a smile that was both conciliatory and disarming and continued: "Ask me about singing, about beautiful women, about radio, Hollywood, the opera. . . . Or let me tell you about Verona, in the north of Italy, where I was born and educated. But I beg of you do not ask me to become a cook for your article!

"Besides," he went on, noticing the keen disappointment depicted on my face, "I am so stupid about such things that I could not be even one little bit helpful." (All this with a delightful accent and a merry twinkle in his eye.) "I eat when I like, where I like, what I like—and plenty of it. Mostly, however, I eat at the home of my voice teacher, because his wife and their cook know how I like to have things prepared." (*Continued on page 56*)



DOES Merle Oberon use cosmetics? Yes, like most other modern women, she does! "But," says this charming star, "I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin. I remove make-up *thoroughly* — the Hollywood way. I use Lux Toilet Soap!"

No girl wants to risk the dullness, enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, that mean Cosmetic Skin has developed. No *wise* girl will neglect Merle Oberon's advice!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes every trace of dust and dirt, stale rouge and powder so they won't *choke your pores*. Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin lovely—the way you want *yours* to be!

Why don't *you* use it—before you renew your make-up during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed at night.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Radio favorites try hard to answer your questions



Frank Parker
Popular singer and star of "The Atlantic Family," he declares that his favorite song is the charming "Sweet Mystery of Life."

What Was or is Your Remedy for "Mike" Fright?

Deems Taylor: "I try to re-remember that I'm talking to only three people, in other words to the average number of people sitting around the average radio set."

Kate Smith: "I've never experienced any—so have no remedy to offer. My pet superstition is to hold a large (usually chiffon) handkerchief in one hand while I broadcast—I think it's lucky!"



Neila Goodelle
Plays her own accompaniments. This young dark-haired beauty of radio began as understudy and earned her place as a star.

David Ross: "I know of no remedy for mike-fright. After ten years of radio I still tremble on occasion. I do think, however, that an extended experience with the microphone tends to break down fear."

Deane Janis: "I don't think of the thousands of people that are listening to me. If I do, I have a tendency toward nervousness. Otherwise, I have the quieting feeling that I'm completely in a world of my own."

John Barclay: "I find that concentration on the character I am playing helps me more than anything else . . . this applies to both singers and actors."

Margaret Speaks: "Experience—the more years I sing the less nervous I become."

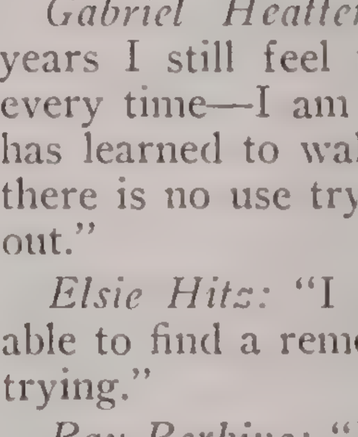


Deems Taylor
A close-up of one of the nation's foremost music critics and commentators who discusses music on the Swift program.

Gabriel Heatter: "After four years I still feel the same thump every time—I am like a man who has learned to walk with ghosts—there is no use trying to run them out."

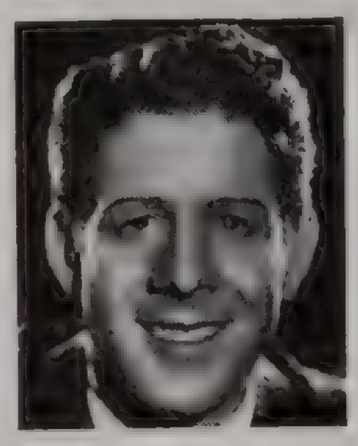
Elsie Hitz: "I have never been able to find a remedy and I'm still trying."

Ray Perkins: "Mike fright cannot be remedied; it can only be alleviated by super-will power. The biggest stars suffer from microphobia at times."



Gabriel Heatter
Editor, author and commentator, he now reports the outstanding world events in his new Saturday and Sunday news programs.

Patti Chapin: "I imagine I am in front of my friends—singing directly to them—and forget that I am in a studio just singing to a 'mike'."



Rudy Vallee
His Fleishmann Variety Hour program continues to make a bright spot for your regular Thursday night radio listening.

Babs Ryan: "I still have it."

Andre Kostelanetz: "I never have had any fear of the microphone."

Fritzi Scheff: "There is none except experience."

Dale Carnegie: "I have not one remedy but three. I try to become intensely interested in what I am saying; I stop thinking about myself; and finally, I subscribe to the theory that practise makes perfect."

Neila Goodelle: "A small audience in the studio is my remedy and sometimes it works."

Ted Hammerstein: "Sorry, but I guess I was born without it."

(*Continued on page 92*)

Al Pearce: "There is no remedy for 'mike' fright. It takes long experience to get over it. I never have entirely succeeded."

Benay Venuta: "Never had any, or stage fright, either, for that matter. Must be that I'm a true exhibitionist!"

Isham Jones: "As I happen to be leader of an orchestra I do not have any occasion to have 'mike' fright."



Margaret Speaks
A young singer who in record time rose from guest star to soprano soloist for the "Voice of Firestone." (See Pages 24-25)



Deane Janis
New soloist and bright star of Camel Caravan's new series with Walter O'Keefe, Louis Sorin, Ted Husing and Glen Gray's orchestra.

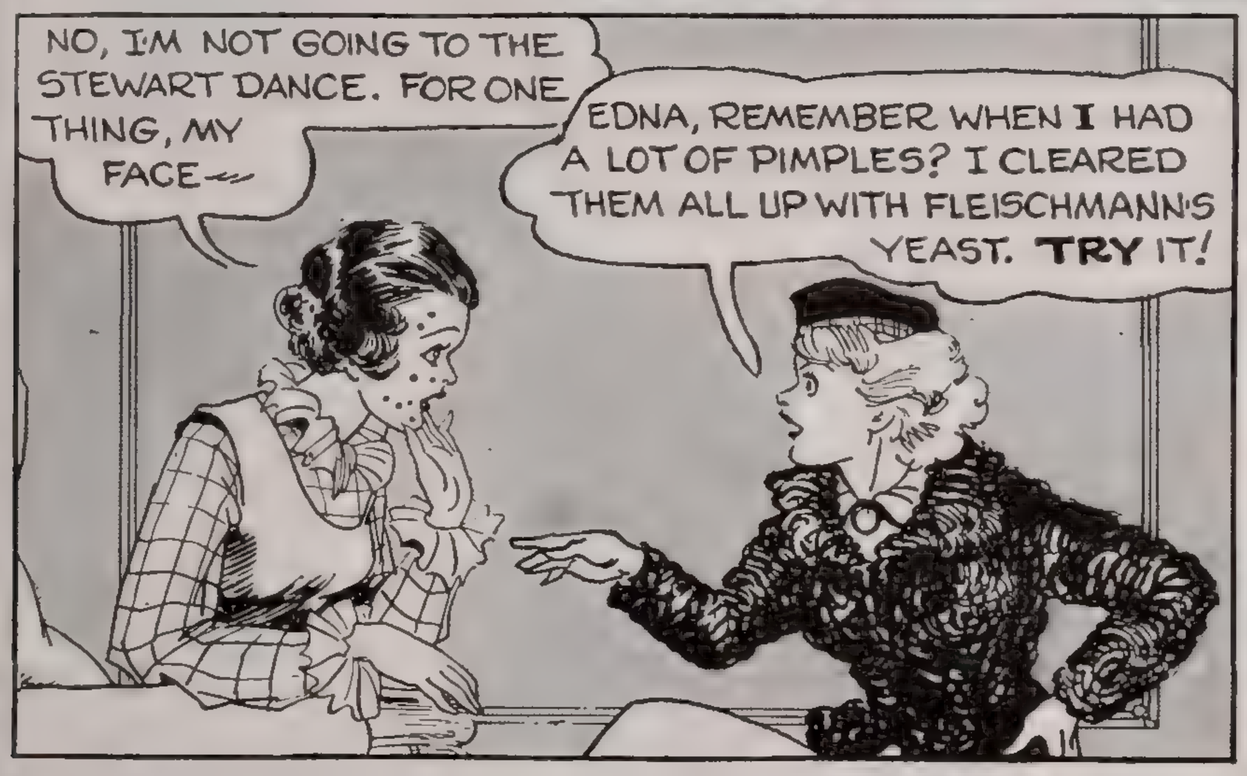


Edna had too many pimples

but not for long











Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU feel left out!

BETWEEN the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Waste poisons in the blood irritate the skin. It breaks out in pimples.

But even bad cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected—by Fleischmann's Yeast. Fleischmann's Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. And when the cause of the skin eruption is removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears. Start today!

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

How to combat CONSPICUOUS SHINY NOSE

LARGE PORES, FLOURY BLOTCHES



6,000,000 women find Luxor Face Powder shine-proof!

● Conspicuous nose! Ugly large pores! Unsightly skin shine! Of course you don't want them. Then use the face powder 6,000,000 women find combats skin-moisture—Luxor, the *moisture-proof* powder.

Every face gives off skin moisture. Most of all, around the nose where glands are highly active and skin-moisture waits in each pore opening to mix with face powder. To cause shine, clogged pores, floury blotches.

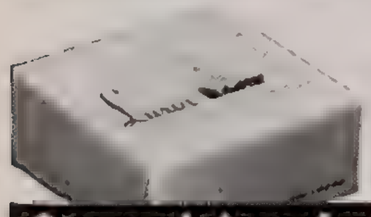
So change at once to Luxor. It won't even mix with water in a glass, as you can easily prove for yourself. Therefore, it won't mix with similar moisture on your skin, as a trial will quickly demonstrate.

Luxor comes in many smart new shades, blended by scientists in our laboratories to flatter blondes, brunettes and in-betweens with gorgeous, natural effect. It bears the Seal of Good Housekeeping Institute because Luxor does all we claim and is wonderfully pure.

Insist on Luxor by name and get

FREE! 2 drams of $3 perfume

A sophisticated, smart French scent, La Richesse. Sells regularly at department stores for $3 an ounce. An enchanting gift to win new friends for Luxor. Powder and perfume together for the price of Luxor powder alone.



55c Luxor

Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!



Luxor Hand Cream Softens Like Magic

A marvelous cream guaranteed *non-sticky!* Amazing new skin-softener for hands. Keeps them soft, white, smooth. At all cosmetic counters.

LUXOR, LTD., 1335 W. 31st Street
Chicago, Illinois J-1

Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Formula Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here is 10c to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada). Check,

POWDER: Rose Rachel ☐ Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐

ROUGE: Radiant ☐ Medium ☐ Sunglow ☐ Pastel ☐ Vivid ☐ Roseblush ☐

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Don't Marry a Band Leader, Girls!

(*Continued from page 33*)

for marital happiness among radio's band leaders belongs to the Little Jack Littles. And if you knew capable Tea Hellman Little, you wouldn't wonder why. For thirteen years, since she was barely sixteen and Jack was only twenty months her senior, they've been just about the happiest folks you can imagine. And Tea's accomplished that by being her husband's very efficient little business manager. She's the only orchestra leader's wife in radio who acts in that capacity.

Jack, lucky fellow, has only to sing and play for his living; it's his wife who worries about all the business and financial details of his career. She signs his contracts, talks turkey to sponsors and agents, supervises his publicity, his wardrobe, his health—and dotes on doing it.

"Which," she tells me, "leaves me about two seconds a day to think of becoming lonely or dissatisfied!"

Mrs. Little has her life routined to a science. Every six P. M., when Jack leaves his Hudson River penthouse to conduct his band, he meets his wife's secretary coming in. The secretary and Tea have dinner together, then begin their day's work, which will occupy them until about midnight. From midnight until three, Mrs. Little has her only free period, out of every twenty-four hours, to do exactly as she pleases—read, write letters, take a leisurely bath or plan how she's going to spend her regular manager's ten per cent of Jack's income, which is her very own to squander as she pleases. The Littles retire around four, sleep until noon, and then whatever business occupies Jack until dinner occupies Tea, too, since she's the business end of the partnership. Mrs. Little has cleverly seen to it all these years that she has neither the cause nor the time to pine away of loneliness.

Lily Belle Lombardo, Guy's lovely blonde Mrs., admits that often for days on end she hardly has an undisturbed hour with her busy husband.

"But," she adds, "all my life there've been so many things I wanted time to do that now that I have that time I couldn't possibly get bored. I knew when I married Guy what the life would be like, that musicians' wives are necessarily neglected and must depend on their own resourcefullness for much of their happiness. "So," she led me to her drawing table, "I have *interests!*"

Well, Lily Belle designs boats and dresses. When Guy had his yacht, *Tempo*, built it was she who supervised the specifications and the driving of every copper nail. Their yawl and cruiser, which they keep anchored near their Connecticut farm, are the products of Lily Belle's pencil, too—to say nothing of most of her stunning gowns. When Carmen Lombardo's wife ran her fashionable dress shop it was nothing for one of Lily Belle's creations in the window to stop Madison Avenue sidewalk traffic.

In addition to all that, she runs a Riverside Drive apartment, the Connecticut country place, and keeps her bags packed to accompany Guy on any travelling he has to do. Last winter he made a six-months' tour of one-night stands. Did Lily Belle pine away in a lonely hotel room each evening, dislike sleeping on a bumpy bus seat every night? No, she was having the time of her life catching up on her geography and reading. And because Guy likes a wife who can take that life like a trouper, they get along perfectly swell.

Margaret Whiteman is another of those resourceful women who have made good at the difficult job of their marriages. As Margaret Livingston of stage and pictures, she cancelled four big contracts to wed her Paul, who didn't want his wife to *work*—only to find herself far busier since than she's ever been before!

The fact is, after nightfall, you seldom see Paul without her. He wants her around, and because show business has always been her first love, she adores dressing up and going everywhere he goes. She does a terrific amount of his necessary entertaining, sitting almost nightly with guests at whatever spot he's playing, while her husband drops over during intermissions. She's Paul's figure-head, first advisor and ambassador of good will, and after five strenuous years of it she says she wouldn't have it any other way. Her daytimes are occupied with running their colossal modernistic apartment in the flawless way Paul wants that colossal, modernistic apartment run. Which, take it from Margaret, is no snap, despite four servants and a generous exchequer.

The morning I saw her, and it was well before noon, she'd merely been up till four the night before at one of her husband's rehearsals for "Jumbo." Without even yawning she told me: "I couldn't possibly tell you *how* I fill my time, because there just isn't ever any time to fill! And now, of course, there's Sugar Plum."

Which is the given name of one of the cutest little girl-babies you can imagine. The King of Jazz and his missus recently adopted her. And if Radio Row sees less than usual of Margaret these nights it's because she just can't bear to leave Sugar Plum at home all by her tiny little self—even with the finest registered nurse the Whitemans could find in Manhattan.

If ever the know-it-alls have predicted a marital disaster they've done it about the recently wed Duchins. People have been waiting to see how happy a girl like Marjorie Oelrichs could be with young Eddie. For he is one of the hardest-working of all the orchestra leaders and she, a former New York debbie, is used to the life of a popular social butterfly. How, people have wondered, can Mrs. Duchin continue her social night-life without a husband to escort her? How can she fit, alone, into the amusements of her friends?

Well, if the first six months of marriage are the hardest, then Marjorie and Eddie are in for a lifetime of happiness. For Marjorie has been willing to go half way, to routine her social life as nearly

(*Continued on page 58*)

I'M GETTING TO BE LIKE THAT GIRL IN THE ADS. MEN TAKE ME OUT ONCE—AND DROP ME

BY THE WAY—DID YOU EVER READ ONE OF THOSE LIFEBUOY ADS ...*CAREFULLY*?





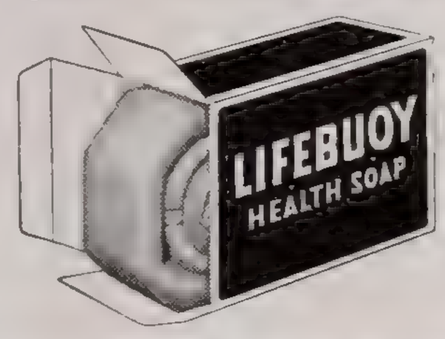
So easy to offend— without even knowing it!

EVEN ON the coldest winter day, don't take a chance with "B. O." (*body odor*). Clothing is heavier, rooms often stuffy. "B. O." is *instantly* noticed. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It purifies and deodorizes pores.

Kind to your complexion

Lifebuoy lathers richly, cleanses deeply, tones and freshens the skin. And "patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



Stops 'B.O.'

BATHE WITH LIFEBUOY—AND BE SAFE

MAKES WASHDAY EASY AS PIE



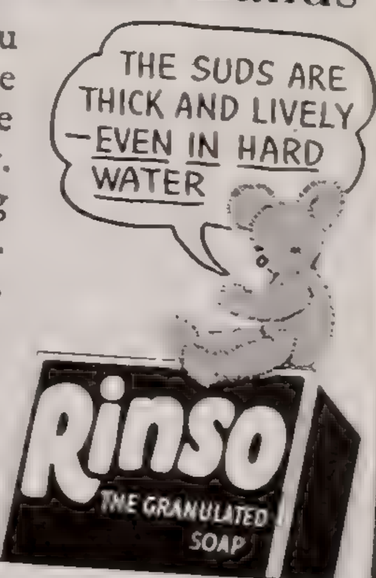




These richer, safer suds are easier on clothes and hands

IT'S ENOUGH to make you sing for joy—to see the *whiteness* of clothes that are washed the easy Rinso way. And there's no hard scrubbing with Rinso. No boiling, either. In Rinso's thick, creamy suds, dirt *soaks* out. That makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. Rinso is safe for colors. The makers of 33 washers say, "Use Rinso." Good for dishes.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute



THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA



Now A LASH BEAUTIFIER IN *Creamy* FORM

Ready to use . . . no water needed

A sensational new mascara called
Creamy Winx

NOW every woman—no matter how skimpy her eyelashes—can have beautiful, alluring eyes—admired by all.

Easily! Instantly! Creamy Winx comes in a tube, *ready to use.* No mixing with water! No bother. As simple as using lipstick.

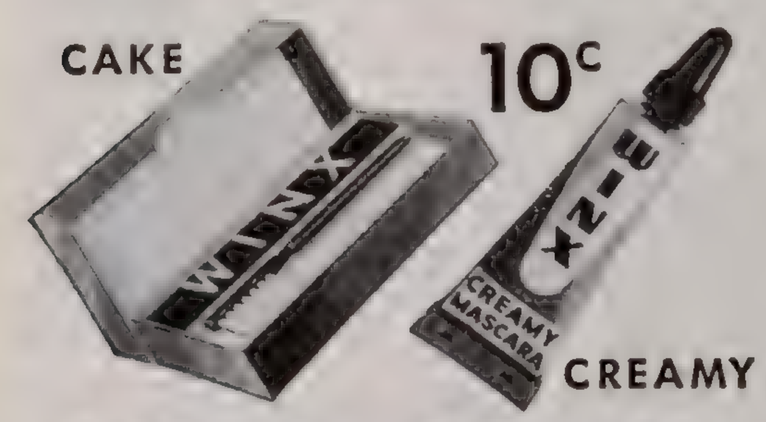
Always ready for use anywhere, any time. You simply squeeze out a bit of Creamy Winx on a dry brush and apply—instantly your lashes look longer, darker, more luxuriant. And natural, not artificial.

Creamy Winx keeps the lashes soft and silky, with no danger of brittleness and, of course, this new style Creamy Winx does not smart—it is tear-proof, smudge-proof. And absolutely harmless.

Today, buy a tube of this new Creamy Winx—Black, Brown and Blue—at all 10c counters.★

• • •

Winx Mascara is also presented in cake form, Black, Brown and Blue, 10c.★



WINX

for Lovely Eyes

★If you are not near a 10c store, you may order direct from Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York City, by sending 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Creamy ☐ Cake ☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Blue.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

M-2-36

Radio Stars' Hostess Presents Nino Martini

(Continued from page 50)

"And where do they live?" I interrupted, fairly jumping in my excitement as I thought I perceived daylight ahead.

"Their apartment is on Central Park West, two blocks from here," replied this gentleman from Verona, obviously surprised at my growing signs of pleasure.

"Can't I see them and ask them about your food preferences?" I hazarded, putting my cards on the table with a show of determination but with little actual hope that he'd agree to my proposition. Imagine, then, my complete delight and amazement when the reply was an immediate and gracious: "Certainly, why not? Shall we go at once? Wait, I'll phone them."

And that's how it came to pass, fellow Martini enthusiasts, that I went walking with Nino—Central Park on our right (I suppose it was still there, I really didn't see it!)—the possibility of dire failure left far behind, the prospect of complete success directly ahead. As we walked I learned from my gay companion some interesting facts about the people we were on our way to visit, Mr. Martini's teacher, Giovanni Zenatello and his wife, Maria Gay.

This couple, I was informed, were at one time famous singers in their own right. But at present they are interested only in finding and developing new talent—young voices destined to do big things in traditional operatic rôles, in the newer but no less profitable field of radio and even in pictures, now that Hollywood has found out that there actually are singers who can act as well as sing. Mr. Martini, himself, as you doubtless know, has just returned from Hollywood where he starred with outstanding success in "Here's to Romance."

The Zenatellos discovered Nino in Italy. Under their tutelage he developed into the fine artist we know to-day. Under their guidance he won his laurels, first in opera abroad, then over the air, here in America, finally climbing to that pinnacle of operatic success, the "Met," New York's Metropolitan Opera House, the first radio star to achieve that honor. Even now, although he no longer lives with the Zenatellos as their adopted son and pupil, Mr. Martini has seen to it that only a couple of city blocks separate him from his teacher. And if you would discover how close is the bond that still exists, how much "the son of the household" he really is, you have but to walk into the Zenatello apartment with Nino as guide—as I did.

Yes, my welcome was assured by the presence of my companion; but I am sure that under any circumstances Madame Gay would be a cordial and charming hostess. I found her eager to discuss her Spanish-Italian cooking and perfectly willing to give me directions for making those dishes that Mr. Martini prefers above all others. In turn I will be able to pass on these same recipes to you, for the coupon at the end of this article, as you know, will provide you with copies of these recipes, absolutely free.

But let us return to my conversation with Madame, which assumed an international character as we spoke in turn in French, in broken English on her part, in halting Spanish on mine, with occasional prompting from the side lines of Mr. Zenatello's rapid-fire Italian. Then, too, there were frequent sallies to the dictionary to look up the English terms for certain Spanish or Italian ingredients.

As a result of our food conference I discovered many interesting things about Italian foods in general, besides learning about many special dishes.

Italian cookery, Madame informed me, is simpler but not less savory than the French—a sort of country cousin but a charming one. As in all Latin countries, the strong contrasts of sweet and sour or bitter and mild are strictly avoided.

Three things are outstandingly noticeable in Italian cooking—the use of olive oil, the frequent appearance of tomatoes in some form and the generous use of cheese. Cheese, in fact, accounts for many of the tantalizing aromas and flavors of Italian dishes. Garlic also adds a wonderful flavor when used in small quantities. (The "bud" of garlic referred to in recipes is one of the small sections peeled down to the smooth white portion.)

Since olive oil, used for cooking, is a Spanish as well as an Italian custom, you can be sure that it gets a big play in the Zenatello household, where a complete blending of Spanish and Italian customs exists.

Another custom as prevalent in Spain as in Italy is the use of many vegetables in a single dish, in combination with two or three kinds of meat. Along these lines let me tell you briefly here about Madame Gay's most famous concoction, which also is Nino Martini's favorite dish. You can have a copy of the directions for making this dish that Madame gave me in great detail, by sending in the coupon. But meanwhile just whet your appetite by listening to this description.

The dish in question is called Rice Valenciano. Combined with the rice from which it derives its name are various vegetables, such as peas, hearts of artichoke, onions, mushrooms and tomatoes. Added to this are sausage slices, chicken and pork or veal cutlets. Quite a combination! And what a treat! Don't fail to get your copy by sending for the free recipe leaflet.

Before the Rice Valenciano would come a good soup and after it a crisp salad. On other occasions Veal, Verona style, would be the main course, followed by artichokes served cold with a simple oil and vinegar dressing made at the table, into which the leaves are dipped and the hearts immersed. Occasionally the dinner starts with Anitipasto (which literally translated means *"Before-the-meal"*). This is the Italian—and much more easily prepared—equivalent of the French Hors D'Oeuvres. For this course you arrange on individual plates, or on one large platter, some such assortment as this: slices of pastrami, salami or other Italian sausages; ripe and green olives, hard boiled eggs, celery, pimentoes with

anchovy strips, Italian sardines and the ever-present tomato.

Jumping from the beginning of the meal to the end, the dessert course generally consists of nothing more elaborate than cheese, fruits and coffee. (By the way if you want a new taste sensation, just try a slice of raw apple topped with a slice of Bel Paese or other cheese. It's grand!)

On rare occasions some sweet is featured. Among the most highly favored is Zabaione—or Zabayone, or Zabaglione! I can't find any two books that agree on the spelling but at least Madame Gay was pretty definite about the ingredients. Here they are:

ZABAIONE

Yolks of 4 eggs
4 tablespoons sugar
Grated rind of ½ lemon
⅔ cup Marsala (an amber-colored Italian wine)

Beat yolks of eggs until thick and lemon colored (about 5 minutes). Add sugar a little at a time, beating until sugar is dissolved after each addition. Add grated rind, then add wine slowly. Place mixture in top of double boiler over rapidly boiling water. Stir constantly while cooking, until mixtures becomes a thick, frothy cream. Serve hot over lady finger or in parfait glasses with macaroons.

This is a real "company" dessert. Nino Martini's other food favorites, however, are more in keeping with our every-day family needs. They include the famous Rice Valenciano already described; a recipe for Veal, Verona style, with its tomato sauce and seasonings has an unusual and wonderful flavor; Minestrone, a rich soup that is a meal in itself and Italian Stuffed Onions. Compared to the pallid creamed variety of onions with which we are all so sadly familiar, these Stuffed Onions are as deliciously different as is the Rice Valenciano from the generally accepted, but completely Americanized version of Spanish Rice.

If you are a Nino Martini enthusiast, an epicure, a seeker for novelty in foods, a wise housewife, or just a plain ordinary human with a good appetite, you shouldn't miss this issue of our regular monthly recipe leaflet. It costs you nothing but the stamp you use to mail in your request and think what a rich reward you'll reap!

For it would be difficult indeed to find anyone with more appetizing food preferences than Mr. Martini and impossible to discover a more competent guide and cook than Madame Maria Gay Zenatello. By sending in for the recipes, this month, you will have good cause to join me in the hearty thanks that I extend them both for their help and courtesy.

TO:
THE RADIO HOSTESS DEPARTMENT,
RADIO STARS MAGAZINE,
149 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

Please send me recipes for NINO MARTINI'S favorite dishes—at absolutely no cost to me.

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....STATE .....



Read what this thrifty mother says—

"WHEN food prices—meat especially—started to go up, I was frankly worried," admits Mrs. A. L. Lippitt of Pelham, N. Y. "But I've learned how to feed my family well on even *less* than I used to spend. And my husband says we're 'living high'!

"Franco-American Spaghetti is such a help. We enjoy it so, I have it several times a week. Often I serve it for lunch or supper in place of meat. It's marvelous to combine with leftovers, too, and to 'dress up' cheaper cuts of meat. I simply *couldn't* get along without it."

Franco-American is a real "find" in these days of rising prices. It costs so little, tastes so good! Its rich, savory cheese-and-tomato sauce, made with eleven different ingredients, adds zest and flavor to the whole meal. Highly nourishing, too—a grand "energy food" for growing children. And they love it!



Franco-American comes all ready to heat and serve, no work at all. A can is usually no more than ten cents—*less than three cents a portion.* You couldn't buy all your ingredients and cook your own spaghetti for so little. Think of the work you're saved, too—the time and trouble. No need to fuss and bother with home-cooked spaghetti now.

"Franco-American has a far better sauce than mine," women say. See for yourself. Order a can from your grocer today.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS



have beautiful teeth

DOES BOTH TOOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Replace half way care of your teeth with a tooth paste that does a *Double* job. All the cleansing in the world won't keep your teeth beautiful if you let your *Gums* grow soft and spongy! Forhan's whitens your teeth and protects your gums at the same time.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. It brings you the famous formula of Dr. Forhan—now used in concentrated form by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. It gives you *two-fold* protection, yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Why take chances with half way dental care? Begin using Forhan's today.

Forhan's

The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH by Doctor R. J. Forhan SPECIALIST IN DENTAL SURGERY NEW YORK

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

THE liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C. M. Co.

Don't Marry a Band Leader, Girls!

(Continued from page 54)

as possible to fit her husband's. Daytimes, Junior League luncheons and teas notwithstanding, she clearly states that she must be free to be with her husband, for daytime provides his only freedom to be with her. At night, however, she can do what she chooses. If she entertains, she does it in the swanky Persian Room of the Plaza, where Eddie's band is stationed. If she goes to a ball, to the opera—well, society has taken Marjorie into its care and provided her with 'crowd' parties where she isn't either an extra nor has a definite date with any one man. Eddie has gone half way, too, and is lenient and understanding about those things. He doesn't want marriage to deprive her of her old friends and enjoyments.

There's an interesting group of orchestra leaders' wives who, instead of having the long-lonely evenings problem to cope with, are in the situation of seeing *too* much of their husbands. They are the wives who sing with the band, and outstanding among them are Ozzie Nelson's Harriet Hilliard, Xavier Cugat's Carmen Castillio, Enoch Light's Mary Danis.

I caught Harriet a few hours before she flew off alone to Hollywood, a bride of three days, and asked her how she was going to handle that phase of her marriage.

"Well," she allowed (too blissfully, I thought, to indicate any forethought on the matter), "I've been with Ozzie's band three years now and he hasn't got tired of me yet. If that happens, I'll just simply do something wise about it. Anyway, aren't I leaving for the coast at four this afternoon . . .?"

Carmen Castillio has an effective secret behind the twelve-year success of her marriage. The Cugats' suite, high up in the Waldorf-Astoria, has a tiny studio in it that is Carmen's very own den. In it she keeps the tools for her pet hobby—making Mexican jewelry and prints. And she's good at it.

"When I go down to the supper-room to sing with the orchestra, I consider myself an employee of Xavier's. I expect him to mingle freely with the guests and pay me no more attention than he would any other singer he might have with the outfit. During the long intermissions between my numbers (an hour or more usually) I leave the orchestra stand and come upstairs, put a smock on over my gown and read, work in my den or listen to the radio. That way, I believe, I'm filling my job in the best way possible for my husband. During the day I see to it that I'm free when Xavier is free, occupied when he must be out."

Cute little Mary Danis, who baby-talks the lyrics for hubby Enoch Light's orchestra, is a great believer in separate interests to keep romance alive.

"Enoch wants me to have my afternoons to myself," she told me. "Heavens, we work together and live together and that's enough for two people to see of each other."

So Mary fills her days with more activities than you can shake a stick at. She takes tap dancing and painting lessons and takes in just about every show in New York and sees people and gets around.

"And at dinner-time, when we go to work with the orchestra, we've been separated long enough to enjoy being together for the evening. We're all dressed up and we have soft lights and music and—and it's practically like the dates we used to have before we were married.

"Enoch," she added, "says so."

Which, after five years of marriage, is a pretty good recommendation.

If you were wed to an orchestra leader, would you be content to stay home at night and do your housekeeping in a Hoover apron while hundreds of fair young things in their best evening gowns are dancing under your husband's baton? That's what Ruth Hamp does while Johnny's playing in Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel. And she does it because, like many of us, she hasn't any hobby she enjoys as much as making her home attractive for her husband.

Daytimes she keeps absolutely free to catch a game of golf or a matinee or anything Johnny has the time and mood for. But at night, when other wives' husbands are taking them out, Ruth's at home planning menus and washing "Skip-It," the puppy, and sorting laundry and rearranging the living-room furniture. For years Johnny's been on a diet that prevents his eating in restaurants. So Ruth, who won't trust his tummy to any cooking but her own, must serve a term over her stove every evening; when the band travels she has a large electric grill carried along.

By three or four of the morning, though, you can bet Mrs. Hamp is out of that Hoover apron and into one of her loveliest négligées or dresses. I have never seen an orchestra leader's wife who wasn't groomed and gowned to perfection all the time, not only because she has the time and money for it, but for the same reason you'd be, too, if your husband worked amid a ballroom full of lovely young girls!

Gladys Noble, Ray's brunette, British little wife, hasn't had much fun since radio brought her husband to America. Of course she's proud of his success but pride has a way of wilting now and then, when it's cooped up night after night in a Central Park apartment.

"In London it was different," she told me. "In London I was never lonely. But over here—well, Ray's afraid for me to go out by myself at night and I haven't been in America long enough to make a great many friends. During the day Ray's busy composing or attending to business and I can't be with him much then, either. So," she added brightly, "to save the situation, I've had to find something to do."

And that something is a fat stack of French grammars and dictionaries which Gladys and her tutor work over four nights a week. The motive being not so much that she'd always wanted to speak fluent French as the fact that she wants Ray to feel she is occupied and happy. I ask you—would you memorize those umteen-hundred irregular French verbs to



One of radio's loveliest looking lassies is Gypsy, the NBC interviewer of radio celebrities whose voice you hear on the Personal Closeups program. Her program, which gives listeners an intimate idea of just how popular radio artists spend their spare moments, is heard every Sunday evening.

keep your orchestra leader husband happy?

A good old hen party may occasionally be your idea of fun, but if you had to resort to that every night, because there weren't any men to go out with, you'd get pretty tired of it. And for Glen Gray's wife, Marion, and the rest of the wives of the Casa Loma Orchestra, there naturally aren't any other men. So they've formed a club among themselves for such rash evening pastimes as knitting or going to a good play. Or, sometimes, wondering aloud and in unison why they ever *ever* married musicians.

Marion and Glen, though, have an attractive custom for keeping their four-year-old romance *à tempo*. They call it their "Three O'Clock Date," and it's a hangover from their courting days. Every three A. M., when the band is through for the night, Marion freshens her make-up, hops into the car and drives into mid-town Manhattan to pick up her husband. In accordance with how tired Glen is that evening, they decide what they'll do on their date. Perhaps it will be just a short ride out Riverside Drive, and a cigarette together and a chat; perhaps they'll stop in at Childs' for scrambled eggs and coffee; or, on stellar occasions, they'll go to some noisy late-closing night club and have a dance or two. At any rate, it's the one hour out of every twenty-four that Mrs. Glen Gray can feel that Mr. Glen Gray belongs absolutely to her.

"Except," she adds, "he's usually so exhausted he falls asleep on my shoulder before I've got the car in the garage . . ."

So, *ho-hum and a-lack a day!* Marry your glamorous orchestra leader if you still insist!

THE END



WARM HEARTS NEED KOOLS—Mounting sales tell us we hit the mark by offering a smoke that cools your throat while pleasing your palate. We've cork-tipped KOOLS to save lips and added a valuable B & W coupon in each pack good for handsome articles (offer good in U.S.A., only). Get a pack of KOOLS today. Cross our hearts, you'll love 'em! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky.





Playing Cards—Initial or fancy back. Best quality. 60 coupons. 2 decks—100



FREE. Write for illustrated 24-page B & W premium booklet No. 10



Men's Toilet Case—Leather. Complete fittings. Zipper close . . . 850 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Skin So Bad That PEOPLE TALKED!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

BERNICE G. RUTTINGH NOTARY PUBLIC COOK COUNTY, ILL.

Bernice G. Ruttingh
NOTARY PUBLIC



THE BEST PROOF of what Yeast Foam Tablets may do for you is what they have actually done for others. That's why we have based this advertisement on a true experience—one of hundreds reported by grateful users of this convenient, easy-to-eat yeast.

If you would like to have a clearer, smoother skin, begin now to eat these tablets regularly. Their rich stores of precious corrective elements will quickly help to rid your system of the poisons which so often cause bad skin. And you should *feel* better as well as *look* better.



Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Refuse all substitutes.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. M M 2-36

Name_____

Address _____

City_____ State_____

Memory Lane and Margaret

(*Continued from page 25*)

they spend each week-end, the year through.

"It started," she explained, "to be a one-room lodge. But we had a friend who was an architect, so it turned into a darling Cape Cod cottage."

It stands on a hill-top originally somewhat bare of trees, so Margaret and her husband share a mutual passion for tree-planting.

"Every time we get a little extra money, we buy a tree!" And her clear blue eyes sparkled at the mental picture of their home slowly achieving its proper setting of oak and maple and beech and fir. "We have thirty different varieties of trees already! And we love gardening," she went on enthusiastically. "We have some grand gardens of perennials."

Every week-end they go out there, and the boy comes home from his school at Croton to join them.

Looking at her, it is hard to picture her as the mother of a boy old enough to be in school. Slim and tall, with eager, frank blue eyes, her straight blonde hair drawn back in a knot at her neck, little wings of short hair brushed over the temples, she might easily be taken for a young girl not long out of school herself.

She laughed. "I graduated from Ohio State University, with a B. A. degree, over eight years ago. I'm old enough to know what it's all about!"

Of course she sang all through school and college days. Churches and glee clubs welcomed her sweet young voice. But later, inevitably, her thoughts turned toward the wider opportunities in New York.

One of her brothers, then a member of Dr. Millspaugh's Financial Commission in Persia, offered to finance her studies.

"So I really didn't have to struggle for my career," she explained. "Of course I wouldn't spend any money I didn't actually have to spend—I lived in a real hall bedroom. It had a piano and a couch. I could just walk between them. There were shelves on the wall for my books. And I had a tiny bathroom, made over from a closet. My teacher then was Helen Chase. She still is my teacher.

"I sang in churches, to help out with my expenses—churches of every denomination, Methodist, Presbyterian, Dutch Reformed, Episcopal, Swedenborgian...I sang for two years in the Madison Avenue Methodist church.

"Then I got a chance to sing in the chorus of a Shubert musical comedy. That lasted eight months, then went on the road. I went with it for a few weeks. Then I felt it was better for me to be in New York, so I came back.

"I answered an advertisement for a prima donna, and was accepted. It was a coöperative show in a little theatre in Greenwich Village and it didn't bring us any financial reward above expenses. Afterward, it played uptown for one week. It closed on Saturday night.

"But a man who had seen the show offered me a job in vaudeville. So on Monday I opened in vaudeville in Bridgeport, after rehearsing all day Sunday!

"While I was singing with that show, in Hartford, New Haven and other Connecticut towns, Mr. C. F. Gannon, head of WOR, heard me and offered me a chance to sing over the radio from that station. It didn't pay anything, but I felt it would be good experience."

For two years Margaret sang over WOR, chiefly on sustaining programs. Occasionally she got a commercial engagement, that sometimes paid as much as thirty dollars. And meanwhile the church singing continued to help finance her. She was on the Hoffman Beverage program, singing with Nelson Eddy, with whom she was to sing again later on the Firestone program.

"Nelson is a grand guy," she said. "He has done so marvellously well, and his success hasn't spoiled him at all."

Later Margaret sang for two years for the Judson Radio Corporation, over WABC. There she sang with Helen Oelheim, who this season is a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company — which, Margaret feels, is a fit setting for that lovely voice.

She has sung in a number of concerts, in Ohio, in Columbus, Georgia, in North Carolina, Washington, New Jersey, New Hampshire. In New York she gave a joint recital with Walter Kramer, at the Barbizon. Also she has sung in a number of private recitals and concerts with her famous uncle, Oley Speaks.

One winter she presented a series of concerts on the air, to which she brought a number of American composers, who spoke briefly after she had sung their songs — William Stickles, whose song, "Who Knows?" is one of her favorites, Clarence Olmstead, who wrote "Thy Sweet Singing," and Ernest Charles, who gave us the song, "Clouds," were among that number. With Charles, she later gave a recital, singing some of his songs that had not as yet been published.

Then, in June, 1934, William Daly, conductor of the Firestone Symphony Orchestra, who had known Margaret when she was singing on the Hoffman Hour, sent for her for an audition. Daly congratulates himself as the discoverer of both Margaret Speaks and Nelson Eddy.

Daly engaged Margaret for the Firestone quartette, composed of Gladys Swarthout and her husband, Frank Chapman, Fred Huffsmith, and Margaret Speaks. Later Margaret became a member of the Firestone chorus, and sang duets with Nelson Eddy and Richard Crooks.

During this past summer series of the Voice of Firestone programs, Margaret was the soloist. And for the winter series she again is singing as assisting artist with Crooks and Eddy. Eddy had planned to come to New York for this series, but as that proved impossible, since his picture, "Rose Marie" was not completed, it was arranged for Margaret to go out to the Coast for their duets—a long way to

go for a half hour of song!

So, reluctantly, she left her husband, who couldn't leave his advertising business to accompany her. The first concert on the Coast was on November 25th, and Margaret was resolved to spend Thanksgiving with her husband and son, although to do so she would have to fly back.

Till then she had flown but once. That was when she was in Washington with her father, who was in Congress. Lindbergh took them up.

"We were only in the air fifteen minutes," she recalled. "I liked it—I'd seen so many pictures of flying, it seemed entirely natural. But I didn't know whether I'd like flying across the continent..."

But to be with her family for the holidays Margaret would fly, whether she liked it or not!

The same spirit took her across the ocean during a stormy week when many cancelled their passage, to join her husband on a vacation in England. It was last winter, about a year ago as you read this. Her husband had to make a business trip to Europe, after which he planned to visit his family, who live in England. Firestone generously gave Margaret a four weeks' leave of absence, and on a bleak day in February she sailed for Plymouth to meet her husband. It was a period of severe storms, but though the crossing was so rough that only a few hardy sailors ventured on deck, Margaret thoroughly enjoyed her first ocean voyage and was not ill at all.

It was on that trip that they hunted vainly for Bramford-Speke. But though she did not succeed in finding the early home of her family, Margaret felt the thrill that comes to all whose roots go deep, in being again in the country her ancestors knew and loved.

So with every experience she renews her bond with the past and gains new zest for the present. However it comes, life is a grand adventure for Margaret Speaks.

And so it was this winter on her trips to and from the Coast. After her Thanksgiving holiday she went West again for the three December concerts. Then she flew to Columbus, Ohio, for the Christmas family reunion there.

The first January concert originates in New York.

"And so—*home!*" said Margaret.

So when you tune in your radio for the Firestone programs on Monday nights this winter, hearing its theme song:

"Strolling again
Memory Lane
With you..."

you will know that once more Margaret Speaks is enjoying her happy week-ends in the little Cape Cod cottage in the Westchester hills, with the man and the boy she loves.

The End

In the March Issue of
RADIO STARS
Will Appear a Most Informative Story of
BEN BERNIE



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE *sure* you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.



A new and daintier technique for

Feminine Antisepsis

Personal charm need no longer be threatened by a common and perplexing problem.

Zonitors, a *new technique* in feminine hygiene, provide complete antisepsis to end persistent odors and relieve other embarrassing, mentally disturbing occurrences. Zonitors are little snowy-white and greaseless *suppozettes*. The active ingredient is the world famous antiseptic, Zonite—high in medical esteem because completely effective yet free from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Quick, convenient Zonitors are ready for instant use. No mixing, fussing, or apparatus. They remain in effective contact for over eight hours (a requirement doctors stress) yet being *greaseless*, are completely removed with water.

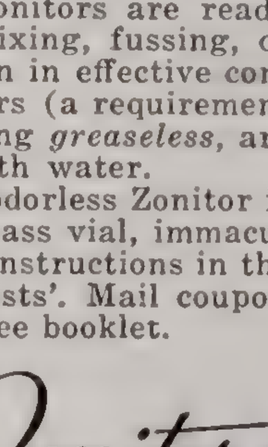
Each dainty, white, odorless Zonitor is sealed in a separate glass vial, immaculately clean. Complete instructions in the package. At all druggists'. Mail coupon now for *informative* free booklet.



Zonitors
FOR
FEMININE HYGIENE
Snowy White • Greaseless

Zonitors, Chrysler Bldg., N.Y.C. *Send, in plain envelope, free booklet,* "The New Technique in Feminine Hygiene"
RS-62
Name and Address.....

Your Kodak Picture
ENLARGED
FREE 8x10 Inch ENLARGEMENT of any SNAPSHOT



Your favorite snapshots of children, parents and loved ones are more enjoyable when enlarged to 8x10 inch size—suitable for framing. These beautiful, permanent enlargements bring out the details and features you love just as you remember them when the snapshots were taken. Just to get acquainted, we will enlarge any kodak picture, print or negative to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose 25c to help cover our cost of packing, postage and clerical work. The enlargement itself is free. It will also be beautifully hand tinted in natural colors if you want it. We will acknowledge receiving your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.

GEPPERT STUDIOS Dept. 239 Des Moines, Iowa

All For One and One For All

(*Continued from page 17*)

since then, every day except Saturday, they have been on the air—five years for the same sponsor. And with ever-increasing popularity.

You've heard them. You know how they talk—three friends gathered together for casual gossip or chat, about the movies, of new books they have read, of events of current interest—anything that pops into the head of any one of them, from something they 'seen in the papers' to the more immediate problems of raising children. (And Em may not admit that any one of her five is a problem child, but difficulties do arise!) Their voices are as familiar as those of any of your friends—Clara's deliberate and low-pitched, Em's slightly higher, brisker twang, and Lu's thin pipe and embarrassed giggle—three simple, good-hearted, small town housewives whose amusing chatter is spiced with apparently unconscious wit. You laugh over their absurdities and feel pleasantly superior, yet affectionately drawn to them.

You sympathize with their struggles over reason and logic and laugh at Em's cheerful conclusion: "But after all, it ain't meant for women to reason. It just ain't normal." And you chuckle again over Clara's and Em's sympathetic consideration for the patient Lu's lesser intellect.

"Did you ever think you was losing yer mind?" Clara's voice is grave—this is a serious matter. "I thought I was, once—and do you know what it was? It was jest thinking too hard!"

"Thinking is awful hard on a person," Em opines. "Lu better stick to plain, simple things."

"I know," Lu agrees in her meek voice, "I don't try to think. . . ."

I wanted to meet them—Clara, Lu and Em in person. And what, I wondered as I journeyed toward the studio for our interview, would their other selves be like? I don't know just what I had expected. But I wasn't quite prepared for the three quiet, pretty girls, with their low, well-modulated voices and charming, unaffected manners. Three attractive, stylish young matrons from Evanston, Illinois, it was difficult to fit them into the picture of the three quaint, homely characters who have put their popular skit on the air five times a week for five years. They look more like the three young college girls who, for a lark, conceived the three beings who have brought them nation-wide friendship and fame.

"As a matter of fact," the dark-haired young matron, Helen King, who is Mrs. John Mitchell in private life and "Em" over the air, laughed softly, "we really put on the skit for each other's amusement, even now!"

"You know, we really did hate to exploit these characters," Isobel Carothers, who is "Lu" and Mrs. Howard Berolzheimer, murmured. "At first it didn't seem quite right."

And Louise Starkey (Mrs. Paul Mead), who is "Clara," added: "They were our friends—it didn't seem quite fair to broadcast them to a critical world."

Clara, Lu and Em *are* their friends. And even after five years Isobel and Helen and Louise still are shy and diffident in speaking of them. But having made the break and introduced them to strangers, they have found the response of countless fans heart-warming, and they thoroughly enjoy their periods on the air. But they wouldn't, they say, want to put their friends into the movies or on the stage. It would be hard, they think, to sustain the illusion. And a new technique would have to be learned. They look far ahead, these clear-headed girls, and are sensible enough to like the grass in their own pasture.

Nor do they care for a studio audience. "It would spoil the illusion," they all agree, "both for the audience, and for us."

But, as to that, watching their broadcast, I disagreed. Despite their personal shyness and reluctance to plan further ahead than for better and still better programs, they need not fear audiences nor television. For they have the ability to throw themselves so completely into their rôles that, when the announcer utters that familiar word: *"Chatter,"* they seem to change under your very eyes, and I believe the illusion would be maintained, even without make-up or costume. When they are on the air, they *are* Clara, Lu and Em.

Louise and Isobel and Helen have, however, good reason to be well content with things as they are. They have achieved not only a successful career but equally successful private lives. They have figured out exactly what they want—by what Lu would call "dedooctive reasoning"—and have gone intelligently about getting it. Clara, Lu and Em may sound muddle-headed, but not their three creators!

"There is nothing very dramatic or exciting about our own lives," Isobel remarked in her soft, sweet voice, "but after all, I think that is the way I want it to be."

And that is the way it is with Helen and Louise, too. Their two careers have been made to dovetail beautifully, the public and the private—and who shall say which one is the more important?

Happily married, with pretty homes in an attractive suburb of Chicago, they are content for a large part of the day to be housekeepers, homemakers, wives and mothers. For in the Berolzheimer home is a ten-months-old son and in the Mitchells' is a new baby daughter. And now the Meads are excitedly awaiting a 'bundle from Heaven', due in January.

What more could anyone want, their bright and shining eyes seem to say. And yet they have more—they have a vital, interesting, varied career—two careers, really—for they not only act their parts but write them, too.

"But we are not career-mad," Louise explained gravely. "Perhaps that is why we have been able to make our home life and our work run so smoothly. We enjoy our work, but it does not mean *everything* to us. Our home lives are important, too.



Jesse Crawford, "poet of the organ," demonstrates to Edith Olson the fine art of dunking.

We are not career-conscious."

"No, we keep our two lives separate," Isobel agreed. "That is the nice thing about work on the radio, it doesn't interfere with your family life."

But they do not deny the importance, the importunateness of their work, either.

"After three months at home," Isobel admitted, "I realize it isn't quite as satisfying as having a job—as having both!"

Only Helen smiled a little, as if making mental reservations. And I guessed her thoughts were with the tiny new daughter whom it is so hard to leave right now.

The girls returned to the air in the middle of October, after the longest vacation in years. Helen's little girl was born in Evanston on August 20th and for her, the three months passed almost too swiftly. I can well imagine that her heart is divided right now, that she must be impatient to get home to the little newcomer each night.

The long breathing spell was less exciting for the other two. Louise stayed quietly at home, resting and making her preparations for her own 'blessed event'. The traditional sewing, of course—and that was fun to Louise, for she belongs to a sewing club and admits there is nothing she likes better, unless it is bridge.

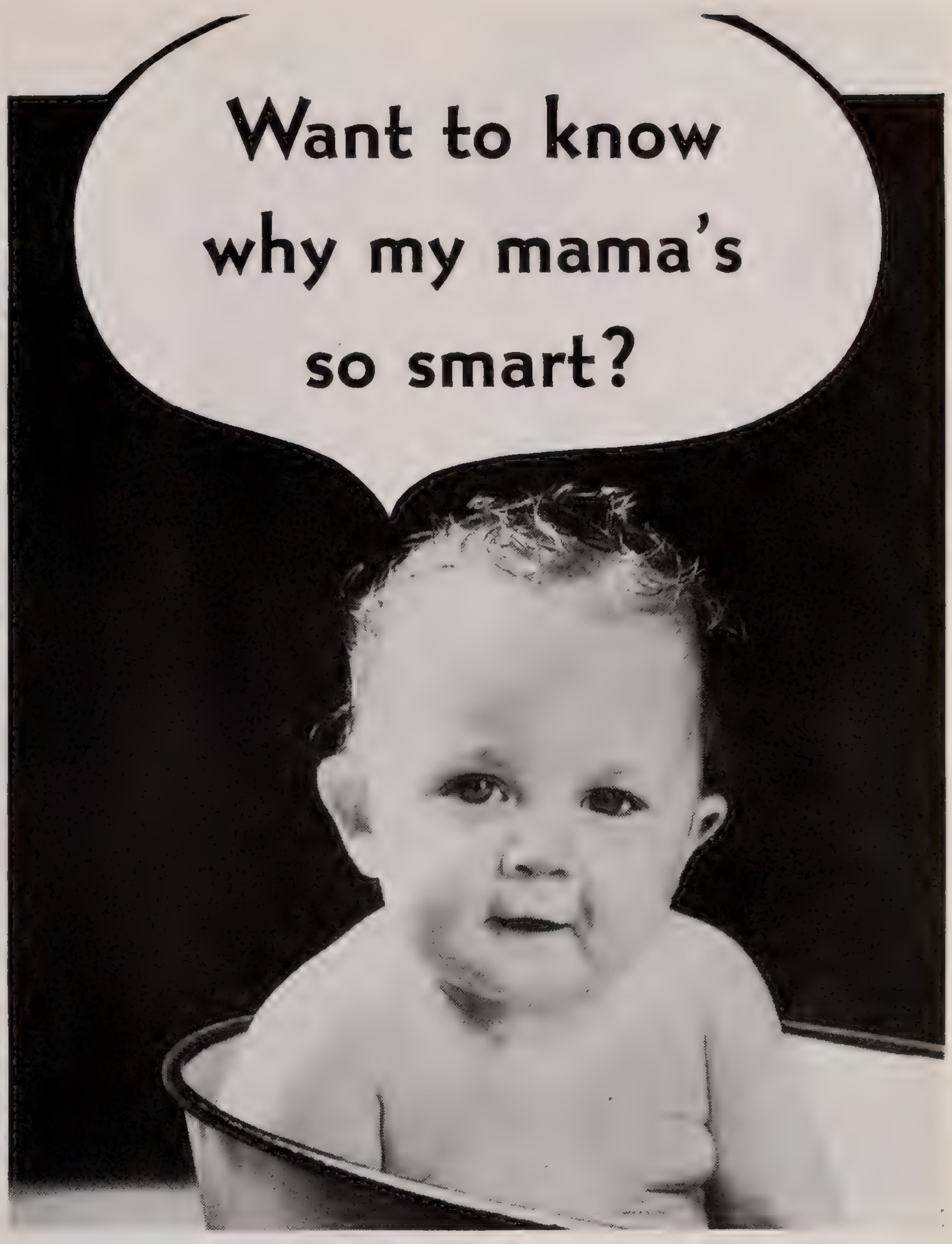
For Isobel the high point was a two weeks' vacation in Northern Michigan with her husband, a trip which included a leisurely, restful sail across the lake on a freighter. The rest of the time was spent happily in her new home with her husband, baby and friends.

"We really haven't any social contacts with radio people," Helen commented. "There is so little time, just not hours enough in a day! Our outside interests center in our homes and in the friends we've known since college days. So you see, our home life is really all the life we have."

But it is enough. And even more than their limited outside contacts, they enjoy each other, find their three-cornered relationship in itself very satisfying.

"I was thinking only the other day," Louise said seriously, "that I have no other friends that mean quite the same, that are so close."

And Clara, Lu and Em share even the



A tip from a young man 8 months old

THIS cute little rascal thinks he's got a very smart mama. *And he has.*

She's smart—because whenever he needs a laxative she gives him one he *loves* to take —Fletcher's Castoria! And does it taste *good!*



Mothers! You'll be glad to know that Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children—*even to the taste.* You won't have to force it between their protesting lips. *And that's important!* For the revulsion and gagging a child goes through when taking a laxative he hates can shock his nervous system—and upset his tiny stomach.



Remember, Fletcher's Castoria is *safe!* There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It contains no drugs, no narcotics. It is *not* a harsh purgative—won't cause griping pains.

Fletcher's Castoria is a child's laxative pure and simple.

It works gently, blandly—yet *thoroughly.*

Depend upon Fletcher's Castoria for your children—from babyhood to 11 years.



Get the thrifty Family Size bottle from your druggist. The signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* appears on every carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's
Laxative



from babyhood to 11 years



The 8th WOMAN

gets more out of life

Eight million women have had to always consider the time of month in making an engagement — avoiding any strenuous activities on certain days.

Today, a million escape this regular martyrdom because they have accepted the aid of Midol. A tiny white tablet, is the secret of the eighth woman's poise and comfort at this time.

Are you a martyr to regular pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you your confident self, leading your regular life, free from periodic pain and discomfort.

The smallest degree of relief you might receive means a great deal to your comfort.

Midol is taken any time, preferably at the first sign of approaching pain. This precaution often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has reached its height. It's effective for hours, and it is *not* a narcotic.

Get these tablets in a trim little aluminum case — they are usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, a card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., N.Y., brings a trial box in plain wrapper.



ALWAYS HERSELF

That enviable woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never declines dances (unless she wants to!) is apt to be the eighth woman who uses Midol.

home life. For the girls get together every morning, in Isobel's home or Helen's or Louise's, and work on their scripts for the following day. They have no plot and do not plan their sketches far ahead, letting some incident or bit of news decide the next day's program.

"One program often leads to another," Helen explained. "We get together and talk it over and work it out, and write it down as we go."

And Louise chimed in: "We have lots of fun."

Helen laughed—it is she who laughs easily and frequently, and not the quiet Isobel, whose infectious giggle is evidently Lu's and not her own. "We know each other's idiosyncracies," she said. And Louise elucidated: "We've known each other so long and we think pretty much alike. Of course we think differently enough to build different people and we have different types of humor. Still," she ended with a smile, "we do laugh at the same jokes, don't we?"

Perhaps that explains the fruitfulness of their long association. They are different, yet fundamentally alike—different enough to add a little spice, sufficiently alike to insure sympathy and understanding. Knowing them, you couldn't imagine them ever quarreling. They are all for one and one for all, their loyalty showing itself even in little things. When Louise, for instance, disclaimed all artistic ability when I asked if she had kept up the art lessons she once started in company with her husband, Helen sprang quickly to her defense: "Oh, but you had! You did awfully well, for a beginner!"

As for the business arrangements, they have no manager and have always had the same sponsor, so that end of it runs smoothly, too.

Their lives are absorbing, completely filling. There are no tag ends, no unfulfilled yearnings, no empty hours, nor minutes, even. For there is the morning rehearsal or preparation of the next day's script and there is an afternoon rehearsal in the studio, shortly followed by their broadcast. Then it is time to dash back to Evanston for dinner with their families. Into this busy day must be put time for reading, for they must keep up to the minute in their comments on current events. There is no time left for special hobbies or sports or exercise. Helen finds little opportunity to keep up with her music, or for swimming or ping pong, her favorite amusements. And Louise worries over making her sewing club fit into her busy schedule.

I found them sincere, unassuming, as we chatted. The expected sophistication is utterly lacking. They use little make-up—a touch of rouge, perhaps. They dress well but simply. Helen and Louise are both dark, with large, lovely brown eyes, but Louise is the placid type, her big eyes lambent, serious and Helen is sparkling, vivacious. Isobel is small and slight, with lovely auburn glints in her light brown hair, blue eyes and a small, wistful face, a shy but friendly manner. There is not in one of them the faintest hint of pose or affectation, the slightest touch of theatricality.

Perhaps it is that unpretentiousness, that simple, straight-forwardness, that so endears them to their listeners. For inevitably that quality creeps into their characterizations. And though they seem to slip so easily in and out of character, the one personality sometimes overlaps the other, so that one wonders how they make the cleavage as complete as it is. How Louise and Isobel and Helen manage to keep from saying 'ain't' and 'growed' and 'them things' or keep from using inadvertently one of their funny malapropisms. Or how Clara, Lu and Em can seem so pleasantly bewildered, so amusingly simple-minded. The dual personalities are widely differentiated but on the air or off, one warms to their fundamental sincerity and their great good humor.

The informality of their program, the casual, unstudied air they give their characterizations is a rare combination of art and genius. They are full young to understand so well the small town matron and to present her with all her Dickensian foibles in such a way that we are charmed as well as amused.

"We have a lot of fun," Helen repeated.

And give a lot of fun to others! A satisfying career, that!

"I've always felt that I couldn't bear to know I was giving my last broadcast," Louise said in her low, pleasant voice.

"When that time comes, I hope I can go on the air, not knowing. . . ."

But we hope, and know, that day is far off. Clara, Lu and Em are near and dear to too many hearts to be given up. They answer a deeper need than mere love of gossip—or the vicarious and malicious pleasure we are supposed to get from eavesdropping—in bringing spontaneous and kindly laughter into so many homes.

Many people nowadays are troubled over the great question: Love *versus* Career—Home *or* Career. But with these three lovely girls that is no 'against', no 'or'. They have both and they mean to keep both. And I know they will, because they bring to both the same qualities of constancy and sincerity. To each they give all they have. But there is no house divided against itself, no struggle, no dissatisfaction, because neither is subordinated to the other. Marriage and career are a tandem, held firmly in strong, capable hands. Intelligence shines in the two pairs of brown eyes and in the blue, intelligence and courage and a saving sense of humor that guarantees a perfect balance in life and love and work, and that guarantees an amusing quarter of an hour for the innumerable fans who listen in and feel better for having heard their chatter and laughed with and at them!

But how do they manage to cram so much into each and every day? I came away from the studio with an increased respect for these three clever girls who have adjusted their lives to the demands of three characters, gaily, irresponsibly created on an idle day.

With study and work and planning their programs, with rehearsals and broadcasts, and the demands of their households to be met as well, their days are full indeed. Evenings they devote to their families and friends and to the recreation they need.

And all too soon another day is done, as it is for you and me, and Clara, Lu and Em.

THE END

They Never Say "No!"

(*Continued from page 39*)

built up greater newspaper reader power than practically any other newspaper columnist. She has built this power and sustained it through sheer energy, tirelessness and faithfulness to her job. On these traits, she has risen from a modestly paid writer to the highest paid in the profession. She has risen from a modest apartment in Chicago and in New York to ownership of a beautiful home in Beverly Hills. And she still works as hard as when she first began.

To highlight these qualities, Louella Parsons is one of the most extraordinary saleswomen I ever have known. She gets a new slant on an old situation, drives for the new slant and sells it.

To get the *inside* picture of why the movie people answer Louella's call when they seldom answer other such calls, we have to go back to the Louella O. Parsons who, as an inexperienced girl, found it necessary to support herself and those dear to her.

"Did you know what you wanted to do when you first began?" I asked.

"Well," she smiled, "I got an idea of the job I'd like and then I sold the idea to the man who was in a position to give me the job."

That man was the president of the Essanay Studio. Louella always selected the head man to talk to. It saved time. It brought quicker results. The job she aspired to was that of scenario editor. The way she accomplished what she wanted was simple. She just marched into the Essanay Studio, asked to see the president, refused to see any one else, and by sheer perseverence got in to see him. Once in his office, she wasted no time putting over her idea. She wasn't frightened. Neither was she over-confident.

She got the job. With it she created the first scenario-editor job in pictures.

"It was while I was with Essanay," Louella said, "that I met and became friends with Wally Beery, Charlie Chaplin, Ben Turpin, and so many others who are still in pictures."

As it happened, however, this position offered no chance of advancement. The time came when Louella's responsibilities made it obligatory for her to earn more money. She "thought up" another job, that of writing a motion picture column for a newspaper. She sold this idea to the head of the *Chicago Tribune*. Newspapers had not paid much attention to movies before her advent into that field. As she spread the gospel of celluloidia, her name became synonymous with pictures and picture personalities.

Her fame reached New York. It prompted the owner of the *Morning Telegraph* to offer her the position of motion picture editor of his newspaper.

"I was a little uneasy at the thought of leaving Chicago," Louella confessed. "Chicago was my home and all my friends

3 Brunettes—



Over 200 girls' skins color-analyzed!

LOOK AT THEM! All 3 true brunettes—yet no two have skins alike. They don't dare use the same shade of powder!

Dark-haired Helen Kirk-Jones, in the center, has that very white skin which a brunette powder simply kills. It takes a blonde's favorite shade—Pond's Rose Cream—to give it the radiance *she* needs.

Mary Blagden, at the top, knows that her creamy skin clears up and sparkles best with Pond's Brunette. While brown-haired Sally Hanford has a darker skin which lights up glowingly with Pond's *Rose* Brunette.

It just goes to show—never be too quick to use "dark" powder, simply because you have dark hair. You may be the Helen Kirk-Jones type! Let your skin decide . . .

TO FIND OUT what makes certain skins luminous—others deadly dull!—Pond's analyzed over 200 girls' skins. They discovered that hidden skin tints make the difference.

The loveliest creamy skin owed its glow to a hint of sparkling *green*. While dazzling fair skins had a brilliant *blue* to thank!

Now Pond's has blended these amazing tints into entirely new shades. No matter what beauty tint your skin lacks—one of the new Pond's shades gives it to you! One warms up faded pallor. Another turns sallow skins faintly rosy... Florid skins tone down . . . Muddy skins clear and brighten!

Try them free with the coupon below. See how—

ROSE CREAM gives radiance to fair-skinned blondes and brunettes
NATURAL makes blonde skin transparent
BRUNETTE clears and brightens creamy skins
ROSE BRUNETTE warms up dull skins
LIGHT CREAM gives pearly tone

Texture? Not airy-light. Not heavy, either. Pond's Powder is fine—spreads evenly and clings. It comes in glass jars—to "hold" its perfume, to show the shade clearly. Jars at reduced prices, 35¢ and 70¢. Boxes, 10¢ and 20¢, increased in size.

FREE 5 Lively New Shades
Mail coupon today

(This offer expires April 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. B 126, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

Stop that COLD in Its Tracks!

A cold is nothing to "monkey with." It can take hold quickly and develop seriously. Take no chances inviting serious complications.

Treat a cold for what it is—an *internal infection!* Take an internal treatment and one that is expressly for colds and nothing else!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold! It is expressly a cold tablet. It is internal in effect. It does four important things.

Four Important Things

First of all, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. Let it be your first thought in case of a cold. Ask for it firmly and accept no substitute. The few pennies' investment may save you a lot of grief.

"A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment"





Gertrude Lyne and Otto Clare, talented piano duo who entertain over NBC from San Francisco. Gertrude does all of the arranging for the team, having studied music at the Boston Conservatory. She plays the organ, too. Otto hails from Seattle and has played in many orchestras.

were there. To go to New York meant to cut all old ties and that seemed a frightening thing to do."

But she did it. Once in New York, her picture contacts established, her movie department on the paper functioning smoothly, Louella commenced to show her calibre. To her—the picture people are second to none. She did heroic pioneer work for them. In return, she demanded reciprocation and reciprocation took the form of "exclusive stories."

"Our Hollywood Hotel program is coöperative," Louella explained. "I don't just interview the stars. We introduce them in a preview sketch from their newest talkie. Our listeners get a very good idea what the picture is about before it ever reaches their city and having heard the star in it beforehand, they naturally are more interested in seeing it."

"Does radio clash with your newspaper work?" I asked.

"Heavens, no!" Louella was aghast at the thought. "One works in with the other. I wouldn't permit anything to interfere with my column."

And for the same reason that the players relish mention in Louella's syndicated column, they relish being with her on the Hollywood Hotel program.

Ronald Colman vowed he never would go on the air.

"But Ronnie is awfully sweet," Louella said. "He has appeared with me twice."

"Are your programs prepared very far ahead?" I asked.

"No," Louella returned. "We want each one to be newsy as well as entertaining so we usually work only a week ahead."

I was with Louella when she came to New York for what she called a "vacation."

"I'm getting my part in our next program arranged now," she said. "I leave New York Saturday and I'll be back in Hollywood Wednesday." At which moment a bellboy arrived with a telegram. It was from Louella's radio secretary on the Coast, advising her that Kay Francis had consented to appear on the program the following Friday in a scene from her new picture. Louella sped a wire to Kay's home:

"Kay darling. Will you have your secretary call my home and leave word if you can meet there Wednesday afternoon at 4:30 to talk the program over."

This business concluded, Louella went on to say: "We meet every Wednesday at my home to get the following Friday night's program generally rehearsed. Our producer, Bill Bacher. Dick Powell——"

"Everyone in the company?"

"Yes."

"How many rehearsals do you have?"

"Two, sometimes more. Thursday night we rehearse from eight until one or so in the morning."

"And the stars don't mind such a stretch?"

Louella didn't even bother to answer that question. The fact that Ronnie Colman, among others, has acquiesced to such hours more than once is answer sufficient.

"Have you ever had any mishaps the night of your broadcast?" I continued.

"We nearly had, once," Louella recalled with a shiver. "That was when Clark Gable was with us. Poor dear. He was in as panicky a state as we were over it.

"We go on at six o'clock, you know, western time. It got nearer and nearer to six and everyone was there except Clark. We were pretty frantic. We telephoned his house, but they said he'd left nearly an hour ago. Well, we *were* frantic then.

Six o'clock came. Still no Clark. The program started. We had no notion what we would do to fill in the awful gap Clark's absence would make.

"Fortunately, the day was saved. At two minutes past six, Clark rushed in. When he signed off an hour later, we learned what had happened to him. He'd been in an automobile accident on the way down. He hadn't been injured, but he'd been badly shaken up. But he finally got a taxi and broke all records getting down in time.

"Miriam Hopkins did a little record-breaking herself for us," Louella recollected with a smile, "only in her case we knew about it. The night she broadcasted with us, she was still making her "Barbary Coast" picture. It was an expensive production and Miriam couldn't be spared from the set until the very last minute. We arranged to have a motorcycle police escort for her, to clear the way from the studio to the broadcasting theatre."

Mae West, yet another who starred on the Hollywood Hotel program, "put on a grand show," Louella said.

Mae dressed up for the occasion in her best bib and tucker and strode about in typical West style before the 1,400 delighted spectators attending the broadcast.

"She even made a crack or two about hoping her husband was listening in," Louella smiled.

Perhaps he was, because it was just about after this that his widely publicized divorce action against her was dropped and settled out of "print."

Louella's dual job of radio and columning, however, is not all roses and orchids. If you've never heard telephones ring madly, you should hear hers. There is rarely a lull. If it isn't a call giving a story to her newspaper column, it's someone calling about the radio program. If it isn't that, it's personal. If it isn't personal, it's ten other things.

Letters pour in. Telegrams. Visitors drop around. Appointments arrive. Two secretaries work at top speed taking care of the requirements of these high pressure jobs. And Louella herself, gives the clock a run for its minutes.

Then Friday, and on this day it is generally a different story. The column, of course, is prepared, but there are seldom any appointments—seldom any visitors—seldom any going out until, amid a flurry of final orders, she departs for the broadcast. At six the program goes on the air. Sometimes there is a party after the broadcast. Sometimes just a quiet dinner at Louella's or at the home of one of the stars. Friday night ends a feverish week. Saturday begins another.

Any Saturday morning, perhaps Norma Shearer, perhaps Robert Montgomery, perhaps Bette Davis, any one of a number of stars, may be informed while having breakfast and reading Louella O. Parsons' newspaper movie column:

"Miss Parsons is calling."

That same star, answering the telephone will, the chances are, respond to Louella's query:

"Can you appear next Friday on our program?"

With:

"All right. I'll do it for you, Louella."

They never say *no!*

THE END

"I know Helen is thin, but she's so active we can't put an ounce on her"



Here's how thousands of thin, underweight children are adding a pound a week—or more

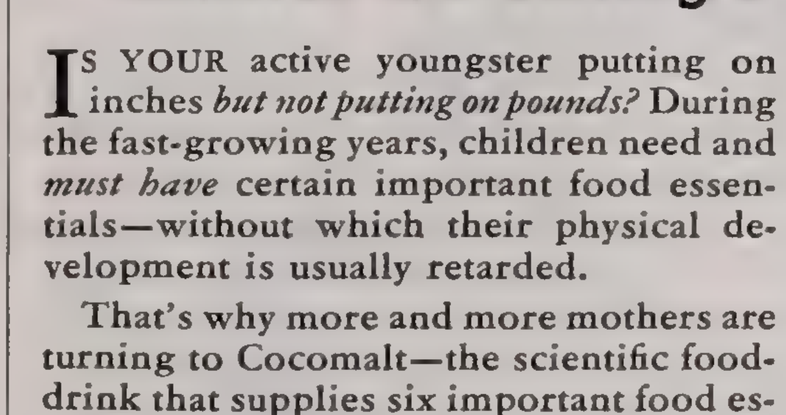
IS YOUR active youngster putting on inches *but not putting on pounds?* During the fast-growing years, children need and *must have* certain important food essentials—without which their physical development is usually retarded.

That's why more and more mothers are turning to Cocomalt—the scientific food-drink that supplies six important food essentials that help children to gain in weight and strength—aids them in building strong bones and sound teeth. Cocomalt is rich in calcium, phosphorus and Vitamin D for building strong bones and sound teeth. It contains Iron for red blood and strength—and proteins for the building up of solid flesh and muscle. It is rich in carbohydrates which supply food energy needed for the activities of children.

Mothers write words of praise

Cocomalt *is* helping thousands of thin, underweight youngsters gain weight *in a very short time.* If your child is thin because his diet is deficient in one or more of the food essentials mentioned, don't fail to give him Cocomalt as directed every day—at every meal. See if his body doesn't fill out, his weight go up week by week.

Cocomalt comes in powder form only and is designed to be mixed with milk. Delicious HOT or COLD. At grocery, drug and department stores in ½-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. air-tight cans.



IN MANY HOSPITALS today Cocomalt is added to the regular diet to help thin, underweight and undernourished children gain faster.



"MY LITTLE BOY was outgrowing his clothes but hardly gaining an ounce. A nurse told me about Cocomalt. At the end of the first month he had gained 5 pounds."

Mrs. M. Dalton, 530 E. 29th St. Brooklyn, N. Y.



"FOR THE LAST 4 MONTHS I have been giving my little girl Cocomalt. Once she was thin. But today, she is five pounds heavier, and the picture of health."

Mrs. J. Hogan, 17 Addison St. Larchmont, N. Y.

Cocomalt

Cocomalt is the registered trade-mark of the R. B. Davis Co., Hoboken, N. J.

Why Deane Sings Only of Love

(*Continued from page 48*)

herself with the philosophy which has carried her through her life thus far. "What is to be, will be."

That's an ancient philosophy, yet this romance is as modern as day after tomorrow's newspaper. The radio brings Deane's voice to Stanley. The airplane brings Stanley to Deane. A few weeks ago he heard her sweet voice over the air in Chicago. A few hours later the two of them were dancing together in New York, dancing with the realization that all too soon Stanley would be borne away again.

"These partings are heartbreaking," Deane said. "But it's better to see him for a little while than not to see him at all. We've stopped saying 'Goodbye.' We now say: 'See you soon.' That makes it easier. And there is no other way. I've determined to reach the very top of my profession before I even think about marriage. I know now that this is the way for me."

Yes, it is the way for Deane, and by roughly sketching the pattern of her life perhaps I can tell you why.

Just a little over three years ago Deane Janis was an unknown, pretty girl in Omaha, Nebraska, with nothing more tangible upon which to ride to success than the ability to play the piano, a nice but untrained voice and tremendous ambition.

All that ambition was directed toward show business and, curiously enough, although she was an only child and her father and mother never had been connected with the theatre in any way, they made no objections to her trying her luck in that glamorous profession.

For a while in Omaha she modeled frocks, as the proprietor of the shop tried to make the customers believe that they would look as slim and as exciting in the gowns as Deane did.

One summer she went to visit an aunt in Chicago and she never came back home, for there she met someone who introduced her to someone who took her to a Chicago radio station and she got the chance to do a little fifteen-minute sustaining program—singing and playing her own accompaniments.

That was the first small step and although that alone was pretty exciting, Deane was not content to wait for better breaks. Instead she went to all the music publishing houses and asked their representatives to listen to her program and keep her in mind when a band needed a singer.

It was with Hal Kemp's orchestra that she landed a job. One day Deane was a little nobody. The next day she walked past the Black Hawk night club—one of the very swanky college rendezvous—and saw her name picked out in electric light bulbs on the markee.

Deane thought that was the thrill that comes but once in a lifetime. But she was to have an even greater thrill a few years later.

For eighteen months she sang with the Kemp orchestra and she learned the meaning of showmanship. She learned how to put a number over, how with smiles and grace to take her audience with her along the paths of melody.

Men were mad about Deane, but she had the feeling that some day she would meet the right man. So she only *sang* of love.

At the end of the year and a half's work she was pitifully tired so she went to the coast where she met Stanley.

Do you see, perhaps, why she decided to return when Kemp's wire came? She had sipped at success and glamour. She had had some remarkable "breaks." How could she put down the cup when it was half full?

Deane is right in believing in fate. There must be some curious destiny which guides the lives of girls like her. There is some force which makes these people, so rich in charm and mystery, develop their talents.

In spite of the fact that Stanley was in San Francisco most of the time, New York was all the things that Deane had expected it to be. There was adventure and excitement in the very air and her triumph in Chicago paled beside the acclaim she received at the Pennsylvania.

Even with her natural gifts she wanted to learn more and at last she persuaded Al Siegel to coach her.

Her songs, with the orchestra, had been broadcast from the Pennsylvania roof, which was simply a foretaste of what was in store for her.

Al Jolson asked her to appear as guest artist on his program and from then on tremendous things happened.

She was told that she must give an audition for the Camel hour. Happily she wired Stanley to be thinking of her—as if he were not always—and to wish her luck.

Eighty girls were tried out for that program and the agonizing process of elimination began. And each time a few girls were dropped during the narrowing down stage, Deane must give another audition.

"I don't know how I ever lived through that," Deane told me. "Every few days they would call me from the station to say that another girl had been dropped from the list of possibilities and that they would like to hear me again. And again I would go up there and sing. When at last there were only five girls from whom to choose, I was so nervous!

"I decided to give up hope. I took out my fatalistic philosophy and gave it a good airing, but it was hard not even to hope. For that program, I knew, would mean so much to me. It was, actually, for that—or for something just as big—that I had come to New York. If I could get this program, I might have a chance of proving



When Harriet Hilliard left for Hollywood, Billie Trask jumped into her spot on the Bakers Broadcast which features Bob Ripley and Ozzie Nelson. She's been doing a grand job of substituting, this Scotch lass.

to myself and to Stanley that I had been right in leaving San Francisco. If I didn't get it, I would be a failure and the sacrifice in vain."

Wires from Stanley encouraged her. His voice over the long distance telephone made it possible for her to live through those fateful weeks.

And then at long, long last she was called for one more audition, at the end of which they said: "And now, Miss Janis, will you come into this office and sign your contract?"

Here it was then—the big break up to which all the little breaks had been leading.

For now Deane Janis is one of the coming radio singers, one of the girls with a tremendous future. Columbia Broadcasting Company is enthusiastically behind her. They predict that in a couple of years she'll be one of their very brightest stars.

At first she was terrified for fear her part of the Camel program might not be a success. But how could it be a failure when she gave so much to her job. She rehearsed long and strenuously. No hours were too long for her. She worked as hard to please the actual audience watching the Camel show as those of us who listen to her voice at home.

She created a setting for herself, using all the arts of showmanship she knew, every time she stepped before the microphone and she picked her clothes with care so that they would be the last word in chic.

After the first few programs Deane Janis' mail began coming in by the bagful.

Stanley talked to her long and earnestly. He thought that, perhaps, now she would be satisfied, that once she had proved what she could do she would be willing to end the separations, the fleeting happy greetings, the long heartbreaking farewells.

But Deane Janis isn't ready for that yet. The future is colored too brilliantly. In spite of this sudden popularity she is really—she feels—just beginning. Why, it was only three years ago that she was in Omaha with nothing but hope and ambition.

Her voice is lovely. She possesses that rare quality of glamour. She is utterly beautiful. And the knowledge that she is singing not only to you and you but to her sweetheart, who may be in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago or in some small mining town, gives her notes a breathless vitality, a lyric romanticism.

And listening to her, also, are her mother and father, whose pride in her achievement is touching. They are, perhaps, even a little bewildered that their child has gone so far in so short a time.

She has had tentative offers from Hollywood. "But I wouldn't go to Hollywood for anything," she told me, "unless I went *right*—unless they wanted me to come enough to give me the right sort of contract. I was in Los Angeles once during my trip to the coast and I saw those girls all so eager to get a chance in pictures. I could not bear to be just another girl in Hollywood hoping for a break.

"I suppose that attitude means that I don't care much whether I'm ever in pictures or not.

"That radio microphone thrills me. That real audience is a constant inspiration. I have the feeling that the more I give to them the greater is their response to me.

"And then there's Stanley. I must make him proud of me. I must show him that I have a place in the sun on my own score and that I'm not just a silly girl playing at show business. That's why I've worked so hard. That's why I keep on working. I know how terribly lucky I've been. I know that few girls have had the breaks I've had and I must show myself that I deserve those breaks.

"And when television comes I hope I'm able to meet that demand, too."

And so her rocket soars skyward. Deane is on her way up, up, up, with that lovely voice, that beautiful earnest face, that slim, lithe figure and the enchanting way she has of wearing her ultra smart clothes.

Yet, as much in love as she is, who can predict what the future holds for her?

October first is her lucky day—and she's very superstitious. On October first, 1932, she opened with Hal Kemp's band at the Black Hawk in Chicago.

On October first, 1934, she opened with the same band in New York.

On October first, 1935, she sang her first program for Camel.

Do you wonder that she believes in fate and the symbols fate produces?

October first, 1936? What does that hold for her? Marriage? A big radio program all her own? What?

I asked her if she dared look that far into the future. She shrugged her shoulders and smiled a mysterious smile. "Who knows?" she said. "What is to be will be. There's nothing you can do about fate. I've had that proved to me too many times ever to doubt it again."

THE END

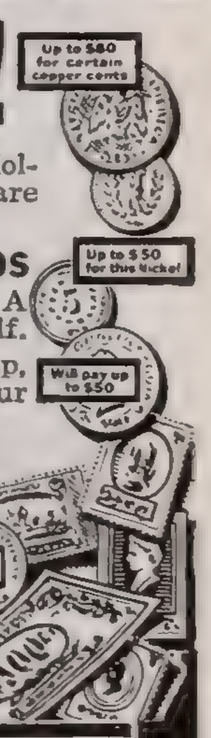
She Got $400.00 for a Half Dollar

I will pay CASH for OLD COINS, BILLS and STAMPS



Mrs. Dowty of Texas, sold B. Max Mehl one-half dollar for $400.

Amazing Profits! For Those Who Know OLD MONEY!



There are single pennies that sell for $100.00. There are nickels worth many dollars — dimes, quarters, half dollars and dollars on which big cash premiums are paid. Each year a fortune is offered by collectors for rare coins and stamps for their collections. THE PRICES PAID ARE AMAZING.

It Pays To Post Yourself on the Big Values of Old Coins and Stamps

Knowing about coins pays. Andrew Henry, of Idaho, was paid $900 for a half-dollar, received in change. A valuable old coin may come into your possession or you may have one now and not know it. Post yourself.

HUGE PREMIUMS FOR OLD STAMPS—Some old stamps bring big premiums. An old 10c stamp, found in an old basket, was recently sold for $10,000. There may be valuable stamps on some of your old letters. IT WILL PAY YOU TO KNOW HOW TO RECOGNIZE THEM.

Let Me Send You My Big Illustrated Coin Folder! It Will Open Your Eyes!

Neville, of N. Dak., $200 for a $10 bill he picked up in circulation. I paid $1,000 to Mr. Brownlee, of Ga., for one old coin. Mr. Brownlee says: "Your letter received with the check for $1,000 enclosed. I like to deal with such men as you and hope you continue buying coins for a long time." In the last 34 years I have paid hundreds of others handsome premiums for old bills and coins.

USE THE COUPON BELOW!

Send the coupon below and 4c for my Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars. *Write today* for this eye-opening, valuable wealth of information on the profits that have been made from old money. No obligation on your part. You have nothing to lose--everything to gain. It may mean much profit for you. *Est. 34 years.*

Largest Rare Coin Company in U. S.

I Will Pay Up To $6,500.00 FOR ONE OLD COIN

I PAID $200.00 TO J. D. MARTIN OF VIRGINIA FOR JUST ONE COPPER CENT.

"Please accept my thanks for your check for $200.00 in payment for the copper cent I sent you. I appreciate the interest you have given this transaction. It's a pleasure to do business with a firm that handles matters as you do. I wish to assure you it will be a pleasure to me to tell all my friends of your wonderful offer for old coins." *Julian D. Martin, Virginia.*

This is but one of the many similar letters I am constantly receiving. Post yourself! It pays! I paid Mr. Manning, of N. Y., $2,500 for a single silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, of Ohio, received $740 for some old coins. I paid W. F. Wilharm, of Pa., $13,500 for his rare coins. I paid J. T.

All Kinds of OLD COINS, Medals, Bills and Stamps Wanted

$1.00 to $1,000 paid for certain old cents, nickels, dimes, quarters, etc. Right now I will pay $50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head nickels (not buffalo), $100 for 1894 dimes, "S" Mint; $8.00 for 1853 quarters, no arrows; $10.00 for 1866 quarters, no motto; $200.00 each for 1884 and 1885 Silver Trade Dollars, etc., etc.

I HAVE BEEN BUYING OLD MONEY FOR 34 YEARS

Any bank in Fort Worth or Dun & Bradstreets will testify as to my responsibility. My volume of business, built on fair and prompt dealings for 34 years, is such that I own and occupy my own building devoted to my coin business. You will find every representation I make to be true and not exaggerated. It will pay you to do business with me.

Copr. 1936

FILL OUT & MAIL NOW

To **B. MAX MEHL, 187 Mehl Bldg., FORT WORTH, TEXAS**

Dear Mr. Mehl:—Please send me your Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars, for which I enclose 4 cents.

NAME----------

ADDRESS----------

CITY----------STATE----------

B. MAX MEHL *Director Numismatic Co. of Texas*
187 Mehl Building · FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
PERFUMES



PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

10¢ IN TEN CENT TUCKAWAY SIZES AS ILLUSTRATED AT ALL 5 & 10¢ STORES

Are Comedians Through On the Air?

(Continued from page 45)

I want to make people laugh—to get down to cases—I've first got *to make them normal.* I've got to get them in the frame of mind where they *can* laugh. And then, and only after I've got them there, can I give them the extra push and make 'em laugh."

At precisely this moment, there in the crowded Derby, with Tom Mix limping in on crutches (he broke his ankle, Eddie thought), with Carole Lombard sitting across the way, Maxie Rosenbloom next to us, voices humming everywhere—a waiter dropped a laden tray of dishes with a nerve-splintering crash!

In an instant the faces in that room looked strained and irritably resentful. And also in that instant Eddie half rose in his seat beside me, waved his napkin and yelled: *"Viva La France!"* at the very top of his lungs. I was startled. Everyone was startled. And then they immediately relaxed and a wave of laughter wiped out the irritability, soothed the frayed nerves. The frightened waiter shot a grateful glance in the direction of the little comedian, who immediately subsided and said: "I don't think anyone knew it was *me* shouting, do you?"

Then he added: "But that neatly illustrates the point I was just trying to make to you. Did you get the faces in here when that happened? Half of them were ready to burst out crying from sheer nervousness. Then they laughed. Why, the world has never needed laughter as it needs it now. The old gag about the clown with the breaking heart, laughing, cutting up—well, the world is the clown with the breaking heart today and laughter *must* go on!

"And you have to be so careful, too,



The King's Jesters were a vocal trio until they met up with lovely Marjorie Whitney and then the organization became a mixed quartette. They heard Marjorie singing with a Lincoln, Nebraska, orchestra and engaged her.



Minetta Ellen and J. Anthony Smythe as Mr. and Mrs. Barbour in "One Man's Family," NBC serial of American home life, long a favorite with radio listeners.

making people laugh. There are so many raw surfaces you dare not touch. I often wonder, when I go on the air Sunday nights for Pebeco Toothpaste, whether those who tune in realize, not what I do, but the millions of things I can't do. Why, I could sit here with you for three days and talk every minute of the time and not get through telling you the things I can't do.

"I would never stutter on the air, for instance. That surprises you? You think stuttering is funny business? Well, you might, but there may be somewhere in Kansas or Nebraska some poor woman who has spent her husband's last, hard-earned ten dollars taking her little boy to a specialist. Her little boy, who has a speech defect. Her little boy who stutters. When she comes home at night she tunes in on me. For relaxation. And if I should come on the air saying, stuttering: *'G-g-good e-evening, l-l-ladies and g-gents—"* would *she* think I was funny? She would not! She would burst into tears and shut me off the air. No, it wouldn't be funny to *her*.

"No, you see? It's so easy to bring tears. It's so difficult to give laughter. There are so many things for people to cry over. So few things they can *all* laugh over.

"I write all my own stuff. That's easy. Takes me about twenty minutes to do my script for the broadcast. Where do I get my stuff? Why, here, at this table with you. On the streets. Out of the newspapers. Everywhere. There's too much material, not too little. But after I write it down, the easiest part of it, I try it out before I go on the air. Every Sunday at noon I rehearse what I am going to do in the evening. Then we take it to pieces. We say that maybe this bit will offend the Irish, or that bit offend the Jews or something else offend the Methodists. . . . This may hit the old people the wrong way. . . . That may touch the sensitive young moderns, *not* on their funny bones. . . .

"Mrs. Roosevelt told Ida, my wife, that she always hurries home to the White House Sunday nights to tune in on my



IT'S a clever girl who keeps her hands an ardent invitation to romance. One certain way is to use a superior dependable nail polish. PLAT-NUM is a better blend of polish. One application will convince you. It applies smoothly and sets evenly with a lasting lustre, and does not chip, crack, peel, fade or streak. Try PLAT-NUM today. Its generous, oversize 10c bottle is on sale at all 5 and 10c stores.

FREE this booklet

Send 4c in stamps for this booklet on beautification of hands.

PLAT-NUM

PLAT-NUM LABORATORIES
80 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Nail Polish

"I PICKED THE GIRL WITH THE MOST *Kissable Lips*"



SAID

TULLIO CARMINATI

Read how famous film star picked the loveliest lips in Hollywood test...



TULLIO CARMINATI, the sophisticated Hollywood screen star, picks the most kissable lips in unusual test!

● Three girls were with us when we asked Tullio Carminati what kind of lips men prefer. One girl wore no lipstick. The second wore the ordinary lipstick. The third wore Tangee. Instantly he picked the girl wearing Tangee. "Her lips are kissable, because they look natural," he said.

Most men agree with him. They like lips that are soft and natural. And that's the secret of Tangee's growing popularity. You avoid that painted look with Tangee, because *Tangee isn't paint.* It intensifies your own natural color... makes your lips lovely and alluring. If you prefer more color for evening wear, use Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES** . . . *when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation . . . there's only one Tangee.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

New **ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK FACE POWDER** now contains the magic Tangee color principle



★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM26
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____
Please Print

Address _____

City _____ *State*



Although continually referred to as the best-dressed of the band leaders, Hal Kemp naturally prefers having whatever bouquets are to be presented tossed in tribute to his dance music. Aside from being featured each Sunday on the Phil Baker program, Hal plays regularly at the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City, where the young collegiate crowd considers his dance music tops. And, after all, said y.c.c. knows more about dance music than any other crowd. But, strangely enough, Hal is decidedly a family man, proudly boasting of two fine youngsters and a lovely wife.

broadcast. The President's mother, too. And I think that farmers tune in, too, and tired housewives and mechanics and kids. . . .

"Know how I test out my stuff? *On myself.* I am my own judge and jury. You see, I've never been a Broadway boy, one of the sophisticates. I'm still the fellow who was born over that Russian Tea Room in the heart of New York's East Side Ghetto. . . . That grubby Hester Street brat who used to do imitations and sing and dance and make jokes for push-cart vendors and old mothers and kids who lived in rooms with broken windows stuffed with rags. . . . I'm still the lad who was a singing waiter in a Coney Island beer joint. . . . And I also remember the ladies in sables and the men in tails who sat in the front rows at Ziegfeld's Follies. . . . And so I figure that what will make *me* cry will make my fellow men cry and what will make me laugh will get a laugh out of all the rest of us. . . .

"When I talked about my dear old friend, Will Rogers, on the air a while back—when I said something about the fact that God had called him up to Heaven because things were kind of sad up there and Bill was needed—as I talked I sort of choked up. I was figuring how true it was, that I was glad they'd needed Bill there, but how much better it would be for us if he could have stayed down here. . . . And I figured that because I felt as I did while I was talking, others would feel the same way.

"And Bill's a reminder—a lesson—that it's never the wise-cracking, glamorous guy that the world loves best while he's here and mourns the deepest when he's gone. No, it's the plain guy with his heart all tangled up with all the heartstrings of the world. . . .

"Radio," said Eddie, his dark brown, eager eyes deadly earnest, *"radio is the greatest form of entertainment in the world today.* It's the greatest medium the world has ever known. Yes, greater than movies. Greater than the theatre. Greater than Hollywood and New York and points East and West put together and multiplied by ten.

"It's the greatest because, like I've said, it reaches everywhere, everyone. It's available in every home. It's available to every shut-in, to every youngster and oldster in the world. The letters I get from shut-ins, from the sick, in hospitals, in wheel-chairs, in prisons—are all letters about my broadcasts. The letters I get from small town folks and folks from the outlands are about my broadcasts.

"It's this way—when a family wants entertainment, they may have to figure whether they can afford to spend twenty-five

cents or forty cents or whatever it is on a movie. They may figure that they can't *all* afford to go, kids and all. Or they may have to figure whether they can leave the baby. Or maybe it's raining and there aren't enough raincoats and galoshes to go around. But they *can* stay home, all of them, everywhere, and listen to the radio. All they have to have is a dollar down and a dollar a month for a given length of time—and the world is theirs. Helen Hayes, the President, Alexander Woollcott, Grace Moore, Tibbett, The March Of Time . . . even me!

"Of course, on the other side of the medal, that's one of the very things that makes radio work more difficult than movies. I mean, you have to be so careful—about those things you can't do. When a family goes to the movies they know what show they're picking. They have a pretty good idea what kind of entertainment they're getting. They don't have to take the kiddies to see sophisticated stuff. But when they press a button they don't know what they're getting. They can't shop around for it.

"I'll tell you this—*it's only just beginning, the radio. .Only—just—beginning—*

"It's the biggest thing in the world today. It has the most spectacular, the most incredible future.

"Do you want me to make a prophecy? And I know what I'm talking about. *I've seen it.* Within five years all you are going to have to do is to say to your husband: 'Katharine Cornell's new show is opening in New York tonight—I'd like to see it.' And then all you'll have to do is press the button on your radio set, pick up your phone and dial New York 333, or something, and there'll you have it. Or, the next night, you may say: 'Helen Hayes opens in Baltimore tonight—let's go.' And you dial your operator and say Baltimore 4444, or something of the sort and you'll be at the opening. At the end of the month your telephone bill will be, say, eighteen or twenty dollars, and you will have seen every show to be seen.



Neila Goodelle, radio favorite, as seen in "Perfect 36's," an Educational Comedy, with Earl Oxford.

"Yes, I mean television. It's on the way. It's coming. It's here. And the telephone companies will pay the producers, the Shuberts, the Theatre Guild, all of them, such thousands and thousands of dollars each month that the same producers won't need to economize and have one star in one show—they will be able to have us *all.* They'll be able to stage such entertainment as the world never has dreamed of."

I said: "But won't that be rather too bad? The world is going so awfully push-button. I mean, what will happen to the movie theatres, the legitimate theatres, when all we have to do is sit in our living-rooms and push buttons and dial phones?"

"That brings us right back to laughter," said Eddie promptly—Eddie, who has the answers to everything! "We are a gregarious race. Nothing, no mechanical invention in the world, will ever alter the fact that people *must* get together in groups, to laugh, to talk, to cry—but mostly to laugh.

"When I am on the air, for instance, and you and your husband are listening in, you may chuckle quietly and say: 'The old boy's pretty good tonight.' But you *chuckle quietly.* You do not sit in your living-room and shout with laughter. But when you go to the theatre—when you come, as I hope you will, to see me in my new Goldwyn opera 'Shoot The Chutes'—you will be far more likely to burst out into loud laughter, because the crowd is laughing with you. It's a release—and such a release is a vital, a basic *necessity.*

"People have got to laugh," said Eddie, "they've got to laugh or they die. That's my answer to that radio critic chap . . . now I'm going home and take a sun-bath!"

THE END

SEE CHAPPED SKIN *Melt* INTO SMOOTHEST TEXTURE





Mrs. Rodman Wanamaker II

of Philadelphia, says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream makes every little chapped place on my skin smooth out. Powder goes on beautifully!"

IMAGINE YOURSELF —one minute with a dry, chapped skin that catches powder . . . The next minute, skin so smooth you can't feel a single rough place! That's how fast a keratolytic cream softens your skin.

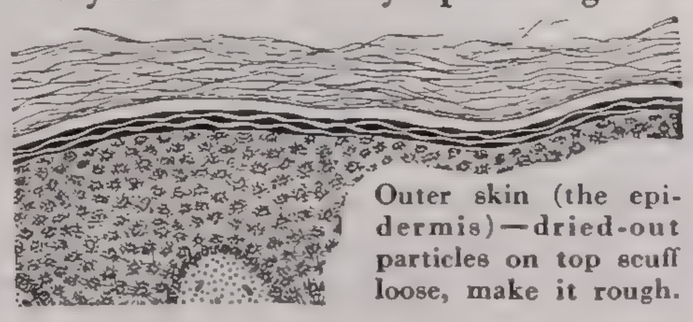
That chapped skin is just on top. It's a layer of dried-out particles, always scuffing loose—"aching" to come off entirely. But they keep on clinging, getting harsher, until you take steps to—*MELT THEM OFF!*

A leading dermatologist tells how to do this. He says:

"Surface skin is constantly drying out. Exposure hastens this condition. When a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) is applied, the dried-out cells melt away, revealing the smooth skin beneath. Vanishing Cream also preserves the skin's natural moisture and prevents further chapping."

That's why Pond's Vanishing Cream is so grand for rough, chapped skin—so perfect a powder base! In an instant, it brings out your own young skin—exquisitely smooth, completely "unchapped."

For a smooth make-up—Never powder or rouge without first smoothing away roughnesses with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now your skin is satiny—powder goes on evenly without flaking. And even bitter-cold winds can't cause new chappings!



Outer skin (the epidermis)—dried-out particles on top scuff loose, make it rough.

Overnight for lasting softness—Every night after cleansing, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for extra softness. It won't shine—won't smear the pillowcase. In the morning, your skin surprises you. So baby-soft!

8-Piece Package Pond's, Dept. B138, Clinton, Conn. Please rush me special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream together with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

EMPHASIS ON

Heart Appeal



Try This Simple Treatment for a Soft, Smooth Skin

■ Wherever you find "heart appeal"—you'll find a skin that is sublimely fair.

Do you know the quickest treatment for achieving such a skin? The answer is Italian Balm—the famous *Original* Skin Softener that is guaranteed (or your money back) to banish chapping, roughness, redness and dryness of skin *more quickly* and at *less expense,* than anything you have ever used.

Today, Italian Balm is the largest-selling preparation of its kind in the United States and in Canada. It combines sixteen scientifically-chosen ingredients. Its mellowness is obtained by an exclusive blending process. No hands ever touch the product while it is being made. Absolute purity is essential to any preparation for use on your hands and face—and absolute purity is one of the many things that Italian Balm assures you... At drug and department stores in 35c, 60c and $1.00 bottles and in handy 25c tubes.

Free HANDY HOME DISPENSER



Nickel plated, 100% guaranteed Italian Balm HOME DISPENSER—attaches easily to bathroom, kitchen or laundry wall (wood or tile). Dispenses *one drop* when you press the plunger. Try your druggist first—ask for the Dispenser Package. If he can't supply you—then get one FREE by sending ONE 60c Italian Balm carton (and 10c to cover packing and postage), or TWO 60c cartons and NO MONEY—with your name and address—to CAMPANA, Batavia, Illinois.

Campana's

Italian Balm

THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

"America's Most Economical Skin Protector"

"Never Let Life Beat You!"

(*Continued from page 41*)

cigar! That grin of his! The kick he got out of his job! The kid was good for that tired feeling.

One of his best drugstore friends worked on the *Free Press.* Right away Eddie wanted to become a newspaper man. Couldn't his friend find him a job there? He could—and did. In the accounting department!

Poor unmathematical Eddie! Adding up two cigars, three sandwiches, a cup of coffee and a soda, for a neighbor, was fun. But adding up a lot of figures in a stuffy ledger was a chore. So Eddie marched upstairs to the Big Boss and asked to be transferred to the editorial room.

The Big Boss looked him over, caught that engaging grin and was amused in spite of himself.

"We need an office boy up here," he capitulated. "How about it?"

Only fourteen years old and already a newspaperman!

Dad, his health broken by the battle of the poor, exulted with young Eddie at the glad news.

"Keep climbing," he told the boy. "Reaching the top of any ladder is just taking a rung at a time."

That year his dad died, a game loser to the end, with a smile that never grew wry.

And the little office boy began his climbing, a rung at a time, from cub reporter to columnist.

He called his first newspaper column "Blue Monday"—he who never had known that Monday feeling! And now thousands of customers found him not only amusing, but inspiring, comforting. They loved his poems, written for the American type of that decent chap his dad had extolled—that average fellow, a bit shabby of coat, perhaps, but never of soul, a good husband and father, a kind neighbor, a true friend, the salt of the earth!

He wove his verses around that likeable working chap and the things dear to him. Home, wife, children, friends, neighbors. He wrote poems about his simple joys—the family car, his golf or baseball, a day's fishing, his garden, his dog, radio, movies, his job. Eddie continued to count hard work a joy!

Then came his books. First, the famous "Home Rhymes," printed in the family attic by Brother Harry, a printer who could afford only one case of type. Eight hundred copies, laboriously set by hand! Two bothered, besmudged young men surveyed the books and wondered who'd buy 'em? In an incredibly short time, a first edition of a new Guest book



Ted Malone, whose "Between the Bookends" program is tremendously popular, is one of the leading fan-mail receivers of CBS. He's another Eddie Guest when it comes to poetry and genuine homespun philosophy.



Richard Crooks, Metropolitan Opera tenor, whose singing is again a delightful feature of the "Voice of Firestone" program.

called for exactly fifty thousand copies!

A star in the writing world, the radio world, and now about to become a star in the movie world.

"Free Press Building," said my taxi man. As I paid him, he added: "Thank you, miss. Remember me to Eddie. He's a swell guy!"

Eddie's office was full, as usual. His secretary gave me a chair and a newspaper so that I could read all about the latest farewell banquet they had given him. But it was impossible to concentrate with snatches of Eddie's talk coming through the open door. Buoyant, breezy, boyish! Hollywood in a few weeks! Gee, he didn't know what to make of it! What were his pictures to be about? The American home and family at its best. Sure, he was taking his wife and Janet to Hollywood, but not Bud. The boy was a working man now, a reporter on the *Free Press*, following in his dad's footsteps. "I've been forty years with the old sheet——"

I looked up at the people waiting to see Eddie. "Just folks." A trembling little old lady in widow's weeds. Eddie had written some verses for her, she told me, when her husband died fifteen years ago. Now she had to unveil a portrait of him, make a speech, and she wanted those verses.

A swarthy, impatient youth, terribly in earnest. He glowered at me and scribbled short-hand on the blotter. I had a feeling he was a cub reporter, on his first assignment.

A tall, gaunt man with a gray, twitching face and haggard eyes. A type I couldn't catalogue.

A seedy-looking salesman, nursing a fat brief-case. And a prosperous-looking man, dignified, correct, looking impatiently at his thin, monogrammed watch. A millionaire, perhaps, not used to being kept waiting.

"Well, goodbye, Eddie, if I don't see you again—and God bless you!"

Eddie's visitor came half-way out—a round, rosy-faced man in a round clerical collar—then he remembered a joke and went back to tell it.

As Eddie's delighted laugh frolicked through the door, even the cub reporter stopped glowering. "Good luck!" said the







End "accident panic"
—ask for Certain-Safe
Modess!

Try N-O-V-O—the new safe douche powder. Cleansing! Deodorizing! (Not a contraceptive.)
(At your druggist or department store)



If you like to draw, test your sense of design, color, proportion, etc., with our simple Art Ability Test. An opportunity to get a frank opinion, *free*, as to whether your talent is worth developing.

Magazines, newspapers, publishers and advertisers spend millions yearly for illustrations. Design and color influence the sale of most things we buy. Artists have become important to industry. Machines can not displace them. If you have talent, train it. Drawing may be your surest road to success.

The Federal Schools, affiliated with a large art, engraving and printing institution, has trained many young men and women now serving industry as designers or illustrators, capable of earning from $1,000 to $5,000 yearly. Its Home Study courses in Commercial Art, Illustrating and Cartooning, contain exclusive illustrated lessons by many famous artists. Practical instruction by experienced men is the reason for its many years' outstanding success. Courses sold on easy payments.

Send today for Art Test and Free Book explaining present opportunities in art. Just fill out and mail coupon below.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC.

2996 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn.

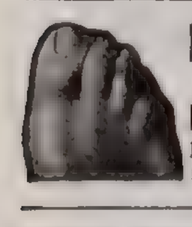
Send me, without obligation, your Art Test and Free Book.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Age..... Occupation.....



BUNIONS Reduced Quickly

Pain Stops At Once! Write for **Free Sample** of Fairyfoot Treatment. No obligation. Dept. 2712 Fairyfoot Company 1223 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.



BE A NURSE

MARRIED WOMEN EARN $25-$35

You can learn at home in spare time to be a "practical" nurse. One graduate saved $400 while learning. A housewife earned $430 in 3 months. Clear, simple lessons. Course endorsed by physicians. Est. 37 years. Thousands of graduates. Equipment included. High school not required. Easy tuition payments. Men, women, 18-60. Add to your family income!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 232, 100 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

*Name*_____
(State whether Miss or Mrs.)
*City*_____ *State*_____ *Age*___



Maxine Gray, also known as the Louisiana Lark, is heard each Sunday evening on the Phil Baker broadcast with Hal Kemp's orchestra. Maxine may often be found busily knitting at rehearsals. It's her pet hobby.

clerical gentleman and this time he really went.

And then there was Eddie in the open doorway. Eddie, with that *"Good morning, New Day! Life, I salute you!"* look on his face. Eddie, all breathless buoyancy, asking nothing better of a Monday morning than a few mountains to climb.

The chirpy little lady, who looked like the oldest inhabitant, tottered toward him.

"Eddie! Eddie!!"

His arm went around her like a shot.

"Sorry, folks," he said over her shaking head, "she comes first——"

He led her over the threshold with hands as gentle as a son's.

This was life. Eddie's genius, I knew, was nothing more than a certain angle on life, a way with folks.

Soon the little old lady came out, clutching her poem.

"Remember, Eddie," she quavered, "you belong to Detroit. Don't let those Hollywood people keep you!"

"I'd like to see 'em try!" laughed Eddie, but there was the break of tears in the laugh. "You're next!" he grinned at me.

He never sits straight in a chair. There isn't a precise stitch in him, except his morals. His ties get twisted. I looked him over, from his nice gray suit and little-boy bow tie, to his musing gray eyes. There he sat, pondering over something, unusually silent.

"A penny for your thoughts, Eddie!"

"It's a glorious thing, life!" he said, as if he'd just found it out. "Just everyday living, from day to day. That's what I try to show in my poems, in my radio work. It's what I hope to show in my pictures. The glory of life, the beauty of death . . . Yes, death! I'd like to see a death scene on the screen, done as I see death. Death isn't terrible. It's an adventure, like life. Yet the best literature, the best drama has always made death a calamity . . .

"Now, take life," he went on. "Folks go around trying to win this championship or that. They want to excel in golf, swimming, tennis. That's all right, too. I'd like to be a golf champion, myself. But what they don't see is that it's just as difficult, just as thrilling, to live life so you're a winner at it. To take the tumbles; to get sunk, but not drown, to have to *live blind* as, at times, an aviator must fly blind—and not crack up. *To never let life beat you.*"

He got up to pace his office, came back to sit a-slant in his chair.

"Who wants an easy game—a walkover? The sport's in the odds you're up against. It's so with life. The zest of it is in the struggle. You can't make a go of living unless you learn the rules and play 'em. . . . But folks are funny. 'My life's a mess,' a fellow told me the other day. As if it just happened. As if he couldn't do anything about it. It was his own lookout that his life was a mess. It needn't have been. It was his

life, for him alone to make or mar——"

He broke off suddenly, gave an apologetic little cough, smiled an abashed smile. "Hope I don't seem to be preaching," he said humbly.

"What I mean is," he hurried on, "there's such a thing as being a champion in living. To look back when you're in your fifties and see children you've raised to be decent kids; to have taken the downs with the ups of married life; to have stayed honest and kept your faith in folks; to have lived as right as you can—and never preached——

"If a man can look back on a life like that, however obscure and humdrum, isn't he a champion? A champion in living?"

"How about a picture," I said, "to illustrate the story?" As I came out to choose it, that varied collection of folks in the waiting-room looked eagerly at Eddie. It was the cub reporter who followed him into his office. Fragments of conversation came through the open doorway.

"You got the job, then! Fine! Don't mention it, boy. Glad to do what I could. To have work to do, that's what makes life worth living. Don't look for the easy way, the lucky breaks. A job's no fun unless you put all you've got into it——"

Talking as if his very life depended on helping that sulky young cub get off on the right foot.

"It's this way. If you're a wash-out as an office boy, nobody's coming along to say: 'He's no good here—maybe he'll do better at a desk.' Instead, the boss will say: 'If he's no good at this job, he won't earn his salt at another.' You don't get promotions on a newspaper, or anywhere else, unless you rate 'em."

There was a pause, a quick clearing of his throat, that shy little cough—Eddie unconsciously keeps his soul on top, shying away from something that might smack of moralizing!

"And, son, get this . . . I've got a boy of my own about your age . . . In any decent job, it's character that counts. Don't think I'm preaching—that's a business fact!"

As the callow cub tore out, the gaunt man with the wistful eyes crept in. "Eddie gives me back my faith in life—in myself," he had confided to me, over the photographs I was selecting.

Eddie had given the cub a job and this poor wretch, new heart. What would he give the rest, I wondered, as I watched from my quiet corner.

The telephone kept ringing. City calls, long distance. Messengers brought in stacks and stacks of letters—which Eddie refuses to call fan-mail. "They're my friends, all of 'em!" Telegrams came. More calls.

"Sure!" he said in answer to one. "We'll all have a get-together before I leave. The whole jolly bunch at my home. Nell will fix it."

Eddie has had the same wife for twenty-five years. He still says her name with a funny little tender inflection.

He grinned at me in passing. "How's it coming?" he said. I drew him aside to ask about the man with the tragic eyes.

"That's it," he sighed. "He told me he had told you his story. A periodical drunk. The finest fellow, but for that. I'm helping him keep on the wagon. They've all got their troubles, even the bank president. See him?"

The millionaire! I lifted incredulous eyebrows.

"What could you give him, Eddie?"

Eddie chuckled.

"His grin," he said. "He's got grit and gumption, but he'd let the depression get his grin."

Yes, they'd all got something, even the salesman. Not an order. Something more intangible, immeasurably more valuable. Some formula for success! It was in his face as he left the office, in the set of his shabby shoulders, in his chirpy whistle as he strode out.

And as Eddie bustled about his cleared office, he was whistling, too. That tuneless, off-key whistle of his. He deplores being tone-deaf—this man who has the music of the universe in him, who keeps step to the life-throb of humanity itself!

His secretary hurried him away. That inevitable broadcast! She thrust things at him for him to grab. He fairly flew down the corridor to the elevators.

"Goodbye, Mister Guest!" I called after those flying feet. He jerked to a sudden standstill, stared back. *"Whazzat?"* he called. He'd miss his train, sure!

"Goodbye, Eddie!" I called. "Good luck!" And in my heart I said: "And God bless you!"

He grinned, waved and disappeared. "Going down!" shouted the elevator boy. Yes, going down to a world that sorely needed Eddie's grit, gumption and grin!

THE END

Clings till you wash it off...spreads farther



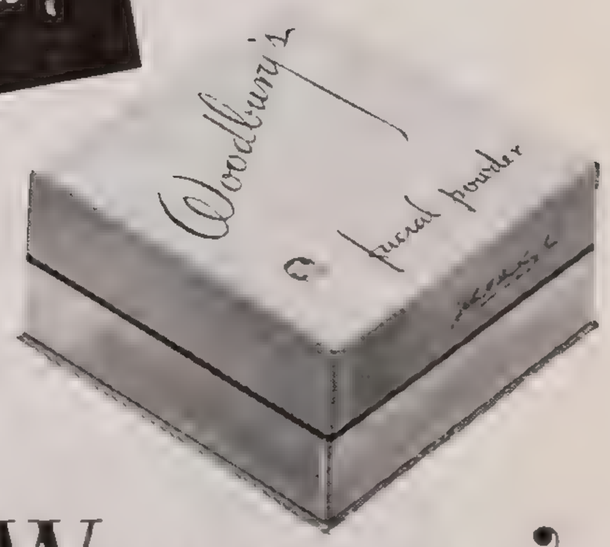
does not clog the Pores!

A LOVELY, fragrant face powder that clings for hours—till you *wash* it off! That spreads farther* and does not clog the pores. That gives your skin a finish as smooth as velvet! This is the facial powder that Woodbury skin scientists make for you.

Smooth a pinch of it on your arm. Do the same with the powder you're accustomed to use. Notice what a large area of your skin Woodbury's covers! That is because it stays on the *surface*. Does not crowd down into the pores and clog them.

Lovely shades, too—six of them. One will harmonize with your complexion. $1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c.

*Determined by Gar-Baker Lab., Inc., New York



WOODBURY'S

Facial Powder

★ MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST!

FREE—TRY ALL SIX SHADES!

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9162 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

Please send me—free—all six shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder, enough in each sample packet for several powderings. (Paste coupon on penny postcard or mail in envelope—NOW!)

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

© 1936, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

For a
MEMORABLE VISIT TO NEW YORK

Enjoy living at the Savoy-Plaza with its spacious . . . tastefully furnished rooms . . . outstanding service . . . delicious cuisine . . . and exciting entertainment facilities. With Central Park at its door and the fine shops, theatres and subway near-by, this hotel is convenient to all parts of the city. The Savoy-Plaza awaits your arrival to tender you with all those attendant harmonies of fine living that have made this hotel the favorite of New Yorkers . . . Single rooms $5, $6, $7 . . . Double $7, $8, $9 . . . Suites from $10

THE NEW
Savoy Room
Dancing and Entertainment
MEDRANO and DONNA
World's Greatest Exponents of Spanish Dancing
DICK GASPARRE
and his Orchestra

THE
Café Lounge
AND SNACK BAR
The Inimitable
DWIGHT FISKE
in his Stories at the Piano
BASIL FOMEEN
and his Internationals

SAVOY-PLAZA
Henry A. Rost, Managing Director
George Suter, Resident Manager
FIFTH AVE • 58th TO 59th STS • NEW YORK

A Nut About Horses

(*Continued from page 47*)

and they seem a long way back now—I made up my mind that if I ever could afford it, I'd own horses of my own. And say, last winter was great! It was every bit as swell as I always thought it would be, watching one of my own horses out there racing in with the others—even if he were beaten.

"There was only one drawback. Once in a while, one of my horses would be running out at Santa Anita and I'd have to be on a movie set. Was that tough! Or there would be a radio rehearsal and I'd have to drag my mind back from that race track and get it on my work. It was terrible—but of course I did it, because work does come first."

Now and then, as he spoke, Bing would pause while his eyes remained glued on a speeding thoroughbred out there on the course. Admiration showed in his rapt gaze as it followed one fleet animal after the other.

He chewed absently on an unlighted cigar as he traced the little cloud of brown dust in the horse's wake. Then he would return somewhat vaguely to the subject at hand.

"What was I talking about? Oh, yes. My horses racing at Santa Anita. Well, you see, I didn't want to send them to the races here in the east. For one thing, I'm going to be too busy in the east to bother with horses, and for another, I'll be going back to the coast soon, and I want my horses where I can see them. That's half the kick of owning them—to go out and watch them training. Why, I'd almost as soon watch them training as see them race.

"Other horses beside the three I bought here? Oh, yes, indeed. Let's see. There's *Zombie—Zombie's* my favorite. I bought him from the Greentree Stable. That's Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's, you know. Then there are *Saragon, Miss Flys, Uncle Gus, Betty T.*—and *Westie. Westie* is expecting "a blessed event," as they say on Broadway. Maybe it'll be the little stranger that will win the Santa Anita for me.

"They're all at the ranch, in charge of my trainer, Albert Johnson. Albert's an ex-jockey, you know, and a wonderful trainer, too. Of course, he's the real horse expert, not I. I take his advice always, and he's usually right. He advises me about buying horses and what he says regarding training and racing goes, absolutely. Albert's boss around the ranch. I just look on."

Incidentally, Bing's Albert has had a



Walter Winchell, snooper supreme, as he appears at his regular Sunday night's task of giving the nation the news before it happens. He edits the Jergens Journal of the Air. His broadcast has become almost as popular as his newspaper column. Walter's life is a hectic one, what with always being expected to be the very first to learn of anything important before it actually happens. And, as an inescapable result, he's prematurely grey.



The conductor of the Ford Symphony Orchestra which you hear each Sunday evening over CBS is Victor Kolar, who came to this country from Budapest several years ago with another struggling young artist, Rudolph Friml. Naturally, Conductor Kolar now is partial to the works of Composer Friml.

---

colorful career on the turf. He used to ride for Samuel D. Riddle, owner of the great *Man O'War*. But finally that bugaboo of all jockeys, Old Man Avoirdupois, caught up with him, and he had to abandon his profession. Training is about the only field open to a jockey who becomes overweight. Training jobs, particularly good ones, are few and far between. For a long, long time Albert eked out a precarious existence around the track, for the track was all that he knew. He had been thrifty while he was making the big money, but so were lots of depression victims. His savings were wiped out.

However Albert had a lot of friends in the racing game and whenever a job bobbed up, someone tipped him off to it. Finally came his chance with Crosby. Veteran horsemen who came east after the California season closed last spring pronounce Johnson one of the most promising of the young trainers. If anyone can make Bing's horses win, they predict, he is the man.

Indeed, it was Johnson who, studying a Saratoga sales catalogue, advised his boss to buy the $300 filly, *Hangover*. Experts at the sale told me the singing star had made one of the best buys of the night when he snared the well-bred youngster at such a comparatively low price.

"Ooooh! Look at him! Just look at *him!"*

Bing's sharp nudge brought me back to my surroundings. On the track minced a horse, a big, chestnut beauty, proud head held high, bandaged pipe-stem legs seeming to skim the surface of the brown racing strip without actually touching it. I could share the Crosby enthusiasm for this one, for every move he made was poetry in itself.

"Would I like to own *that* fellow!" my excited companion thrilled admiringly. "That's *Discovery*."

Discovery, the great champion!

"Young Alfred Vanderbilt hasn't anything on me, though," Bing soliloquized as we walked past the vast, empty grandstand. "He's only got one champ. I have three and believe me those kids are world-beaters." THE END

POPULAR PEGGY uses easy Tintex for Faded Apparel and Home Decorations



Peggy has *not* a lot of dollars. But she *has* a lot of sense. So, every so often she goes over her entire wardrobe and restores smart new color to everything that needs it.



To accomplish this, Peggy, of course, uses Tintex. She knows that no other tints and dyes will give her such beautiful, perfect results . . . so quickly and easily.

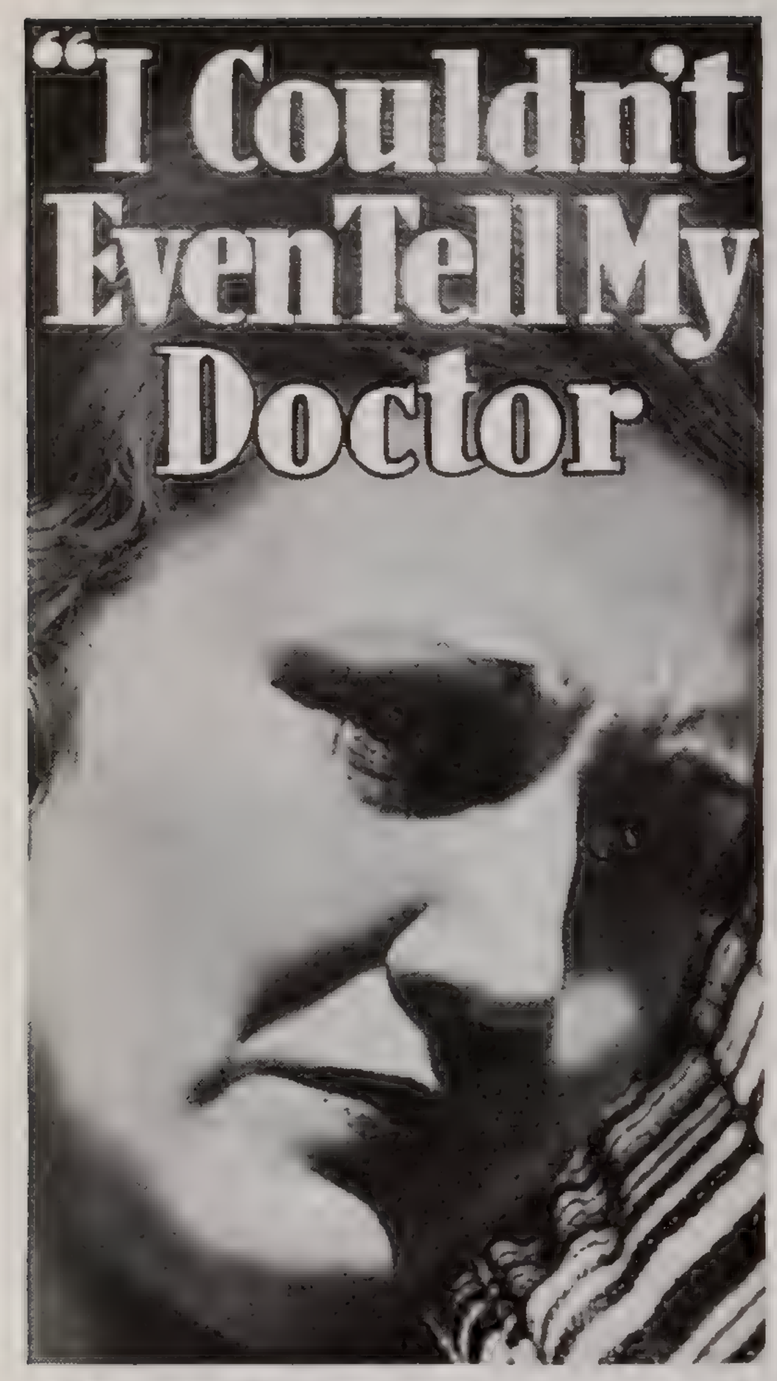


And Peggy does not forget to use Tintex for her faded home decorations, too. Her curtains and drapes, lamp shades, slip covers, etc., are fresh and gay after their Tintexing.



Peggy's friends envy the variety and vivacity of her wardrobe. They say that is why she is so popular. And when they ask her secret, she says, frankly—"Tintex".





the Torture I Suffered"

An affliction I had to bear in silence, it was so embarrassing!

IS THERE anything more painful than Hemorrhoids, or, more frankly, Piles?

The suffering is well nigh inexpressible and the sad part of it is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet there is nothing more crushing or more liable to serious outcome than a bad case of Piles.

Yet blessed relief from Piles of all forms is found today in the treatment supplied in Pazo Ointment. Three-fold in effect, Pazo does the things necessary.

3 Effects

First of all, it is *soothing*, which relieves soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *lubricating*, which makes passage easy and painless. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Results!

Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pile Pipe which permits application high up in rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected parts. Pazo also now comes in suppository form. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory as well as the most economical.

Try It!

All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories, but a trial tube is free for the asking. Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 18-M, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE

Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, your liberal free trial size of PAZO Ointment

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Listening in at Sing Sing

(*Continued from page 15*)

reasoning, which sends the men into transports when they hear Walter O'Keefe, on his Camel Caravan Hour. Other variety favorites are Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone—and Rudy Vallee. There was a time when they sneered at Vallee but he has been rising steadily in favor and may yet head the list. Of the crooners, the favorite is Bing Crosby.

These listeners like music, not jazz, nor Wayne King's waltzes—but sound, well-rhythmed popular songs. None so swift as they to detect bad playing. In the death house, music is intensely appreciated—music and variety shows. The men in the CCs change, sadly enough, so it is hard to make any definite statements about their likes and dislikes, but generally speaking these are the programs they like.

Ranking and possibly surpassing the comedians in popularity are the news flashes and the commentators. Men behind stone walls are parched for news. It is life to them. The few newspapers that get into the prison are read to tatters—fifty men to a single paper. I never could understand why the newspaper people shut down on news. Radio news, if anything, brought them more readers.

Which commentator do they like best? This is a hard question but I suppose honors are divided between Lowell Thomas and Boake Carter. Were we to omit either of them, there would be a violent protest. Kaltenborn, of CBS, is extremely popular. And Walter Winchell has apparently split the place into two groups of those who are enthusiastic about him and those who will have no part of his commentaries. All, however, are grateful for his gift to Sing Sing of an organ and of his efforts to find jobs for discharged convicts. Sport news and reports of good fights are eagerly listened to, Eddie Dooley and Stan Lomax being tops in this department.

Among the women singers, Grace Moore is most admired, with Jane Froman running her a close second. John Charles Thomas shares honors with John McCormack among the male voices. We have a group of serious men, above the average in age, who request the radio church services. Their families attend church and they like to feel that they are participating with them. Unfortunately they are not in the majority. The ordinary prisoner is young and restless. He wants light entertainment—and as they are in the majority, they get what they want.

Every one of the 2,500 men who comprise the population of Sing Sing has earphones in his cell and can listen in, unless he is a newcomer or has misbehaved. If a prisoner gets into a fight with a companion and attempts to use a knife or other dangerous weapon, we deprive him of his radio rights. Newcomers spend the first two weeks in the old cell block, during which time they are put through a series of examinations. While this is going on they have no radio.

If the prisoners had their way, letters from them would descend in carload lots on radio stars they like. We keep the number down. There is a prison rule forbidding the inmates to send letters soliciting favors of any kind. However, we let a great many simple fan letters go out. They are only a small percentage of the half-million letters which leave Sing Sing every year.

Another feature of the radio in this penitentiary is the inter-prison broadcasting system. When, for example, I have occasion to address the prisoners at chapel, a microphone carries my voice to the men in the hospital and others unable to attend. This system also is used at football games for the men who are sick or in the death-house. One of the prisoners does the play by play report and he makes a pretty good Ted Husing.

My own broadcasts, I am sincerely proud to say, are well liked. I am proud because for this type of program, the Sing Sing audience is the most critical, not to say the most expert in the world. Prisoners in many other institutions listen in and seem to find them instructive. My hope is that the message that crime doesn't pay—that it is a sap's game—will sink deep into the minds of those who need it most.

Add to the prisoners, the prison guards, the classes in sociology and the police officers—many of the latter being compelled by orders to tune in—who form a regular part of my audience, and you will agree that I have the most critical body of listeners of anyone broadcasting. All of which means that these broadcasts have to be accurate, that they have to ring true and be true.

The stories I tell, it is hardly necessary to explain, are all drawn directly from the lives of the men who have passed through my hands during my thirty-one years of prison life, sixteen of which have been spent at Sing Sing. There is a story in every man of the ninety-odd thousand who have gone through this prison alone. My problem, you see, is not in finding material but in selecting the stories from the wealth of material I have on hand.

Having decided on my story, I write it—throw it into dramatic form. That is the easiest part of the job. The hardest is the acting. But that is, after all, not very hard because in all these programs I am simply myself, doing what I normally do, saying the things I say every day in real life. If I were obliged to do some other part, then the job would be hard because I am not much of an actor. I remember when these programs were first put on, the broadcasting officials tried to get me to dress up. I refused. However rotten I was—I was going to continue to be myself, I said. They argued but I finally won them over.

My first appearance at the microphone was way back in 1921. I was debating on capital punishment with Senator Love. The debate lasted two hours and twenty minutes. Imagine anyone being allowed to debate that long on the air nowadays!



Oscar Shaw, young American baritone singer and Master of Ceremonies of "Broadway Varieties," that delightful radio offering on Friday evenings at 8:30, was born in Brooklyn and started his career selling soap. He crashed the stage as a chorus boy and since has achieved an enviable reputation here and abroad. Recently starred in London in "Honeymoon Express."

I made other appearances as a debater and speaker after that but, curiously, I never felt the slightest twinge of nervousness until this year—the fourth year of my program. When I went on I had a real case of stage fright.

What pleases me most is that these radio talks I give produce a large grist of fan mail from all sections of the country—and it pleases me because the writers are young men and women who have been helped by what I said, some actually diverted from beginning a life of crime.

How much the radio in Sing Sing helps start the men to thinking straight about life, I do not know. It is one of several factors, possibly the most important. It serves to keep the men from becoming despondent; it keeps them from the despair which makes anything possible after they get out. And anything that will keep prisoners fairly contented and in contact with a free and unburdened outside life, in which they cannot participate because of a slip they made, is invaluable. To me, a prisoner is an individual, to be studied as such, to be treated as an individual. Judgment must be used. Depriving a disobedient prisoner of his radio may be the worst thing I could do; it may be more important—precisely because of his disobedience—that he should have it, than that his neighbors, who have learned to take orders, should have it.

The hour at which lights go out and radios go off has always been 10:30 in the evening. But this hour finds some of the best radio programs in full swing, notably the March of Time, a great favorite among the inmates. The men never were able to hear the program through. It seemed to me and my associates that the desire for a little extra time was legitimate, especially in view of the fact that the program which created the desire was one of radio's most instructive broadcasts. So, we have conceded the point. Radios at Sing Sing nowadays do not go off until 10:45.

THE END

DOES YOUR SKIN LOOK LIKE SILK OR CANVAS?



It's that Hard-to-Get-at "Second Layer" of Dirt that Makes Your Skin Coarse and Gray

By *Lady Esther*

A black slip under a white dress will make the white dress look dark—grayish!

The same holds true for dirt buried in your skin. It will make your skin look dark—give it a grayish cast. It will also clog your pores and make your skin large-pored and coarse.

It's safe to say that 7 out of 10 women do not have as clearly white and radiant and fine a skin as they might, simply on account of that unsuspected, hidden "second layer" of dirt.

There is one sure way to remove that underneath dirt and that is to use a cream that penetrates the pores.

A PENETRATING Face Cream

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is a *penetrating* face cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. Almost the instant it is applied, it begins working its way into the pores.

It goes to work on the waxy dirt, breaks it up, makes it easily removable. When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you get dirt out that you never suspected was there. It will probably shock you when you see how really soiled your skin was.

Two or three cleansings with Lady Esther Face Cream will actually make your skin appear whiter—shades whiter. You would think almost that you had bleached it, but that's the effect of *thoroughly* cleansing the skin. When your skin has been thoroughly cleansed it blooms anew, like a wilting flower that has been suddenly watered. It becomes clear and radiant. It becomes fine and soft.

Supplies Dry Skin with What It Needs

As Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream cleanses your skin, it also does other things. It lubricates the skin—resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and makes the skin velvety soft and smooth.

Cleansing the pores as thoroughly as it does, it allows them to function freely again—to open and close—as Nature intended. This automatically permits the pores to reduce themselves to their normal, invisible size.

Also, Lady Esther Face Cream makes so smooth a base for powder that powder stays on twice as long and stays fresh. You don't have to use a powder base that will ooze out and make a pasty mixture on your skin.

No Other Quite Like It

There is no face cream quite like Lady Esther Face Cream. There is no face cream that will do so much definitely for your skin. But don't take my word for this! Prove it at my expense.

Let me have your name and address and I'll send you a 7-days' supply. Just mail a penny postcard or the coupon below and by return mail you'll get the 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. Write today.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (20) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

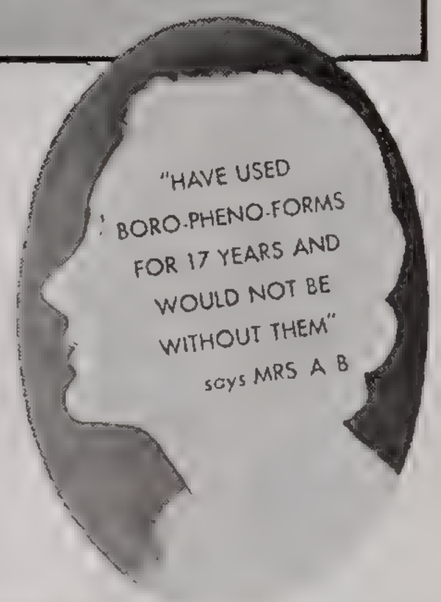
*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*)

Free Sample
DEMONSTRATES
Doubly Effective
MARRIAGE HYGIENE



Doctor's Prescription WINS PRAISE of MILLIONS . . Over 45 Years of Supreme Satisfaction for Users!

"MARRIAGE HYGIENE"—how much depends on those words! Supreme happiness for those who find a dependable way—untold doubt and fear for those who do not. Why risk uncertain solutions of but dangerously brief effectiveness? Dainty Boro-Pheno-Form suppositories offer DOUBLE effectiveness—IMMEDIATE effectiveness on application, CONTINUED effectiveness afterward.

Send now for FREE SAMPLE which so fully demonstrates Boro-Pheno-Form superiority. Learn how convenient. No bulky apparatus. No danger of overdose or burns. Used in perfect secrecy too—no telltale antiseptic odor. Originated as a doctor's private prescription, Boro-Pheno-Form quickly swept to nation-wide popularity. Thousands have told of continuous satisfaction for 5, 12, 17, 20 years and longer.

Send no money; *mail the coupon for* FREE SAMPLE and booklet, "The Answer," which sheds welcome new light on "Marriage Hygiene."

Dr. Pierre Chemical Co., Dept. B-30
162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Illinois.

Dr. Pierre's BORO-PHENO-FORM

DR. PIERRE CHEMICAL CO.—Dept. B-30
162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Illinois
Rush me FREE SAMPLE of Boro-Pheno-Form and FREE BOOKLET of Marriage Hygiene Facts.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

Radio's Jane Froman reveals a few Hollywood facts in our next issue which moviedom probably won't like.

GRAY HAIR!
The Best Remedy is Made at Home



YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair when it is so easy to get rid of it in your own home.

Radio Pays a Debt

(*Continued from page 29*)

has educated the public musically to the point where they can thoroughly enjoy an opera. Radio never hurt symphony concerts and operas because they can't be played thirty times a night. Instead, radio brought the finest music to people who never before had had the chance to hear it. I believe that in music everyone possesses natural good taste. Radio helped to develop that taste. It has readied the American public for opera. And I'm grateful.

"Why, do you know," and in spite of his opinion regarding good taste, Gershwin seemed amazed, "'Porgy' is a financial success!"

We were seated in the work-room on the second floor of his duplex apartment. There are a great many rooms in the Gershwin home, a living-room with two pianos and many paintings, including a Rousseau. There is an English den and a modern dining-room and bar, and a great hall, and a studio where he can paint. There are many chairs and sofas, statues and tables. But there is something about the little workroom that is distinctly Gershwin. You feel that here he spends most of his waking hours. Here is an over-turned ash tray, a stain on the carpet, and from the wall hangs a Bellows prize-fight scene, brought from the house in which Gershwin lived ten years ago.

A piano stands near the windows. As he talked, Gershwin, not a light man, was seated upon it, and when he grew excited over "Porgy's" success, he bounced. The piano creaked.

"You're not Helen Morgan," I reminded him.

"But I wrote 'The Man I Love!'"

Composer of the most discussed opera of the day, George Gershwin still is proud that he wrote a popular song. You like him for this.

"I hope some of the 'Porgy' songs will be popular; I hope they'll be sung from coast to coast. I'm glad I can write a popular song, so long as it's a good song. Songs are entirely within the operatic tradition. 'Carmen' is practically a collection of song hits, and how many know that 'The Last Rose Of Summer' came from an opera?"

He went on to tell me more about "Porgy." How he found the cast himself, most of them never having acted before.

"But they were right—so right for their parts."

And he hopes to bring "Porgy and Bess" to the air.

"In a sort of musical serial built around the main characters. I'm working out the deal now. I hope it goes over so I can stick around New York and study."

While in New York he goes daily to a psychoanalyst.

"I'm a great debunker. I'm always searching for the truth. Psychology is like taking a college course. People who can't face themselves can never go on. I want to know myself so I can know others. I'm interested in one thing—life. I want to find its spark of truth, and have it come through my music."

His mood changed. Grabbing my hand he raced me into the studio.

"Look—my first painting in two years—DuBose Heyward."

Gershwin, because he knows people, had managed to catch on canvas Heyward's gentle expression.

Then back into the workroom where he showed me the desk upon which he writes his orchestrations.

"I designed it. See, it's on wheels. I can move it anywhere. You press this—a pencil sharpener jumps out. Here's the ink!"

He was all enthusiasm, just as he was years ago when he exhibited two autographed pictures, one of Charles Chaplin, the other of The Duke of Kent, inscribed: *"To George . . . from George."*

I stared at him. Here was no long-haired, arty looking genius. Here was a very modern young man, one who cares for the things this age offers, for fast motor cars and a game of golf; one who is glad to be sponsored not by a King or an art lover, but by the medium that is attuned to his time—radio. Gershwin's music is as modern as broadcasting itself. That is why it can speak for America and that is why it can reach out, touching the people of today. Of this I am convinced. THE END



EDITH MEISER

Here is the young lady who is responsible for those radio dramas on Sunday and Tuesday evenings. Author of Leslie Howard's popular radio series, "The Amateur Gentleman," and of "The New Penny," which serves Helen Hayes so delightfully, Edith Meiser previously was noted for her Sherlock Holmes adaptations. She also is the author of "Death Catches Up With Mr. Kluck," a popular novel dealing with murder in a radio studio.

Colossal in a Big Way

(*Continued from page* 31)

persistency in this event and his sportsmanship have made Whitney a great favorite on the other side of the Atlantic, much as was the late Sir Thomas Lipton in this country when he was sending over his various Shamrocks in futile efforts to lift America's cup.

Another of Jock's goals is to back a hit show on Broadway. He has been notorious for his failures along the stem. Two years ago he passed up chances to back two shows, both of which turned out to be tremendous successes. One was "Sailor, Beware!" and the other, "She Loves Me Not." And that same season Whitney took an awful walloping while serving as angel for that ill-fated spectacle, "Peter Arno's Revue."

The third of Whitney's ambitions was realized on Long Island last September, when his polo team, the Greentrees, named after his estate, won the National Open Polo Tourney. Jock, who wears eye-glasses while playing polo, was at the No. 1 position, with Gerry Balding, Pete Bostwick and Tommy Hitchcock rounding out the quartette.

"Possibly winning the polo tourney may be a good omen," said Whitney. "Now that I've achieved that one ambition, it may pave the way for the others. I'm certain that 'Jumbo' will go across in a big way and I may be able to round out the trinity by capturing the Grand National next March.

"Undoubtedly the radio will help the show. It provides an excellent avenue of advertising and those who tune-in will be eager to see the show when they come to town. For that matter, it also should attract hundreds of New Yorkers who otherwise would not be interested."

Since Whitney is in for about a quarter of a million in "Jumbo," his extreme interest in the show is understandable. Herbert Bayard Swope, former New York editor and present head of the State Racing Commission, has about 25 per cent. and Rose put up the rest.

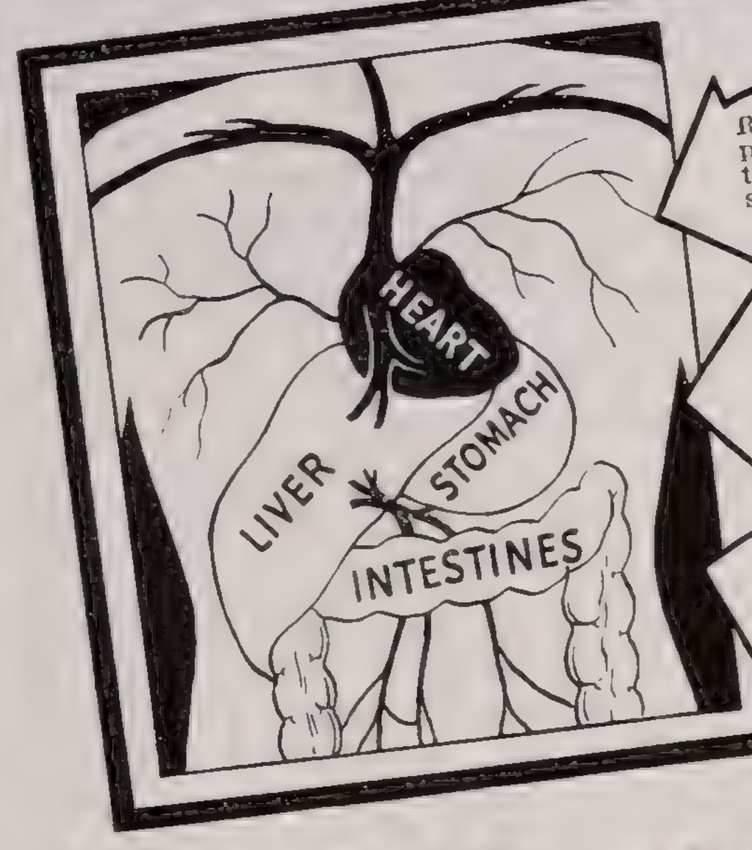
"We've estimated that the show must gross close to $45,000 a week to break even," continued Whitney. "Here again the radio comes to our rescue, since the return from the broadcasts pulls that figure down to $32,500. With the seats from forty cents to $4.40, seven capacity weeks would return the original investment.

"You can judge from those figures that we've got to have a long run to make money. The show is big in every way, which explains the repeated postponements of the opening. Billy wouldn't open until he had everything set as he wanted it and in a show involving a cast of over 300, not to mention all the animals, it takes quite some ironing to remove the wrinkles."

The show went on the air before it opened on the stage. The original date

SCIENCE NOW PROVES THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR THOUSANDS TO BE SKINNY



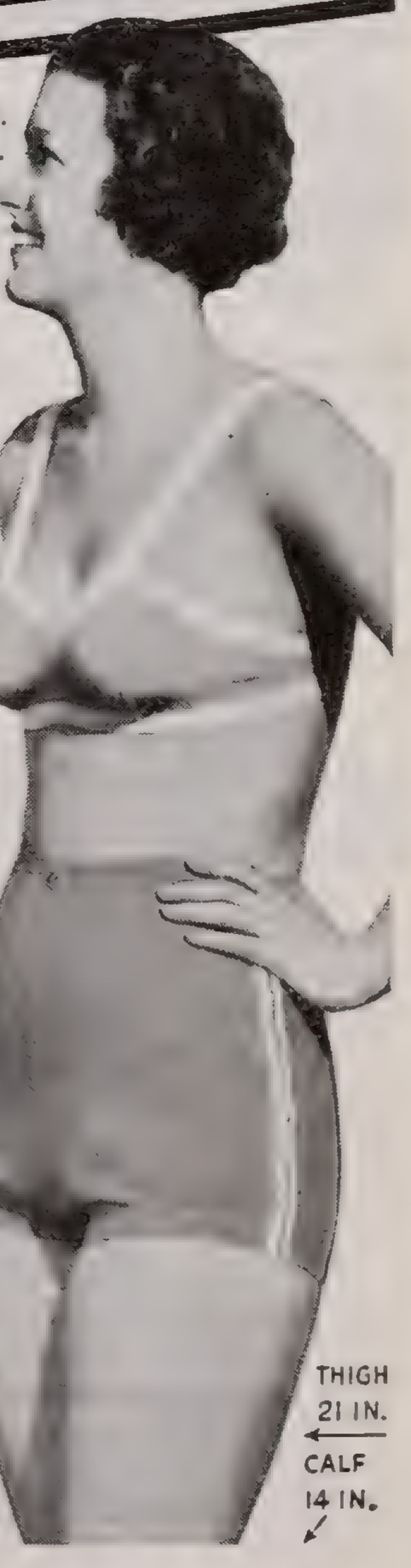


Rich red blood, absolutely necessary to carry proper nourishment to build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by this new scientific discovery.

A strong, healthy, thoroughly normal digestion which gets ALL the good out of the food you eat, is the second aim of this amazing new body-builder.

Normal, regular elimination to remove poisonous waste matter and thereby promote perfect health and normal body growth, is the third important purpose.

HEIGHT 5 FT. 4 IN.
WEIGHT 120 LBS.



10 TO 25 LBS. GAINED QUICK—SAY THOUSANDS

NOW there's no need for thousands to be "skinny", even if they never could gain before. Here's a new, easy treatment for them that puts on pounds of naturally attractive flesh — *in just a few weeks!*

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-building iron in their food. Now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on pounds of firm flesh, normal curves — *in a very short time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special cultured ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process it is concentrated 7 times — *made 7 times more powerful.* Then it is ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

If you, too, need Vitamin B and iron to build you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness, skin clear to natural beauty. With new health and glorious pep you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package — or money refunded. At all druggists. **Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept.** 32, **Atlanta, Ga.**



• The appetizing, fragrant aroma of Drip-O-lator coffee and its clean, rich body, free from muddy sediment has firmly established a nation wide preference for the Drip-O-lator.

• Your dealer has many attractive models in both aluminum and china for party or every day use. Decide now to select one of the new models on your next shopping trip. You will find the name stamped in the bottom of the genuine Drip-O-lator. Make sure of it.

THE ENTERPRISE ALUMINUM CO. - MASSILLON, OHIO

THE ORIGINAL DRIP-O-LATOR IS SOLD BY ALL LEADING CHAIN, DEPARTMENT & RETAIL STORES



Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Happy! I once had ugly hair on my face and chin . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried depilatories, waxes, liquids . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty, love, happiness with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 245, Chicago.

THAT NEW WAY

To get lovely soft French Laundered effects in all you iron . . . no trick at all.

Just see and feel the amazing difference in your ironings when you change from the bother and uncertainty of lump starch to Quick Elastic. It's that pulverized, complete starching and ironing mixture thousands are talking about. No sticking. No scorching. Wonderfully penetrating, it restores elasticity and that fresh new look and feel to things. Your iron fairly glides.

Special TRIAL OFFER



THANK YOU

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 979, Keokuk, Ia.
Send me your trial offer check good for 5c on the purchase of a large 10c package of Quick Elastic Starch, and your free folder, "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Name .....

Address



Jean King (left) and Helen Claire, both well-known dramatic actresses and favorites of the air-waves, do some of the commercial announcing and act as Mistresses of Ceremonies on the Saturday night "Let's Dance" program.

set for the opening was Oct. 26th, with the first broadcast slated for Oct. 29th. The broadcast opened as scheduled, but the opening night was shunted ahead from Saturday to Saturday, eventually making its bow on Nov. 16th, after three postponements.

Rose was adamant about not opening the show until he was satisfied with it, despite wisecracks from Broadwayites, who had been hearing about "Jumbo" since late July. When Nov. 16th finally was announced as the opening night, Ben Hecht, who with Charles Gordon MacArthur, wrote the book, said: "What is it, a return engagement?"

"This show means a lot to me," said Rose, explaining his repeated postponements. "When it goes on, I know it will go on right. The second act finish had us hanging on the ropes for weeks, but we've finally got the ending for it we want.

"As a kid I was crazy about the circus, like most kids, but with me the fever stuck, even when I grew older. I used to hop a plane to different towns, just to get a look at the circus.

" 'Jumbo' is my idea of what the circus should be. It has all the frills that the big-top shows had, plus a story and music. I believe that there are other grown-ups, like myself, who would like to see a circus with continuity and that's what I'm trying to give them.

"I agreed with fear and trepidation, to put the show on the air. I knew nothing about the radio and friends of mine advised me not to get mixed up in it. They said that I would have to listen to the suggestions of officials of the sponsors and that I would be hampered on all sides by amateurs who had their own ideas on how the broadcast should be handled.

"Instead, I found no trouble at all. Neither the radio officials nor the sponsors interfered with me in any way. The broadcasts are being run exactly as I wished. And I don't mind telling you, I certainly am not sorry that I agreed to the tie-up. The chance to put 'Jumbo' in one hundred million kitchens and parlors every Tuesday night is an opportunity that producers dream of."

David Freedman, the "ghost" of Eddie Cantor, worked on the continuity. Although Hecht and MacArthur were noted for their sulphurious dialogue in other shows, such as "Front Page," the book for "Jumbo" is meticulously clean. No purging will be necessary for the radio, although the story will have to be strung out.

Hecht thought there was too much of the play's first act in the opening broadcast. "It was almost verbatim," said the playwright. "If I had my say, I would have introduced the circus idea, explained the theory of the show, and given more songs."

Freedman's task was to spread out "Jumbo" for the air. At the rate the story was told in the initial broadcast, six weeks would finish the program, and the Texaco officials, who have replaced Ed Wynn with this, fondly hope that it will run over the air for at least a year. One radio deviation is that Paul Whiteman's band is led by his sub-conductor, Adolph Deutsch, due to another radio contract of Whiteman.

Jimmy Durante, whose proboscis rivals that of the animal star of "Jumbo," Rosie—a 54-year-old elephant who spent last summer at Luna Park, Coney Island—is just as interested in the radio success of "Jumbo" as are the show's backers. Jimmy never has been an emphatic hit over the air. He never approached his movie popularity, nor enhanced his reputation as a comic.

At the end of the first broadcast, Durante fondled his script as though it were a baby. "Wotta part, wotta part!" snorted the schnozzola man. "Can them guys Hecht and MacArthur write, or can they write? And can I read, or can I? Wotta surprise to me friends, who thought I was illiterate. Me, the great Schnozzola! And now I'm 'Brainy' Bowers, the circus press-agent. Will I go to town? *Hotcha-cha!* Maybe I can't pronounce all the woids, but I'll sure rassle 'em until they quit."

Although Durante's Broadway reputation is high, much of his buffoonery is of the intimate kind and a great deal more of it is visual. You've got to see Jimmy's grimaces, his foot-stampings and his head-wagging to see him at his funniest. Over the air, he must depend entirely on his lines. And the lines Hecht and MacArthur have given him in "Jumbo" are the best he has had yet.

This is only the fourth Broadway production for the veteran of the night clubs, although he did several vaudeville turns. He appeared in "Show Girl," which starred Ruby Keeler, and "The New Yorkers," with Dennis King and Hope Williams. Two years ago he starred with Lupe Velez in "Strike Me Pink," the first show in which he appeared without his madcap co-workers, Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson.

In addition to Durante, Donald Novis and Gloria Grafton hold the thread of the story of "Jumbo," providing the sustained love interest and bringing to the air a singing team which should prove popular.

A male chorus of 32 voices adds to the musical end of "Jumbo." The lyrics, by Rodgers and Hart, are excellent but, for the purposes of radio continuity, the pair may be called upon to write additional numbers. Otherwise the Novis-Grafton romance may have to resort to current songs, which would destroy the illusion of the plot.

Such, then, is "Jumbo" as it comes to the air. Surely it is a peculiar quirk of fate which binds the interests of three such dissimilar figures as John Hay Whitney, society man, sportsman and millionaire-polo player, Durante, who once sang ballads in his father's barber shop on New York's lower East Side, and Billy Rose, the producer who is "different."

If "Jumbo" is a success on the air, it most certainly will be a success on Broadway (or, more properly speaking, Sixth Avenue, which is where the Hippodrome is located) and thus Whitney will achieve the second of his trilogy of ambitions, that of being the angel of a hit show.

If "Jumbo" goes across the ether in a big way, Durante will have established himself as a radio favorite. Jimmy always has been a big comic to New York's night-club habitues and to movie fans and "Jumbo" gives him his best chance to prove to America's listeners-in that he is as funny as his boosters claim.

If "Jumbo" is a success, it means much to Billy Rose, more than the inflation it will give his bank account. Rose always insisted that the circus could have been shown to better advantage. Rose, like all theatrical producers since the time of Aristophanes, is sure that he's right. And, if Rose is right, then Barnum was wrong.

Barnum, right or wrong, was 100 per cent. correct when he said:

"Jumbo is the biggest thing yet."

And if the radio puts the show across, then Whitney, Durante and Rose should pay tribute to Phineas Taylor Barnum, who has been dead these forty-five years, but who had the perfect formula for radio success. Old P.T. may have fooled some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but he managed to please all of the people all of the time.

THE END

Fool-proof Chocolate Frosting



EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! *Never* too thick nor too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls. ● *But remember . . . Evaporated Milk* won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.



FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!

New! New! NEW! Just off the press! "Magic Recipes" is a thrilling new successor to "Amazing Short-cuts." Gives you brand-new recipes—unbelievably quick and easy—for pies, cookies, candies, frostings! Sure-fire custards! Easy-to-make refrigerator cakes! Quicker ways to delicious salad dressings, sauces, beverages, ice creams (freezer and automatic). Address: The Borden Sales Co. Inc., Dept. MM-26, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____
(Print name and address plainly)
This coupon may be pasted on a penny postcard.

Borden Quality

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS, Noted Author, Writes Amusingly About

PAUL WHITEMAN

In the March Issue of RADIO STARS

TUESDAY NIGHT IS TEXACO NIGHT!

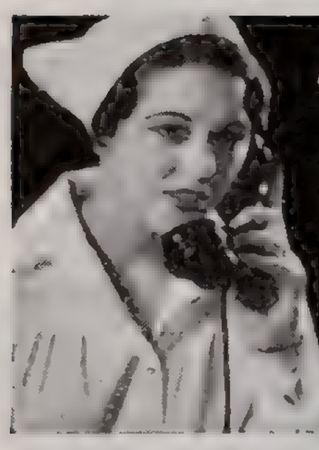
TUNE IN 9:30 E.S.T. NBC

BIGGER THAN A SHOW BETTER THAN A CIRCUS

THE **JUMBO** *FIRE-CHIEF* PROGRAM

JIMMY DURANTE · DONALD NOVIS · GLORIA GRAFTON · ARTHUR SINCLAIR · 32 PIECE ORCHESTRA · 32 MALE VOICES

SPONSORED BY THE MAKERS OF TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE



"Yes, Madam—
NOT ONLY THAT, THEY GIVE ADDED PROTECTION, AND ARE SO CONVENIENT AND DEPENDABLE."

PAR-I-O-GEN

(Pronounced PAR-I-O-JEN)

• TABLETS •

SOUND reasoning and commonsense recommend the form, the convenience, and the dependability of PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets, features which are often so difficult adequately to describe.

They are neatly packaged in tubes almost as small as the daintiest fountain pen, each tube containing twelve tablets, and may be conveniently carried in one's purse or hand-bag, for use while traveling or at home.

A tablet dissolves in a few moments and the solution thus formed has been found by thousands to be entirely adequate and dependable without the use of water or other accessories.

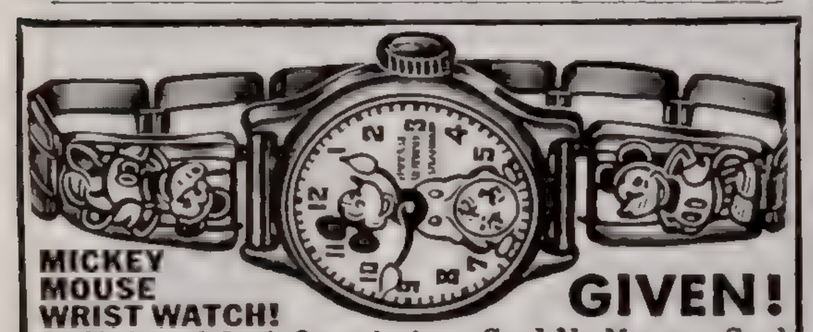
PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets are non-caustic, stainless, greaseless. They provide an effective deodorant although practically odorless. It is a long-acknowledged fact that they offer the practical, commonsense answer to the problem of

FEMININE HYGIENE

The Price of the Regular Size Tube of 12 Tablets Is $1.00

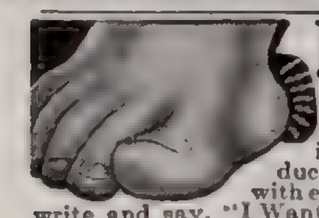
FREE OFFER: If you can find a Druggist who does not have PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets when you ask for them, *send us his name and address* and we'll send you a trial package FREE. Simply address:

AMERICAN DRUG & CHEMICAL CO.
Dept. 92, 420 S. Sixth Street
Minneapolis, Minn.



MICKEY MOUSE WRIST WATCH! **GIVEN!**

or **Choice of Cash Commission**— Send No Money — Send Name and Address! Boys! Girls! Mickeys on the dial and band in colors! Chrome finish case and bracelet — Unbreakable crystal. American make. **WHAT A WATCH!** SIMPLY GIVE AWAY **FREE** pictures with famous **White Cloverine Salve** which you sell at 25c a box (giving picture **FREE!**) and remit as per premium plan book. Other watches. 39th year. Be First. Write for trial order dozen salve and pictures NOW!
WILSON CHEMICAL CO. INC., Dept. 10-F. Tyrone, Pa.



BUNIONS
Torture Needless

Pain stops almost instantly. The swelling and inflammation is so quickly reduced you can wear smaller, neater shoes with ease. Prove it on your own bunion. Just write and say, "I Want To Try Pedodyne." No obligation.
Pedodyne Co., 180 N. Wacker Dr., Dept. R-210, Chicago, Ill.

New Perfume!



SUBTLE, alluring, enticing. Sells regularly for $12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers. Exquisite!

A single drop lasts a week! It is:—

"Temptation"

To pay for postage and handling, enclose only 10c silver or 12c stamps. (Est. 1872)

Free Trial Bottle

Paul Rieger, 177 Davis St., San Francisco

Aces Up

(Continued from page 27)

she had: *"P. S.—Guess who died?"*

Well, that really was in a letter Jane received. Naturally Mr. Ace doesn't depend on actual happenings for his material. The Easy Aces have been broadcasting for six years, two, three and four times a week. I ventured the thought that it must be tough sometimes to keep thinking of new ideas all the time. It was a perfect chance for Ace to enlarge on the difficulty of his job. But he passed up the bait.

"The more you do," he said, "the easier it is. One situation leads into another. At first our scripts were almost exclusively around bridge. We've got away from that now and the subjects are much more general.

"I've found that folks are interested in two things, principally: romance and finance. In the current sequence we're doing, the finance angle gets a play. Jane, last night (in the script) unknowingly bought a desk at auction, for which she paid $275. Tonight she'll explain it to me; you see, she didn't realize she was bidding—the auctioneer looked directly at her, and Jane, thinking he recognized her, nodded back. It gives us a chance for comedy as Jane explains, bit by bit, how she didn't really buy the desk—and does she have to keep it?"

"Then what happens?" I prompted.

"I don't know, exactly. I've got something vague in mind, about a secret drawer with a large sum of money in it, that we discover accidentally. But before we find it out the listeners will know it's there—and will wonder whether we'll find it before we sell the desk."

"So much for finance," I said. "But where does the romance come in?" I couldn't remember any particularly tender moments between the Aces on the air.

"Well, there's *Margie*, one of the characters in the script, who lives with us. *Margie* has a nice laugh, and she takes the place of a studio audience. (The Easy Aces don't broadcast to a studio audience.)

"Margie had a romance not long ago. And there was Jane's brother—in the script. Do you remember the sequence where he finally got a job as a lifeguard?"

I remembered it—you probably do, too. As a lifeguard who couldn't swim, Jane's brother got himself and a girl saved by another guard. The girl also came to live with the Aces, suffering from amnesia. Jane's efforts to discover the girl's name by casually calling her a different name each time she spoke to her made a screamingly funny act. Particularly when it developed that the girl didn't recognize any of the names because *her* name was Jane also—the only name Jane Ace didn't try! If memory serves, I believe Jane's brother married the girl. There was romance.

And speaking of romance, Jane and Goodman Ace had something of a romance themselves, which led up to their marriage. Their acquaintance dated back to high-school days in Kansas City, where Goodman helped Jane with her mathematics homework. Even that far back Ace had his eye on the pert, blonde Jane. And his eye stayed on her while she finished high school and he went on to journalism college and a job on the Kansas City Journal-



It looks like mutiny! But it's just one of those informal moments backstage. Xavier Cugat, whose stirring tango-rhumba band is one of those three orchestras heard every Saturday night on the "Let's Dance" program, is trying out some hot notes on his wife. But Carmen Castillio, lovely Spanish songstress, who sings on the same program with her famous husband, isn't having any!



Do you listen on Tuesday evenings to N.T.G.'s Bromo-Seltzer show? Here are those two screamingly funny comics, Tom Howard and George Shelton, in characteristic attitudes. This scene, however, is from one of their movie comedies.

Post. The records don't show that Ace broke any lances or slew any dragons. All he had was a fixed idea about the future Mrs. Ace and a none too lucrative job on a paper. Jane's folks didn't think much of Ace or his job. They had an inherently dubious attitude towards underpaid newspapermen in general and toward Ace in particular, even though Ace was by now drama reviewer and columnist. He held that spot for twelve years, which brings us to 1928. Then Goodman did what all good heroes of romance do—he married the girl.

That same year marked Goodman Ace's radio début. He began in radio for the same reason that you or I start fooling with a new angle: an attempt to make a few extra dollars.

His first radio program was as the "Movie Man"—answering questions about movies. It was free sustaining, which means that he got nothing for it. Then he went on the air with "Where's A Good Show," a feature which was paid for by the theatres. Nearing the end of his fifteen minutes one day, frantic wigwags from the station manager told him that the performer to follow him was late. Ace had to hold the fort.

He dashed out to the reception-room where Jane was waiting, shoved her before the mike and started off with: "Hello folks, I want you to meet my room-mate." And for three or four minutes Goodman and Jane talked of various nonsensicalities, Jane taking her cues from his pointed remarks. At the end of the performance the Easy Aces had been born—and Jane collapsed!

The station and listeners liked the impromptu act so well that they went on regularly, once a week, for a half hour—*for money!* The money, as a matter of fact, was ten dollars. Around this time, also, Ace used to get up at 7:00 o'clock every Sunday morning to read the funnies over the air. He was one of the first to do this; his stunt was to mark each frame with a gag of his own, so that adults as well as children might be amused.

The actual Easy Aces program originated with Goodman in bridge games the Aces held with their friends.





Jack Benny, whose grand sense of humor has earned him legions of listeners, captured by a gay group of femme autograph hunters on the M-G-M lot during the filming of "Let Freedom Ring."



● "I've just been taking SERGEANT'S CONDITION PILLS . . . and I feel like a million dollars. We dogs need an occasional tonic just like you folks."

"Give me CONDITION PILLS for loss of appetite, or after I've been ill. Even if I'm well a few now and then will help me resist disease. They help my blood after fever. Don't wait, till *your* dog's sick. Keep a box handy. Thanks."

SERGEANT'S CONDITION PILLS are made of the finest ingredients carefully compounded. You can depend on them. Sold by dealers everywhere. Write for your FREE COPY of Sergeant's Book on the care of dogs. It may save your dog's life.

FREE ADVICE. Our veterinarian will answer questions free about your dog's health. Write fully.

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1970 West Broad Street . . Richmond, Va.

Sergeant's
CONDITION PILLS
ASK FOR FREE DOG BOOK

Learn Photography at HOME

Splendid opportunities. Prepare quickly in spare time. Easy method. No previous experience necessary, common school education sufficient. Many earn while learning. Send for free booklet "Opportunities in Modern Photography", particulars and requirements.
AMERICAN SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY
3601 Michigan Ave. Dept. 2362 Chicago, Illinois



TAP DANCING

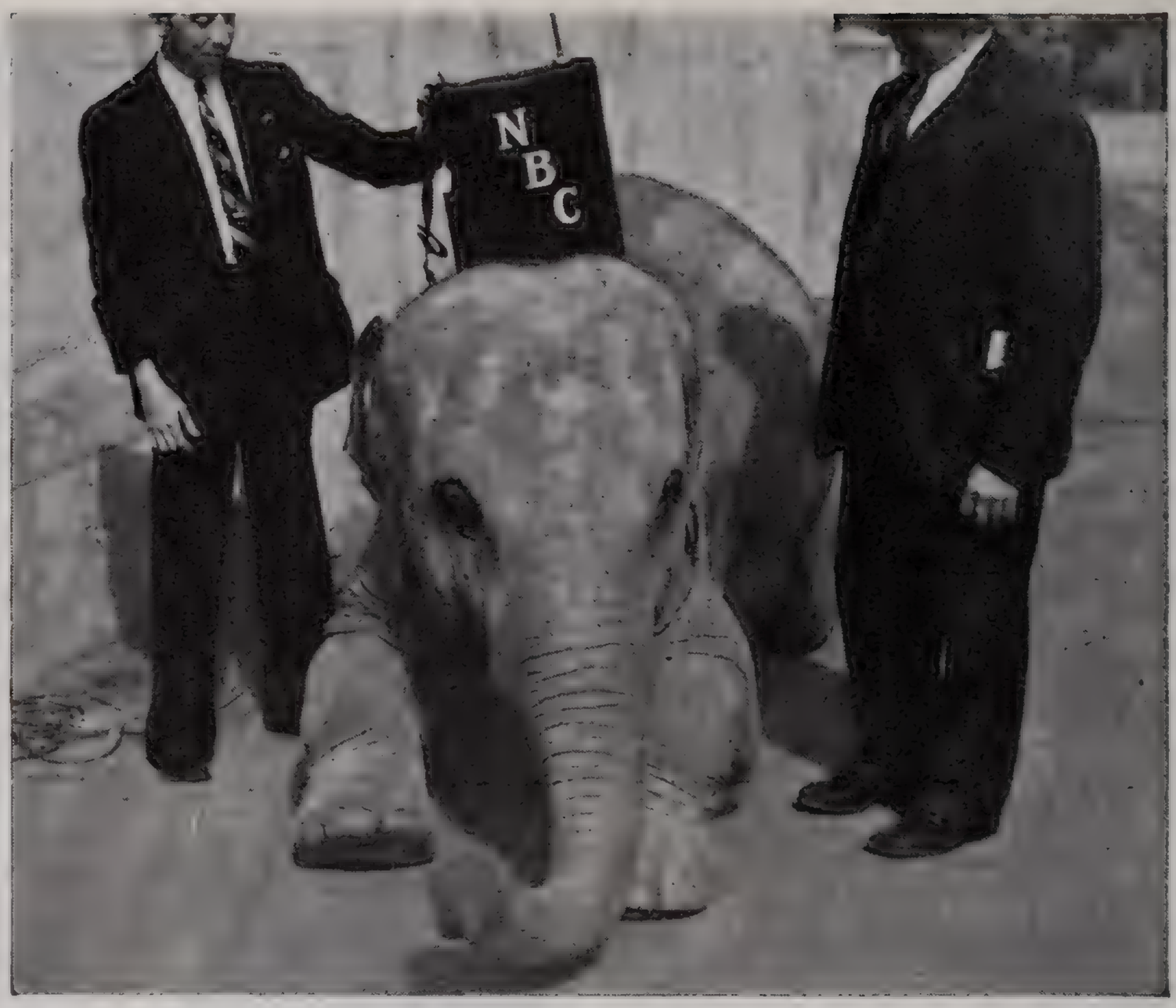
LEARN AT HOME NEW EASY WAY. Professional Stage Method. Surprise and entertain your friends. Be popular, earn extra money, develop hidden talent. No music or experience needed. Begin dancing first day. Beginner's fundamentals and complete Professional Tap Dance included. Equal to $40 instruction. Easy way to reduce or build up figure. For ladies or men. Send only $3.75 money order for Complete 17-Lesson Course. Or send no money (if in U.S.) and pay postman $3.98 on delivery. No more to pay. **Try 5 days.** If not delighted, money refunded. Limbering exercises **Free** if you enroll now. **THORNTON DANCE STUDIOS**
827 Irving Park Blvd., Suite 147 Chicago, Ill.



BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR and Look 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Here is a quick, safe and approved method. With a small brush and BROWNATONE you just tint those streaks or patches of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Cannot affect waving of hair. Over twenty-three years success. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable.

If BROWNATONE does not give your gray, streaked or faded hair alluring, rich, youthful-appearing color, your money back. Only 50c. At drug and toilet counters everywhere.



No, this isn't Jumbo, of radio and Hippodrome fame. Nor is it the elephant who went for a ride and walked home! This is May, baby elephant of the Fleischacker Zoo, with George McIlwain (left), NBC assistant field supervisor of the Western Division, and Chatam, the keeper in charge of the animals. The picture was made during a recent broadcast from the Fleischacker Zoo.

"Jane," he says, "was probably the world's worst bridge player. Our bridge sessions were tempered with wisecracks and it seemed like a good idea for a radio show so we tried it out on the air. It caught on and we were paid all of thirty dollars weekly for it. After broadcasting for six months we decided we must be pretty good and asked for fifty dollars—were refused and quit. Some of our friends got busy on the telephone for a few days and the result was we went back—for another sponsor— for eighty dollars!"

That's Ace's way of telling it. As a matter of fact, their "friends" must have included a pretty good slice of the listening public, or I miss my guess. An advertising agency man from Chicago heard the program about this time and liked it. Thinking it might be a fluke he said nothing, but came back about a month later and listened again. This time he asked the Aces if they would leave K. C. for thirteen weeks, at $500 per week.

"We decided," Ace said, "that we might as well grab the chance and make the most of it until they got wise to us. But I didn't take any chances; I got a leave of absence from my paper and kept the daily column going from Chicago."

When their option was taken up for a second thirteen weeks, Ace cut down the column to twice weekly. And when they started the third thirteen weeks he felt secure enough to drop the column entirely.

"At first I used to take all comments and criticisms seriously," Ace says. "Worried about them, in fact. We used to have an organist play the theme song, 'Manhattan Serenade.' Someone suggested that an accordion would be better—insisted on it. The organist could play the accordion, but he couldn't have it for the next broadcast. In spite of that the critic called up after the broadcast and commented enthusiastically on how much better the music sounded! Since then we don't pay much attention to other people's comments."

There was a knock at the door and Jane Ace entered. Goodman said:

"Jane, this is Mr. Hanley . . . meet my first wife."

Jane sat down on the couch, smiled, tucked her legs under her and spoke to her husband about her new hat.

"Do you like it?" she asked plaintively. Goodman did. "Do *you?*" she demanded. I said I thought it was a truly delightful hat. "I ask everybody that," she drawled. "But it's so *hi-i-gh!*" I didn't think it was too high. Jane isn't so high herself, scaling five-feet-two. She's smiling most of the time and she has a trick of grinning and winking at you; it's a friendly, confidential, impersonal wink. And she talks exactly as she does over the air—though she doesn't say the silly things the radio Jane does. At this time she was hungry and said so.

"Just a minute," Goodman said, tuning up the Teleflash "I'm on *Kennemora* in this race." As the race results came over the wire *Kennemora* wasn't even running. Then, in a very close finish, he came in, the winner at good odds.

Now, I thought, we'll see some real excitement. I was disappointed. Ace grinned and lit a fresh cigar. "He won," he announced. "I had twenty bucks on him. Why didn't you eat this afternoon, Jane?"

Easy Aces indeed!

THE END

Board of Review

(Continued from page 13)

GEORGE BURNS AND GRACIE ALLEN (CBS).
The material is invariably fresh, and Gracie knows how to put it over.

A AND P GYPSIES (NBC).
Harry Horlick's orchestra specializing in sprightly melodies.

THORNTON FISHER SPORTS REVIEW (NBC).
Rapid-fire sports stuff with prominent guest stars from the sports world.

ATLANTIC FAMILY (CBS).
Frank Parker's energetic tenor.

BROADWAY VARIETIES (CBS).
Oscar Shaw is the m. c. Victor Arden's orchestra. Guest stars.

SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).
Cake-walk entertainment.

PHILLIP MORRIS PROGRAM (NBC).
Leo Reisman's music, Phil Duey and Johnny who gives the famous call.

VIC AND SADE (NBC).
Down-to-earth family stuff.

CAMPANA'S FIRST NIGHTER WITH JUNE MEREDITH AND DON AMECHE (NBC).
Dramas written especially for the air.

RAY BLOCK AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS).
Unusual orchestrations. Jerry Cooper and Sally Singer, soloists.

RICHARD HIMBER'S STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS (CBS).
Just try to keep your feet from tapping.

NIELA GOODELLE (NBC).
A one-girl musical comedy.

ROSES AND DRUMS (NBC).
Colorful drama of Civil War days in the South.

SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN (CBS).
Tonic for the soul.

MELODIANA WITH ABE LYMAN, BERNICE CLAIRE AND OLIVER SMITH (CBS).
Glorifying melody, with Bernice Claire the standout.

JERGENS PROGRAM WITH WALTER WINCHELL (NBC).
The news before it happens.

LOG CABIN (NBC).
The booming baritone of Conrad Thibault.

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS (CBS).
Where the human interest element is emphasized.

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS (NBC).
Long a favorite.

EDGAR GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY (NBC).
Philosophy and poetry in generous portions.

N.T.G. AND HIS GIRLS (NBC).
Broadway on the air.

LUD GLUSKIN PRESENTS (CBS).
Musical arrangements extraordinary.

LAVENDER AND OLD LACE WITH FRANK MUNN (CBS).
Fritzi Scheff and Lucy Monroe lend beautiful assistance to the popular Frank.

SETH PARKER WITH PHILLIPS LORD (NBC).
The big city folks don't go for this type of entertainment, but down on the farm—!

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS).
A helping hand for humanity's problems.

UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION (NBC).
Hayseed humor and tunes.

THE SINGING LADY (NBC).
Song and story uniquely presented.

POPEYE (NBC).
Noticeable improvement, thanks to a novel musical accompaniment.

DALE CARNEGIE IN LITTLE KNOWN





Why does a girl in love blossom gloriously? Because she has the thrilling assurance that to one person in the world she is wonderful . . . adorable . . . beloved.

Why do Blue Waltz cosmetics help the "lonely" girl to blossom into the "only" girl? Because they give her confidence; they make her feel desirable. She discovers her own loveliness through the romantic fragrance of Blue Waltz Perfume; the satiny texture of Blue Waltz Face Powder; the tempting colors of Blue Waltz Lipstick.

Say "Blue Waltz" when you buy cosmetics. Certified pure, laboratory tested. 10¢ each at 5 and 10¢ stores.

Blue Waltz
FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

BLUE WALTZ PERFUME · FACE POWDER · LIPSTICK · TALCUM POWDER · COLD CREAM · BRILLIANTINE

THE UNWED BRIDE!

The crowd swept Candy and Greg into the room where half the college was waiting to greet them with cheers. The whole thing seemed like a nightmare to Candy. The congratulations, the music, the dull guilty ache in her heart. Only last night she had been a carefree silly girl and now—now she was living a lie! For she dared not tell the truth.

It was just then that Tops yelled over the heads of the crowd. "I'll tell you what I know. Listen, everybody! I'm going to tell you about Greg and Candy. They aren't married! I know, because I heard the manager of the roadhouse talking. They were up in one of the private suites when the place was raided! They just said they were married to stop a scandal!"

"Of course we have a license," said Greg. "We'll go get it now!" Hand in hand Candy and Greg ran down the walk to his car. Candy was trembling so that her teeth were chattering. It was all so ghastly! "What—what are we going to do?" she whispered. . . .

What *did* they do? Carol Kenyon tells you in her thrilling story, "NAUGHTY GIRL"



In the FEBRUARY

SWEETHEART STORIES

Now on Sale Everywhere 10c

IN THE 30'S YOU'RE
STILL A YOUNG WOMAN
GRAY HAIR
IS ONLY TIRED HAIR



Keep ALL your hair one even lively lustrous, natural, youthful appearing color.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

Most modern, perfected preparation; cleanly, economically used in hygienic privacy of home. Costly expert attention not needed. Will not wash off nor interfere with curling. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE

BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. M.G. 30
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send in plain wrapping.
Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
STATE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

Revolutionary NEW WALL CLEANER A Gold Mine For AGENTS!



HERE'S something brand new, needed in every home. Amazing Wall Cleaning Invention banishes old-style housecleaning mess and muss forever. No rags—no sticky "dough"—no red, swollen hands. No more dangerous stepladders. Literally erases dirt like magic from walls, ceilings, window shades, upholstered furniture, etc. *Ends drudgery! Saves redecorating!* Low priced. Lasts for years. Housewives wild about it. Agents making phenomenal profits. **SAMPLE OFFER**—Samples sent at our risk to first person in each locality who writes. No obligation. Get details. Be first—*send your name TODAY!* KRISTEE MFG. CO., 2792 Bar St., Akron, O.

CONSTIPATED



SINCE HER MARRIAGE FINDS RELIEF AT LAST IN SAFE



ALL-VEGETABLE METHOD!

It dated from her marriage—her trouble with intestinal sluggishness, nervousness, headaches. Nothing gave her more than partial relief until she tried a natural plant and vegetable laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). She felt so much better immediately—more like living. Try NR's yourself. Note how refreshed you feel. NR's are so kind to your system. So effective in clearing up colds, biliousness, headaches. Non-habit-forming. Only 25c, at all drug stores.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of **NR** and **Tums**. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 68B-10, St. Louis, Mo.



Parkyakarkas is in a spot! But what a spot! The famed Greek radio dialectician, appearing with Eddie Cantor in Samuel Goldwyn's "Strike Me Pink," is surrounded by the Goldwyn Girls. (Front, left to right) Mary Gwynn and Vicki Vann. (Second row) Charlotte Russell and Gail Goodson. (Top) Gail Sheridan and Dorothy Belle Dugan.

FACTS ABOUT WELL KNOWN PEOPLE (CBS).
Inside facts galore. Carnegie is the teacher of many prominent commentators.

MUSICAL FOOTNOTES WITH VIVIAN DELLA CHIESA, FRANZ IMHOF AND RALPH GINSBURGH'S ENSEMBLE (CBS).
Vivian's soprano voice sparkles throughout.

JOHNNY AUGUSTINE AND HIS MUSIC (CBS).
Patti Chapin is the vocalist—which helps tremendously.

BETWEEN THE BOOK-ENDS (CBS).
Ted Malone is featured and the program is not aimed solely at the intelligentsia.

BLANCHE SWEET BEAUTY TALK (CBS).
Informative chats by a woman who really has a right to talk on beauty.

BOB CROSBY AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Bing's brother, but a fine voice of his own.

SILKEN STRINGS WITH CHARLES PREVIN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Olga Albani is the songstress.

FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS).
Aided by Jack Shilkret's orchestra and the Three Jesters.

MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC).
"All right—all right." Bring on your amateurs, Major.

PENTHOUSE SERENADE — DON MARIO (NBC).
Tenor Jack Fulton also is heard on this program.

NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT WITH RAY PERKINS (CBS).
Ray does his best not to be too much like the Major. Arnold Johnson's orchestra.

LADY ESTHER PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING AND ORCHESTRA (CBS) (NBC).
Most soothing music on the air.

FREDDIE RICH'S PENTHOUSE PROGRAM (CBS).
Co-eds delight.

MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND WITH RACHEL CARLAY AND ANDY SANNELLA'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Lively is the word.

BOAKE CARTER (CBS).
Boake makes ordinary news announcements sound important.

GABRIEL HEATTER (NBC).
Convincing commentator.

HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC).
Guest stars are helping this tremendously.

EVENING IN PARIS WITH THE PICKENS SISTERS (NBC).
Odette Myrtil is an outstanding Mistress of Ceremonies.

LUM AND ABNER (NBC).
Hey, Rube!

MYRT AND MARGE (CBS).
Still strong competition for Amos 'n' Andy.

LOIS LONG'S WOMAN'S PAGE (CBS).
Informal hints for the ladies, introducing prominent guest stars, as well.

AMOS 'N' ANDY (NBC).
Outlasting all others and deservedly so.

LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).
Radio listeners thought they'd never be able to get along without Floyd Gibbons, but Lowell changed all that.

CAPT. TIM HEALY'S STAMP CLUB (NBC).
Capt. Tim is as good a story-teller as there is on the air.

BEN BERNIE'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
No matter how many times Ben pulls a gag, it's still pretty funny.

SWIFT STUDIO PARTY (NBC).
Presenting the classics informally.



Meet Mr. Joe Cucco Nuts and Mr. J. Mortimer Bolds, two gentlemen of humanitarian ideals and enormous intellectual integrity who recently joined the National Broadcasting Company staff in San Francisco. Their object is to elevate radio and raise it to a positive zenith. Or something!

HARV AND ESTHER (CBS).
Teddy Bergman is the main attraction.

JIMMY FIDLER (NBC).
Hollywood exposed.

JUST PLAIN BILL (CBS).
Exactly as the title implies.

BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY (CBS).
Fantastic, but grown-ups listen in as well as the kids.

BOBBY BENSON AND SUNNY JIM (CBS).
Kid favorite.

OG, SON OF FIRE (CBS).
Caveman days.

JACK ARMSTRONG, ALL AMERICAN BOY (CBS).
Schoolboy melodrama. Lots of thrills.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE (NBC).
Impromptu interviews, from public places, with the questions always more amusing than the answers.

HOSTESS COUNSEL (CBS).
Tips for the housewife.

CAVALCADE OF AMERICA (CBS).
Ambitious dramatic presentations having to do with the history of our country.

THE FLYING RED HORSE TAVERN (CBS).
Freddie Rich and his band, with adorable Eleanor Powell, who sings almost as well as she dances.

TOM MIX AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS (NBC).
Especially meant for the kiddies, but the grown ups enjoy tuning in on the excitement.

★★

ONE NIGHT STANDS WITH PICK AND PAT (CBS).
The merry minstrels whose jokes, unfortunately, are from the minstrel era.

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET (CBS).
Real good fun, occasionally.

LAZY DAN (CBS).
Sings in a lazy sort of way.

SINGIN' SAM (CBS).
Just songs.

MARIE, LITTLE FRENCH PRINCESS (CBS).
Romance.

THE GUMPS (CBS).
They should stick to the comic pages.

SMILING ED (CBS).
Songs of good cheer (?) by Ed McConnell.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (NBC).
Strictly juvenile.

FIVE STAR JONES (CBS).
Drama in a newspaper office.

HERE THEY COME, FOLKS!!!

A FULL-COURSE MENU OF YOUR FAVORITE FUNNIES!

You youngsters from six to sixty who love the funnies will welcome POPULAR COMICS, the greatest book of its kind ever published.

Here at last is a *real* magazine of comics. Famous funny-paper people romp from cover to cover in POPULAR COMICS—and every one is in color!

Just look at this grand list of some of the well-known characters who appear in POPULAR COMICS. . . .

Dick Tracy ● Skippy ● Toonerville ● Smitty ● Moon Mullins ● Tailspin Tommy ● Pam and Donald Dare ● Ripley ● Mutt and Jeff ● Winnie Winkle ● The Gumps ● Don Winslow of the Navy ● Ben Webster's Page ● Orphan Annie ● King of the Royal Mounted ● Little Joe ● Terry ● Gasoline Alley ● Bronc Peeler ● Tiny Tim. . . .

Start *now*, with the February issue, to follow the adventures of your favorite comic characters.



February—Now on Sale Everywhere, 10c **10c**

POPULAR COMICS

Yes! IT'S THE SAME GIRL

LOVELY MARIAN MARSH COLUMBIA PLAYER ILLUSTRATES



TWO HOLLYWOOD CURLER HAIR STYLES



● Whether you want lots of curls or just a few, Hollywood *Rapid-Dry* Curlers will give them to you quickly, easily, and beautifully right in your own home. Add new charm to your personality with a smart, flattering hairdress made with "the Curlers used by the Stars."

5¢ AT 5¢ AND 10¢ STORES AND NOTION COUNTERS



REG U.S. PAT OFF

HOLLYWOOD Rapid Dry CURLER

FREE

★ HOLLYWOOD RAPID DRY CURLER
Box 800M, Hollywood, California

★ Please send FREE Hollywood Curler and booklet of smart Hollywood Hair Styles.

★

★ Name_____

★ Address_____

★ City_____ State_____

Women up to $22 in a Week and Your Own Dresses FREE

Showing Latest FASHION FROCKS ... Direct from Factory!



as low as 3 DRESSES $3.98

No House-to-House Canvassing Necessary

New kind of work for ambitious women demonstrating gorgeous Paris-styled dresses at direct factory prices. You can make up to $22 in a week, full or spare time, and get all your own dresses free of any cost to wear and show. Fashion Frocks are nationally advertised and are known to women everywhere.

No Investment Ever Required

We send you an elaborate Style Presentation in full colors and rich fabrics. Write fully for details of this marvelous opportunity, giving age and dress size.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc. Dept. BB250 Cincinnati, O.

Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists. **Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently.** Leaves the skin hair free.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

Nothing But the Truth?

(Continued from page 52)

What Do You Think of the Statement: "Life Begins at Forty"?

Frank Parker: "I'll probably know more about that later."

Niela Goodelle: "I don't quite agree. I believe life is very exciting at sixteen and could be said to begin as early as that."

Andre Kostelanetz: "It is a confession of a waste of time up to the age of forty."

Jessica Dragonette: "I'm not forty yet, so I can't give any significant comment."

Richard Himber: "I'll know in twelve years."

Benay Venuta: "I believe it was coined as compensation to people who have had dull lives up to forty. I really think life begins at eighteen—for a girl, anyway."

Nick Dawson: "Mine, I think, began at eighteen. I have read, or rather attempted to read, Mr. Pitkin's book and consider it platitudinous tripe."

Margaret Speaks: "I believe it is very probably true because by that time one should have one's life well under control and should have begun to achieve in some degree one's ambitions, whether in a career or home or both—in my case, both."

Dale Carnegie: "I think it is unduly optimistic."

Deane Janis: "Well, I certainly hope it does, because I am looking forward to enjoying life at its fullest at that time."

Ray Perkins: "I think it's a daisy thought."

Kate Smith: "I certainly feel that life should be very pleasant and useful at forty."

John Charles Thomas: "It begins at forty if you have lived sensibly until that time."

Patti Chapin: "To me, it means that you don't really reach maturity until forty—at which age, the knowledge and experience that you have gleaned from life enable you to understand and enjoy to the fullest extent the richness life really has to offer."

Igor Gorin: "Twenty years too late."

David Ross: "It may be of great help to men and women who have lost confidence in themselves, because of the encroachment of middle-age. I daresay this belief fires them with new hope. Believing is very close to achieving."

Elsie Hitz: "I think it's a grand idea."

John Barclay: "There's no doubt about it."

Gabriel Heatter: "I think it's true. It's got to be true in my case. I am forty-three and a man of forty-three never had a better friend than Dr. Pitkin's celebrated phrase."

Deems Taylor: "I agree with it much more heartily than I did forty years ago."

Al Pearce: "I think the statement is true as one does not really begin to enjoy life until around that age."

Fritzi Scheff: "It does not begin . . . it continues."

Ted Hammerstein: "I haven't reached forty yet so I couldn't honestly say."

Babs Ryan: "There may be something in it."

Isham Jones: "Okeh, if it does!"

Lud Gluskin: "Swell!"

Are You Good at Keeping New Year's Resolutions?

Rudy Vallee: "Have given up making them."

Niela Goodelle: "No; my intentions are always good but I usually find myself slipping in a month or two."

Jessica Dragonette: "No!"

Lud Gluskin: "Just fair."

Frank Parker: "The best!"

John Barclay: "No. I can always find such convincing reasons why it doesn't really matter whether they are kept or not."

Gabriel Heatter: "Hopelessly bad. In fact I make mine almost daily and am still hoping. Especially the one about getting some sleep."

John Charles Thomas: "Yes."

Ray Perkins: "I try not to make any, and what's more important I try not to have to."

Dale Carnegie: "Yes, I am excellent—for about three days. I never make them any more."

Deane Janis: "No. I start out with the best of intentions, but I get off the beaten track in a very short while."

Benay Venuta: "I make mental resolutions, but am pretty weak at keeping them."

Babs Ryan: "No—I've tried—but didn't have much success."

Richard Himber: "No, but maybe that's because I never make any."

Andre Kostelanetz: "Perfect!"

Al Pearce: "Like 99% of the human race, I start out with the best of intentions but soon forget about them."

David Ross: "To make them is to break them. I therefore make no New Year's resolutions."

Patti Chapin: "So—so."

In the Past Fifteen Years What Has Been Your Favorite Popular Song?

Igor Gorin: "Yours Is My Heart Alone." (Franz Lehar)

Niela Goodelle: "They Didn't Believe Me."

Jessica Dragonette: "Sweet Mystery of Life." (Victor Herbert)

Lud Gluskin: "Lady of the Evening."

Frank Parker: "Sweet Mystery of Life."

John Barclay: "Ol' Man River."

Elsie Hitz: "I'll See You Again."

Nick Dawson: "Cocktails for Two."

Gabriel Heatter: "Dancing Cheek to Cheek."

John Charles Thomas: "I Love Life."

Rudy Vallee: "Sylvia."

Margaret Speaks: "There have been too many to choose from."

Ray Perkins: "The one I made the most royalties on, called 'Under a Texas Moon.'"

Dale Carnegie: "Zwei Herzen in Drei Viertel Takt."



A studio snapshot of a popular broadcast. Manzanares and Dolores are the two vocalists. Jose Manzanares and his unique South American orchestra may be heard Sundays over the Columbia network. Here is an opportunity for radio listeners to enjoy the charm of South American music, played and sung in an inimitable fashion by this group of highly skilled and extremely delightful entertainers. Maestro Manzanares has a repertoire of over 5,000 selections.

Deane Janis: "Night and Day."
Benay Venuta: "How should I know?"
Kate Smith: "I'm naturally very much attached to 'When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain.'"
Ted Hammerstein: "Shine On Harvest Moon."
Babs Ryan: "Sleep."
Richard Himber: "Make Believe," from "Show Boat."
Andre Kostelanetz: "Dancing in the Dark."
David Ross: "Make Believe," from "Show Boat."
Patti Chapin: "They Didn't Believe Me."
Isham Jones: "Mighty Lak A Rose."
Deems Taylor: "George Gershwin's 'The Man I Love.'"

Do You Read the Comic Strips?

Rudy Vallee: "No."
Elsie Hitz: "Mr. and Mrs."
Igor Gorin: "I do, and I'm proud of it."
Niela Goodelle: "Yes, 'Popeye' in particular."
Jessica Dragonette: "No, but I read Wortman's 'Metropolitan Movies' faithfully."
John Barclay: "I kind of like 'Mr. and Mrs.'"
Gabriel Heatter: "Yes. After reading news bulletins all day, the comic strips seem to be the only sanity left in a muddled world."
Nick Dawson: "'Major Hoople' in the *Evening World-Telegram.*"
John Charles Thomas: "Yes . . . diligently."
Margaret Speaks: "I try not to miss 'Major Hoople' and 'Out Our Way.'"
Ray Perkins: "Only when they're funny."
Deane Janis: "Occasionally, but I'm not a real lover of comic strips."
Benay Venuta: "I always look at the pictures."
Kate Smith: "Yes, indeed, especially 'Smitty' and the 'Gumps'. They are my special favorites among the funny-sheet folks."
Ted Hammerstein: "Yes, and I get a big kick out of them."
Babs Ryan: "I don't like to get behind in 'Orphan Annie' or 'Dick Tracy.'"
Deems Taylor: "Ardently! And I *don't* read Horatio Alger serials that call themselves comic strips."
Al Pearce: "No . . . I don't see anything funny about them."
Isham Jones: "Sometimes."
David Ross: "I don't read the comics; but I thoroughly enjoy 'Mickey Mouse' for its poetic and imaginative fun."



Get Strength-Building IODINE into Blood and Glands!

Science's New Way to Build Up Weak, Nervous, Skinny Folks!

Must Add 5 Lbs. in 1 Week Or No Cost!

If you are weak, skinny and rundown—if you go around always tired, nervous, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery and lacks the nourishment needed to build up your strength, endurance and the solid pounds of new flesh you need to feel right. Science has at last got right down to the real trouble with these conditions and explains a new, quick way to correct them.

Food and medicines can't help you much. The average person usually eats enough of the right kind of food to sustain the body. The real trouble is assimilation, the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, pep and energy. Tiny hidden glands control this body building process—glands which require a regular ration of NATURAL IODINE (not the ordinary toxic chemical iodine, but the iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach, lettuce, etc.). The simplest and quickest way to get this precious needed substance is Kelpamalt, the astonishing new mineral concentrate from the sea. Kelpamalt is 1300 times richer in iodine than oysters, hitherto considered the best source. With Kelpamalt's iodine, you quickly normalize your weight and strength building glands, promote assimilation, enrich the blood and build up a source of enduring strength, Kelpamalt, too, contains twelve other precious, vitally needed body minerals without which good digestion is impossible.

Try Kelpamalt for a single week. Notice how much better you feel, how well you sleep, how your appetite improves, color comes back into your cheeks. And if it doesn't add 5 lbs. of good solid flesh the first week, the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt costs but little at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

Kelpamalt *Tablets*

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly, Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 662, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.



Keep regular as clockwork if you want to feel like a million and look the same way.

If one day goes by without proper elimination of body wastes, take a "beauty laxative" and get rid of those accumulated poisons.

Olive Tablets are ideal for assisting Nature in keeping a regular schedule. Gentle and mild and non-habit-forming, they bring prompt relief.

Keep a supply always handy on the bathroom shelf. They'll make a hit with the whole family. Three sizes—15¢-30¢-60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
OLIVE TABLETS
THE Beauty LAXATIVE

WANTED

Women to make hooked rugs for our stores. No experience necessary. Steady work. We do the selling. Write at once.
HOLLYWOOD STUDIO STORES
5657 Hollywood Blvd., Dept. 3
Hollywood, California

ITCH
...STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE...

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for **a free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co., 112-A Frontier Bldg. 462 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York

Patti Chapin: "Yes . . . I find them very amusing."

If You Suddenly Got the Opportunity to Visit Any Spot in the World, What Spot Would You Pick?

Don Ameche: "Hawaii."
Ralph Ginsburgh: "Tahiti."
Odette Myrtil: "Tahiti."
Parkyakarkus: "70 degrees latitude, 130 degrees longitude, North Atlantic."
Leo Reisman: "India."
Grace Moore: "Madrid, where my husband was born."
Bernice Claire: "I think I should go to the Mediterranean . . . some drowsy shore resort . . . and watch the world drift past."
Harriet Hilliard: "Sweden—all of it!"
George Olsen: "The wilds of Africa."
Claude Hopkins: "Bermuda."
Eddie Cantor: "England. Greatest country in the world next to our own."
Virginia Verrill: "California."
Lucy Monroe: "England."
Mark Warnow: "Europe."
Lanny Ross: "Some place slightly tropical, where I could indulge in my favorite sport, fishing."
Conrad Thibault: "At this time of year it would be Capri or Hawaii."
Charles Carlile: "City of Agra, India . . . to view the Taj Mahal."
Myrtle Vail (of Myrt and Marge): "All the islands in the South Seas."
Deems Taylor: "The Café des Deux Magots, opposite St. Germain-des-Pres, Paris."
Andre Kostelanetz: "Lake Louise."
Richard Himber: "New York."
Babs Ryan: "See America First!"
Ted Hammerstein: "I'd make another tour of the U. S., then go to China."
Kate Smith: "I feel that nowhere in any foreign country will I ever find any greater scenic beauty than at Lake Placid or Lake Louise."
Benay Venuta: "Tahiti, Pitcairn Island and even Easter Island."
Deane Janis: "Honolulu . . . the isolation . . . the beaches with their waving palm trees . . . the laziness . . . my idea of heaven with a capital 'H'."
Ray Perkins: "Paris."
Margaret Speaks: "The English countryside."
John Charles Thomas: "Belgium."
Nick Dawson: "Just at the moment, the Riviera . . . in a different mood I might tell you something else."
Gabriel Heatter: "A spot off the Florida keys where Hemingway says the fish fight like greased lightning."
John Barclay: "Have travelled around the world and seen most of the seven wonders—but have never been to the western national parks—so that's where I'd go."
Lud Gluskin: "Vienna."
Jessica Dragonette: "Grand Canyon."
Elsie Hitz: "I'd like to go to Switzerland and see the home of my grandparents."
Nicla Goodelle: "Hawaii."
Rudy Vallee: "My lodge in Maine."
Fritzi Scheff: "India."
Igor Gorin: "Vienna."
Frank Parker: "Venice."
Al Pearce: "I would head straight for the home of my grandparents in Cornwall, England."
David Ross: "I would go to Tahiti. Because there I could achieve a beauty and calm of living, merely through the exercise of my indolence."
Patti Chapin: "Hawaii."
Isham Jones: "China."

THE END

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

IN THE MARCH ISSUE OF

RADIO STARS

FATHER COUGHLIN JUSTIFIES HIS ATTACK ON PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

Will you agree or not with his straight-from-the-shoulder explanation?

Keep Young and Beautiful

(*Continued from page 11*)

well-built, the ideal clean-cut American type of masculinity. And what does he choose as the qualities of a feminine teammate? Well, first and foremost, she must be a "good companion," whose intelligence is an adequate teammate for her beauty. To fill the "good companion" description a girl must be a good sport, sympathetic, understanding and blessed with a sense of humor. Good sportsmanship is not to be confined to men and football teams; it's Ozzie's idea of a very necessary feminine qualification. Of course, Ozzie wants his companion to have a certain amount of chic and smartness; any man wants to be proud of the girl of his choice. But doesn't all that sound like Ozzie?

From Rutgers to Verona; from the American to the Continental viewpoint, we meet the opera, concert, and radio idol, Nino Martini. He is the very personification of the title of his first starring picture, "Here's to Romance." Dark, with flashing eyes, and a responsive smile, (*and what a profile!*), he is an ideal representative of Latin charm and diplomacy. Yes, diplomacy. Ask him what type of girl he prefers, and he will say with a disarming shrug of the shoulder and a laugh: "But I like all types of girls . . . brunettes, blondes . . . they are all nice, yes?" Ask him what he thinks of the American girl in contrast to the women of his country, and he will say: "The women of my country are beautiful, but the American women, they are *beautiful!*" He will smile enthusiastically over his statement, and you can't help but join him, but you take your pencil and bear bravely on, trying to think of a tricky question on which to corner a Latin diplomat. "Ah, yes, the women of Hollywood are beautiful, but there are more beautiful women in New York." Now there's a point. I begin to get encouraged.

And finally we find ourselves having something of a chat on the importance of individuality where women are concerned. Martini talks with his shoulders, his hands, and his smile . . . and his soft voice that still finds it difficult to put his thoughts into hard American. "Brunettes that make their hair light, blondes that make their hair dark, it is all wrong," said this discerning Continental. "They lose what they are. They have brown eyebrows and brown eyes and dark skin and they bleach their hair. There isn't any harmony. They just don't . . . how would you say it? . . . match up. No longer are they individuals. They're just trying to be something they aren't, and they end up by being," here again Martini shrugged his shoulders expressively, "well, I don't know quite how you would say it, but they are ver-y foolish."

Individuality is more important, much more important, in Martini's opinion, than stereotyped beauty. His complaint is that the women in this country look too much alike, too much as though they had all been poured into the same mould, dabbed



Leslie Howard, popular idol of the stage, movies and radio, with Mrs. Howard and their son, Ronald, enjoy their dinner at the dinner-dance of the British United Services Club, at the Cocoanut Grove of Hollywood's Ambassador Hotel.



You don't have to scrub and scour with smelly disinfectants to insure a clean, safe toilet. Sani-Flush is made especially to do this job for you. It is quick, thorough and harmless. It is odorless. It makes the bowl glisten like new . . . kills germs . . . purifies the hidden trap that no amount of scrubbing can reach.

Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the toilet. (Directions are on the can.) Flush it, and the job is done. You don't rub or scrub. Don't touch it with your hands. Rust and stains go. Odors vanish. The toilet is safe! Sanitary! *Sani-Flush is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can).* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW ?

How a murderess was trapped merely because she got a permanent wave . . .?

The truth about a love affair so powerful that it led to murder . . .?

The story of the jilted suitor whose jealousy led him to commit a most shocking crime . . .?

Then,* read the *February

INSIDE DETECTIVE

"America's Most Interesting Fact-Detective Magazine"
Now on Sale Everywhere . . . 10c



MIFFLIN
Antiseptic
MOUTH WASH

Large SIZE 20c

4 oz. SIZE 10c

AT LEADING 5c and 10c CHAIN STORES

Tested and Approved 3954 by Good Housekeeping Bureau Conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

CATARRH AND SINUS CHART—*FREE*

Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop hawking—stuffed-up nose—bad breath—Sinus irritation—phlegm-filled throat. **Send Post Card or letter for New Treatment Chart and Money-Back Offer.** 40,000 Druggists sell Hall's Catarrh Medicine. 63rd year in business. . . Write today!
F. J. CHENEY & CO. Dept. 32 TOLEDO. O.

YARN **Send for 400 FREE Samples** Detailed instruction FREE. 4 Color Afghan Yarn $2.64 lb. Pompadour and Saxony $3.00 lb. Shetland $2.25 lb. Tweed Coat Yarn $2.75 lb. All latest Yarns, 80 different kinds. Est. 20 yrs.
YARN NOVELTY CO. 42 (AJ) North 9th St. Phila., Pa.

***First Aid* TO DULL LIFELESS HAIR**

★

Bring out its natural color!



Lovely hair is your greatest beauty asset! Bring out its natural color—its lustre—its beauty with Sheila Color Rinse. Made in 12 individual colors. It's harmless and may be washed out by shampooing. For sale at all 10c stores—2 rinses for 10c.

FREE package of Sheila Egg & Olive Oil Shampoo. Send empty carton of Sheila Color Rinse and 3c stamp to cover postage and mailing to Sheila, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio.

Sheila COLOR RINSE
WAVE POWDER
• EGG & OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO



Among those present at a testimonial dinner given in honor of orchestra leader Abe Lyman at Jack Dempsey's restaurant were (left to right) Rubinoff, Abe Lyman himself, Fred Waring, Jack Denny and Glen Gray. A good time was had!

with the same powder, rouge, and lipstick.

From opera to crooning, from Nino Martini to Bing Crosby . . . we're covering a lot of territory, aren't we? Now Crosby likes his women with a sense of humor, and he even likes them a little bossy. That is, he likes his wife, Dixie Lee Crosby, to take him in supervisory hand occasionally. He thinks he needs it. (*I wouldn't try this advice too far, girls!*) But an interesting slant on this beauty business is that Bing believes health is the prime requisite for feminine beauty and for being "happy though married." Health is a beauty sermon I can preach from the housetops. A beautiful figure, a clear complexion, sparkling eyes, and a radiant smile, all these are symbols of perfect health. Bing ought to have a medal for giving health a little publicity in matters of beauty and romance.

And Bing ought to have a second medal from all of you who get annoyed over these constant *"How to Hold Your Husband"* articles. Bing wants to know why there aren't more articles on "How to Hold Your Wife." The first is all bosh, he says; it takes a lot more talent to "Hold Your Wife." Incidentally, his marriage is one of those rare things in Hollywood . . . a *happy* marriage.

We seem to be ganging up on the married men in this article, but it does seem that many of the attractive radio stars are married, doesn't it? Take Eddie Duchin, society's favorite orchestra leader, and the cause of much fluttering among the débutantes who danced at the swanky Central Park Casino. He married into the Social Register, and he pays his wife one of the finest compliments any husband can give. He told me that she has the one quality he admires most—a great friendliness.

"A woman, to be very lovely," says Eddie Duchin, "must have an understanding of people and why they are what they are. Most of all, she must have tolerance. So many other virtues go with friendliness and gaiety that one might say that if a woman has these two, she has everything."

And now after all this advice from the Kings of the Air, how about a little from the "Pawn," Mary Biddle? "The Valentine Vanity Case" will give you my advice about all this hearts and flowers business as I see it in the light of cosmetics. An understanding heart can't keep a nose from being shiny, and I have a perfectly swellegant new make-up to tell you about that positively will last you through a Valentine dance that continues until the wee hours of the morning. You may want to be a good sport and go ice-skating and bob-sledding, but good sportsmanship doesn't give your skin the protection it needs. And there's a new kind of cream that possesses a natural lubricating softening element your skin will dote on this harsh winter weather. But I'm giving away the secrets of the "Valentine Vanity Case." A stamped addressed envelope will bring it to you. And if you have any personal problems that are making your road to romance rocky, let me see if I can help you with them.

The End

Mary Biddle
RADIO STARS
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me your bulletin on "The Valentine Vanity Case."

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

(Please enclose stamped addressed envelope. Personal letters receive personal replies.)

Here Are The Crazy Captions Contest Winners

First Prize.....$250.00
Norma Mark
716 Avenue N
Brooklyn, New York

Second Prize.....$100.00
James A. Wapshare
253 Pomona Avenue
Newark, New Jersey

Third Prize.....A $75.00 radio
Ruth L. Frey
P. O. Box 5271
University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Fourth Prize...Dressing-table radio
Ethel Doran
5407 Carlton Way
Hollywood
California

Ten 5th Prizes (Max Factor Make-up Kit each): Mrs. P. F. Hannibohle, 121 Broderick St., San Francisco, Calif.; Mildred A. Bradley, Box 62, Sheldonville, Mass.; Dott Bestan, 604 Jersey Ave., Jersey City, N. J.; Gladys Seward, R. F. D. No. 2, Jackson, Tenn.; Mrs. Barbara Poeking, 1202—62nd St., Oakland, Calif.; Blossom Chan, c/o Universal Attractions, 822 Keith Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio; Leontine Brennan, 2369 N. Villere St., New Orleans, La.; Michelle Finkler, Main Ave., Cor. Highland, Passaic, N. J.; Mrs. R. H. Fletcher, 101 King St., Carrollton, Ga; Sidney Rawitz, 197 Renner Ave., Newark, N. J.

One hundred 6th Prizes ($1.00 each): Deborah Siko, 4131 Bailey Ave., Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Matt Stevenson, c/o M. Kent, 52 Amat St., Santa Cruz, Calif.; Nellie E. Rebyor, Philadelphia, N. Y.; Helen Pickett, 189 Fifth St., N. W., Atlanta, Ga.; Evella Williams, Crystal Springs, Miss.; Blanche Goldsbury, 2128 Pine St., Murphysboro, Ill.; Sophie Poplavsky, 123 Livingston Place, Bridgeport, Conn.; Willye Picha, 3218 So. Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; Marie Brennan, 4094 Wilmington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; Martha Stewart, 6417 Hillcrest, Dallas, Tex.; Albert Manski, 69 Pinckney St., Boston, Mass.; Orpha M. Dolph, 22315 Olmstead, Dearborn, Mich.; Josephine McCall, 312 Berkeley St., Syracuse, N. Y.; B. E. Sery, 403 N. 7th St., Allentown, Pa.; Mrs. S. Stewart, 38 Ellsmere Ave., Waterbury, Conn.; Carl R. Canterbury, 1527—11th Ave., Moline, Ill.; Marian Montilion, Box 862, McGill, Nev.; Winona Chapin, Bethel, Me.; Mrs. M. J. Meyers, Low Moor, Ia.; V. Osterman, Northbrook, Ill.; Fulton King, Meyers Cave, Va.; Helen Lawrence Terhune, R. F. D. No. 1, Newfoundland, N. J.; Walter Bartosh, 574 So. 12th St., Newark, N. J.; Lillian N. Lees, 38 Milk St., Fall River, Mass.; Amy McCarthy, 310—3rd Ave., W., Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Mary Johnston, Glenwood City, Wisc.; Alice Doheny, 236 Nicoll St., New Haven, Conn.; Edythe Bell, 446 Lincoln St., Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Irwin C. Smith, 317 E. High Ave., Bellefontaine, Ohio; Mrs. Warren H. Hollinshead, Wingrove Ave., Nashville, Tenn.; Alvyn Tweedy, 15 Highland St., Taunton, Mass.; Mrs. Stanley D. Wheelock, 559 Berwyn St., Devon, Conn.; Julia S. Woods, 3205 Lemmon Ave., Dallas, Tex.; Frank J. Vasile, 83 Elizabeth St., New York City, N. Y.; Mrs. Meta-Redmond, 3635 E. Gee St., Tacoma, Wash.; Mrs. Harold Murray, 136 Lyon St., Oswego, N. Y.; Viola Russo, 594 Cranton St., Providence, R. I.; Marjorie Little, Seekonk, Mass.; Eleanor L. Smith, 7460 Williams Ave., Richmond Heights, St. Louis, Mo.; Ann Burr, 176 15th St., Oakland, Calif.; Primo Bastoni, 75 Summer St., Kingston, Mass.; Elizabeth Hitchings, P. O. Box 64, Sarasota, Fla.; Mabel Holland, 408 Blandwood Ave., Greensboro, N. C.; Mrs. Leland B. Gray, 1217 North Virginia, Okla. City, Okla.; Mary B. Wilson, 165 Avery Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Ruth Wilson, 21 S. Mt. Vernon Ave., Atlantic City, N J.; Frank Rhoads, 923 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Anna Balconke, 6 State St., Fort Plain, N. Y.; Mary E. Williamson, 408 N. 4th St., Sunbury, Pa.; Mary F. Way, 603 No. Michigan, Saginaw, Mich.; Millicent R. Kenyon, 160 Raihrad St., Troy, Pa.; Mrs. H. J. Ringler, 2818 Norwood St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio; Elsie Monti, 20 Castle St., Plymouth, Mass.; Joseph C. Martin, 515 Anderson St., Bismarck, N. D.; Arletta Althouse, 436 W. Main St., New Holland, Pa.; Emily Harvey, 822—39th Ave., San Francisco, Calif.; Grace Rotenhagen, 4024 Tholozan Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; Clara Bith Russell, 736 Utah Ave., Butte, Mont.; Vivian E. Bertrand, 19 Utica St., Lockport, N. Y.; Mrs. Wilma Baade, 805 So. Lake St., So. Bend, Ind.; Josephine Dossat, 2733 Northwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio; Jeanne Kraeger, 1144 N. 9th St., Terre Haute, Ind.; Sam Shope, 420 W. Ganson St., Jackson, Mich.; Lillian Miller, 106 East End, Ripley, Tenn.; Mrs. H. L. Moran, 2032 Cedar St., Pueblo, Colo.; Ruth B. Guilford, 916 Guiles St., Evanston, Ill.; Mrs. F. G. Hubbard, Redwood Falls, Minn; Angelina Root, 5102 Baldwin Blvd., Flint, Mich.; Fay C. Collier, 1162 St. Paul St., Denver, Colo.; John Thayer, 18 Creighton St., Cambridge, Mass.; Doris Gordon Frazer, Wainwright Hall, 118th St., Kew Gardens, N. Y.; Pearle Baxter, 40 Kimball Rd., Watertown, Mass.; Margaret Beauchamp, 1804 Hanover Ave., Richmond, Va.; Mrs. A. J. Mealey, 2955 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, Calif.; Elizabeth Van Geuder, 452 Randolph St., N. W., Washington, D. C.; Charlotte Harper, Palmer, Va.; Julia K. Pagane, 11 Savoy Ave., Springfield, Mass.; Golden O. Dungan, P. O. Box 428, Compton, Calif.; Dan Brown, Jr., 42 Samoset St., Plymouth, Mass.; Mrs. H. W. Wilson, 1159 Green St., San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. F. C. Matthews, 121 Kemmerling St., Gibsonburg, Ohio; Mrs. F. S. Naiden, 408 N. 9th St., Marshalltown, Ia.; Kenneth E. Kail, Route No. 2, Filer, Idaho; Robert

(*Continued on page 99*)



Griffin Manufacturing Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.


IF YOU HAVE
GRAY HAIR
and DON'T LIKE a MESSY MIXTURE....
then write today for my
FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair.
ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 3, LOWELL, MASS.

DENISON'S **PLAYS** 60 YEARS OF HITS
Musical Comedies, Operettas, Vaudeville Acts, Minstrels, Comedy Songs, Make-up Goods. Catalog Free
T.S. Denison & Co. 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 25, Chicago

U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS!
START
$1260 to $2100 Year
Get ready immediately
New 40 Hour Week Means Many Post Office Appointments
Mail Coupon today sure.

COUPON
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. E-322, Rochester, N. Y.
Sirs: Rush to me without charge, (1) 32-page book with list of many U. S. Government Big Pay Jobs, (2) Tell me how to get on of these jobs.
Name.....
Address.....



Relieves Teething Pains WITHIN 1 MINUTE

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

I'm THE CHORE GIRL



The All-Copper, Sponge-Cushioned Pot Cleaner. Yes, ma'am. I do quickly and thoroughly all the work you've looked upon as "drudgery" for years. Those pots, pans and oven glass, for instance. Why rub and scrub when I remove grease, grime and oven-burn instantly. It doesn't bother me to be in "hot water"— and think how it saves your hands! I don't shred, splinter or rust either. I'm just an honest, work-aday girl and I'll do a month's work for 10c.

for you

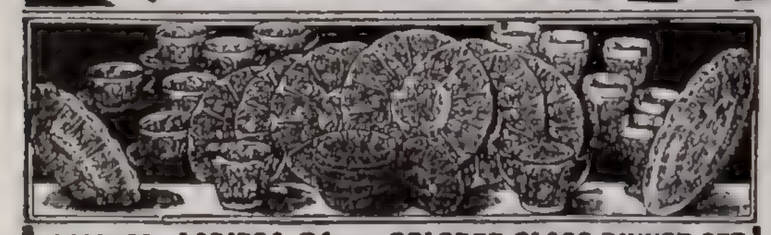
10¢



METAL TEXTILE CORP., Orange, N. J.

SAFE... because it is easier to clean

HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE



GIVEN—LADIES! 34 pc. COLORED GLASS DINNER SET or big cash commission. Send name and address. Beautiful Cherry Blossom design. CHOICE of green or pink glass: 6 plates, 6 tumblers, 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 nappies, 1 each, sugar, cream, vegetable and platter. This is only one of nearly a hundred articles featured in our catalog, which we **GIVE** for selling our famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** for cuts, burns, sores, chaps, etc. to friends at 25c a box with a beautifully colored Art Picture **FREE** and remitting as per new premium plan book. 39th year. WE ARE FAIR AND SQUARE. Start now by sending for one dozen boxes. SEND NO MONEY—We trust you. BE FIRST.
WILSON CHEM. CO., Inc. Dept. 10-A Tyrone, Pa.

BACKACHES NEED WARMTH

Thousands who suffered miserable backaches, pains in shoulders or hips, now put on Allcock's Porous Plaster and find warm, soothing relief. Muscle pains caused by rheumatism, neuritis, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago and strains, all respond instantly to the glow of warmth that makes you feel good right away. Allcock's Plaster brings blood to the painful spot . . . treats backache where it is. Allcock's lasts long, comes off easily. Only Allcock's is the original porous plaster . . . guaranteed to bring instant relief, or money back. 5 million users. 25¢ at druggists, or write "Allcock, Ossining, N. Y." **ALLCOCK'S**

Radio Ramblings

(*Continued from page 9*)

is trying to create an illusion for unseen audiences, to play to two different galleries. And no player can disregard the people before him. For these he must be concerned about his gestures, facial expressions and other essentials of the stage itself. Therefore it is better if he has only to concentrate on the little black gadget that brings him to his real audience. Besides, it would be a ghastly thing if the script called for me to be shot and the man with the big cards, that tell people how to react, pulled out by mistake the one marked 'Applause'!"

Bio-briefs for your scrapbook:

George Burns—Gracie Allen's Georgie-Porgie—was born in New York. Made his début as a dancer at Coney Island when he was fourteen. Played in vaudeville throughout the United States, Canada and the British Isles. While appearing in a New Jersey city, he met Gracie Allen. They teamed together and were married in 1926. Have enjoyed an uninterrupted radio run since 1932. He is five feet nine inches tall and weighs one hundred and fifty-seven pounds. Writes most of his own material.

Richard Crooks, Metropolitan Opera tenor and one of the soloists of the Firestone concerts, made his first public appearance as a singer at the age of twelve. One of the outstanding events of his early life was his appearance as boy soprano with Madame Schumann-Heink. A native of Trenton, New Jersey, he enlisted in the 626th Aero Squadron during the World War, despite the fact that he was under age, and served until the Armistice. He did not actually choose music as a career until after his return from the war. Then he sang in a New York City church and with the New York Symphony Orchestra. His début was made in Europe, followed, in 1933, by his début with the New York Metropolitan Opera.

Harry Von Zell, one of radio's best known announcers, was born twenty-nine years ago in Indianapolis, Indiana. He received his education at the University of California. Singing and playing the ukelele, he broke into radio over KFWB, Los Angeles. Later he abandoned singing for announcing.

Popeye the Sailorman, in real life, is Floyd Buckley, veteran NBC actor. Sixty-one years old, and young for his years, Buckley was born on a ranch, served in border patrols and met adventure in the Klondike and in the Spanish-American

(*Continued on page 100*)



The banjo-eyed comedian has his serious moments. Eddie Cantor snapped in earnest conversation with Gladys Swarthout, opera, radio and movie star, at the dedication of the Will Rogers Sound Stage at the 20th Century-Fox Studio.

(*Continued from page 97*)

E Crawford, 4023 University Ave., Des Moines, Ia.; Elizabeth Rankin, 6605 N. Ninth Ave., Portland, Ore.; Roy Anderson, 1777 Davis St., Muskegon, Mich.; Peggy Olivo, 15 O'Neill St., Providence, R. I.; Ethel A. Monk, 13 Luzerne Ave., Lee Park; Mary Nichols, 369 North South St., Wilmington, Ohio; Helen R. Miller, 715½ South Newport Ave., Tampa, Fla.; George E. Lang, Carleton, Mich.; Mrs. Donald Quinn, 321 Mississippi Ave., Joliet, Ill.; Constance Sekalos, 1063 N. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.; Alma R. Dobie, 43 Bowdoin St., Maplewood, N. J.; Rose Lucchesi, 1621 Juniata St., Phila.; Mrs. William Facey, Duxbury, Mass.; Maidie Thomas, 215 Lexington Ave., Mobile, Ala.; Gladys Malenfant, 128 Norfolk St., Auburn, R. I.; Dorothea West, 1422 M St., W., Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Laura M. Niebling, 142 High St., Rochester, N.Y.

Fifty 7th Prizes (Max Factor Lipstick each): Graham H. Shiner, 451 Thompson Ave., East Haven, Conn.; Mrs. J. E. McKean, 2854 Fairfield Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.; Mrs. N. Roy, 160 Water St., Augusta, Me.; Mrs. Bertha Conklin, Richfield Sta., R. D. No. 4, N. Y.; Georgia Loper, 4129 Shenandoah, St. Louis, Mo.; Victor Gens, 2223 Penn St., Harrisburg, Pa.; Chas. F. Nicholas, 41 Ardoene St., Providence, R. I.; Helene Bretschge, 537 Edgewood Ave., Trenton, N. J.; Janet P. Thorsen, 15 Argyle Rd., Brooklyn, New York City; Margaret White, 123 Nagle St., Paterson, N. J.; Helen Haskell, 652 Herman St., Burlington, Wisc.; J. Elizabeth Milliken, 104 Hiram Ave., Liverpool, N. Y.; Grace M. Custer, 2423 Clyde Pl. S. W., Canton, Ohio; Mrs. Paul Amheiser, 1125—17th Ave., Altoona, Pa.; Alma E. Bruso, 931 Julian St., Denver, Colo.; Esther Zeabast, 1260 Nicholas St., Vincennes, Ind.; Margaret Kaufhold, 142 Rutherford Pl., North Arlington, N. J.; Gladys Nall, Box 15, Satsuma, Ala.; Naomi Trumpfheller, 615 N. Wayne St., Kenton, Ohio; Ellen Hofmann, 315 Marvin Ave., Hackensack, N. J.; Jack E. Fry, 1080 Pearl St., Denver, Colo.; Ethel Johnson, 1915 Carteret, Pueblo, Colo.; Mrs. Howard Atkinson, 621 Gladstone Ave., South Bend, Ind.; Stephen Foto, 313 Main St., Pine Bluff, Ark.; Arlene Anderson, Watertown, S. D.; Genevieve Flory, 1347 Short Ave., N. W., Canton, Ohio; Mary Shaw, 19 Suchar Road, Mt. Vernon, Ohio; Audrey Johnson, 7001 Havelock Ave., Lincoln, Neb.; Mrs. Paul Hill, 1130 North West St., Jackson, Miss.; Mrs. C. H. Poticher, P. O. Box 1087, Harrisburg, Pa.; Anna E. Johnson, 1540 Shehy St., Youngstown, Ohio; John M. Shields, 2814 N. 19th St., Phila., Pa.; George Paul Lamb, Delaware Water Gap, Pa.; Bob W. Jackson, 3 Curry St., So. Charlestown, W. Va.; Winifred Hand, 1365 Regent St., Niles, Mich.; Evelyn Newsome, 19 Traction Ave., Dayton, Ohio; Helen Roman, P. O. Box 21, Middleport, Pa.; Martha T. Taylor, 597 North Vermont Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.; Elnora Onofrio, 138 S. Enterprise St., Bowling Green, Ohio; Eula M. Fielding, 30 Spring St., Bath, Me.; Elizabeth Burgess, 323 So. Titus Ave., Ithaca, N. Y.; Gladys Iseminger, Funkstown, Md.; Mrs. John A. Cartwright, 427 E. Anderson, Greencastle, Ind.; Nell Carpenter, Lawndale, N. C.; Ruth Blodgett, 428 Beverly Ave., Morgantown, W. Va.; Isabel Chizmar, 139 Welles St., Nanticoke, Pa.; Raymond Treat, 102 Wall St., Auburn, N. Y.; Melvin Neiman, 455 Chestnut St., Pottstown, Pa.; Ralph Kasten, 37 Murray Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.; Mary E. Faller, 326 Third Ave., Mansfield, Ohio.

Fifty 8th Prizes (Decca-Bing Crosby Phonograph Record each): Lois Wineka, R. D. No. 5, York, Pa.; Gladys MacWillard, 117 South St., Wrentham, Mass.; June Crum, Fargo, N. D.; Rosella Rossell, 4824 Eoff St., Benwood, W. Va.; Anne Marie, 304 N. L St., Crappo, Madera, Calif.; Mrs. Frith Owens, 1702 Guatemozin St., Laredo, Tex.; E. Boughton, 773 Beach Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada; Gertrude Thompson, Detroit Lakes, Minn.; Mrs. J. H. Phillips, 507 Lauderdale St., Selma, Ala.; George H. Caswell, Avalon, Catalina Island, Calif.; Blanche A. Templeman, 337 W. Mason St., Jackson, Mich.; Nancy Tewalt, R. R. 4, Box 168, Tiffink, Ohio; C. Emery Stevens, 318 W. Second St., S., Newton, Ia.; Mary Elizabeth Challes, 518 East Polk Ave., Harlingen, Tex.; Janice Michaelson, 1420 Mattern Ave., Des Moines, Ia.; Dorothy Okitsu, P. O. Box 56, Orilba, Wash.; Mrs. A. C. Hoover, Apt. 9, Arcadia Court, Pontiac, Mich.; Buddy Duchett, 35 N. Linwood Ave., Baltimore, Md.; L. Kammerer, 7 de Mott Ave., Rockville Centre, L. I.; Sally Williams, 1111 Caldwell St., Greensboro, N. C.; G. H. Ritchie, 227 Linn St., Peoria, Ill.; Elizabeth T. Southall, 1520 Gwinnett St., Augusta, Ga.; Fannie Agoratus, 17 Main St., Warwick, N. Y.; Mrs. Eira Evans, 504 Short St., Throop, Pa.; Irene Miesemeir, 315 W. 25th St., Minneapolis, Minn.; L. Earle, 2611 Grant St., Berkeley, Calif.; Eleanor Shea, 10 Emrose Terrace, Dorchester, Mass.; Lena Beritella, 136 Fifth St., Rochester, N. Y.; Mooyne Chynn, 715 Commercial St., San Francisco, Calif.; Elizabeth Butterworth, 580 Straight St., Paterson, N. J.; Mildred L. Way, 121 So. Barbara St., Mount Joy, Pa.; Mrs. George J. Martin, 1423 South 12th St., Waco, Tex.; Kathryn Riley, Rt. 2, Box 284, Fresno, Calif.; Mrs. James S. Reed, 216 Cummins St., Johnstown, Pa.; Jean B. Reppke, 1800 Meridian Ave., S., Pasadena, Calif.; Mrs. Chas. Wetherbee, 120 Ivy St., New Haven, Conn.; Ruth Bray, 8 Collins St., Hartford, Conn.; Barbara Huber, 1211 Holly Ave., Dayton, Ohio; Wilton W. Gloege, Box 392, Ortonville, Minn.; Eula Carr, Box 5, Cumberland, Ohio; Wayne Davis, 1111 W. Nevada St., Urbana, Ill.; Georgia Ray, 223—78th St., Brooklyn, New York City; Mrs. Josephine B. Clark, 501 West High St., Urbana, Ill.; Isabella I. Francks, 635 Altamond Blvd., Trackville, Pa.; Ruth Cono, 121 S. President Ave., Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. O. A. Smith, Hartwick, N. Y.; Mildred Burwell, 1333 Second St., Rensselaer, N. Y.; Joan Kushman, 296 Weequahic Ave., Newark, N. J.; Edith E. Young, East Andover, N. H.; Rose Ehemann, 389 Park Ave., West New York, New Jersey.

One hundred 9th Prizes (Sheet of "Big Broadcast Of 1936" Music each): Irene Marshall, Dowling Park, Fla.; Helena M. Sweet, 152 Wayland Ave., Cranston, R.

(*Continued on page 101*)





Vivacious Ella Logan, torch singer specialist, has become one of the most popular NBC entertainers.

DRY SKIN!



Asteatosis

ROBS VICTIMS OF SKIN BEAUTY!

Exposure to winter—failure to remove cosmetics properly—harsh effects of alkali soaps—all do their part to bring on ASTEATOSIS—the medical name for DRY SKIN! LANDER'S OLIVE OIL CREAM helps to prevent and correct this condition. Use it for your cleansing and nourishing cream—notice how it lubricates your skin as only olive oil can. 10¢ at all dime stores.

WHAT IS ASTEATOSIS?

Asteatosis is the failure of sebaceous glands to feed oil to the skin. To treat this condition, which sometimes produces serious skin disorders, physicians recommend Olive Oil. At the first sign of Dry Skin apply Lander's Pure Olive Oil Cream!



You'll feel that you know the Broadway-Hillbilly

WALTER O'KEEFE

lots better after you read the story about him in the March issue of

RADIO STARS

BROWN BLONDES WANT GOLDEN HAIR?



Shampoo-rinse Washes Hair 2 to 4 Shades Lighter

WHAT girl with dull, brownish hair wouldn't give a fortune to be the possessor of gloriously radiant, golden hair? Any girl, of course. But now, thanks to Blondex, the unique shampoo-rinse, the drabbest, most faded hair can be made to gleam with gold for just a few cents. If *you* want golden hair, try Blondex today. One shampoo with Blondex will wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter. And *safely*, too, for Blondex is not a harsh bleach or dye. Start today with Blondex. Bring back the golden beauty of childhood. Be a true, alluring *golden* blonde. Get Blondex at any drug or department store.

BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

Radio Ramblings

(Continued from page 98)



Portland Hoffa (Mrs. Fred Allen), one of the bright spots of "Town Hall Tonight," compares her crowing with that of the world's crowing champion, "Chatterbox Pete," singing rooster appearing as one of the Town Hall amateurs.

war. Beginning his stage career at the turn of the century, Buckley was in the original Floradora cast and was featured in other classics of the gay nineties.

Cliff Arquette, acting as editor and publisher of the "Welcome Valley Chronicle" while Edgar A. Guest is in Hollywood, is a Believe-It-Or-Not character. Besides being a character actor and comedian, Cliff is a song, script and comedy writer, producer of vaudeville and radio shows, artist, puppeteer, singer, sculptor, cartoonist, wood worker, tap dancer, make-up expert, master of seven musical instruments—the piano, clarinet, trumpet, violin, guitar, saxophone and trombone. (Well, maybe not master, but he can play them all!) Also, at one time or another, Cliff has worked as a golf caddy, window dresser, butcher's helper, barker in an amusement park, assistant civil engineer, and, just before he came to Chicago, he was one of Walt Disney's sound men, recording noises to be used in Mickey Mouse pictures. He's only thirty, and he has been in show business since he was twelve, taking time out for some of these other things when there was no theatrical work to be had and he needed money.

Kenny Baker, young California tenor and new singing stooge on the Jack Benny program, earned the money for his musical education by working as a day laborer on the construction of the Boulder Dam. His vocal coach is the brother of Donald Novis, popular NBC tenor. Kenny was born twenty-three years ago in Monrovia, California. He is tall, slender, and has curly reddish-brown hair. His first job was singing as boy soprano in a local church choir. He is unmarried.

Heard along the corridors:

Horace Heidt is called the best dressed man around the Chicago studios . . .George Burns was named George Birnbaum by his parents . . . Xavier Cugat was a first violinist in the Havana Grand Opera Company when he was ten years old . . . Marian Jordan (Molly of "Fibber McGee and Molly") is a sister of Charles Hugo of Hong Kong, China, the man who introduced talking pictures into the Orient . . . Grace Moore is the daughter of a United States Army officer, Colonel R. F. Moore of Jellicoe, Tennessee . . . In the privacy of his home Fred Allen plays the saxophone and the banjo—not at the same time, however . . . Phillips Lord is an inveterate reader of mystery stories . . . Aldo Ricci is now at the head of two orchestras, "The Phantom Strings," for concert music, and the "Rhythmic Bras-

(Continued on page 102)

(Continued from page 99)

I.; Mary McGlone, 1236 Milwaukee St., Denver, Colo.; Mary Cabiro, 721 Louque Place, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. E. G. Condon, Church St., Mobile, Ala.; Mrs. I. H. Carlson, Portsmouth, N. H.; Margaret Esterline, 5105 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.; Marjorie Gross, 1012 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Jean Prylich, 65-22—56th Road, Maspeth, Long Island, N. Y.; Edna L. Miller, 13619 Earlwood Ave., Cleveland, Ohio; Pearl Lindman, 653—22nd St., San Pedro, Calif.; Margaret A. Kiner, 618—7th Ave. North, Jamestown, N. D.; Elizabeth G. Hitchcock, Windsor, Mass.; Kathryn Gensbauer, 3756 North 9th St., Phila., Pa.; Bettie Brockway, Beach Haven, Pa.; Mrs. Helen M. Brown, 10 Elm St., Granville, N. Y.; Madelyne Bruder, Elora, Ontario, Canada; Robert A. Blake, Silver Lake, N. H.; Catherine Silliman, 3129 Hudson Ave., Youngstown, Ohio; Gertrude Giessler, 1 Leading St., Manton, R. I.; Mary E. Casey, 2417 Valentine Ave., Bronx, New York City; Catherine Askey, 409 S. Market St., Mechanicsburg, Pa.; Norma Dennis, R. R. 5, Lafayette, Ind.; Leslie D. Alexander, Dawes, W. Va.; Emily O'Donald, Boxwood Road, R. F. D. No. 1, Wilmington, Del.; Bernice Travioli, 125 Van Buren St., Terre Haute, Ind.; Florence Kohnfelder, 619 W. 175th St., New York, N. Y.; Jean Bushe, 7 Matilda St., Albany, N. Y.; Cecilia Carl, 334 So. 9th St., Geneva, Nebr.; Reba Meek, 1416 Washington St., Toledo, Ohio; Catherine Corrigan, 151 E. South St., Groton, N. Y.; Grace L. Gregory, 365 W. 20th St., New York, N. Y.; Emma Brennan, 3720 Baring St., Phila., Pa.; Mrs. J. C. Melton, Box 627, Electra, Tex.; L. P. Gwyn, 1072 South Barksdale St., Memphis, Tenn.; Lyman S. Gray, Thompson Road, Webster, Mass.; Nell C. Weiss, 426 South West St., Carlinville, Ill.; Mrs. C. O. Brannen, 11 Mt. Nord, Fayetteville, Ark.; Mrs. Anna Maltz, 2988 Tuckahoe Rd., Fairview, Camden, N. J.; Mrs. William C. Clanton, Black River, New York; Marie Gracey, 15347 Wildemere, Detroit, Mich.; Helen Durke, 71 Woltz Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; Edith Tierney, 1205 So. 2nd St., Norfolk, Nebr.; Grace McArthur, 3807 Smith Ave., Burnaby, British Columbia, Canada; Norma Bruce, 22 Legion Parkway, Lancaster, N. Y.; Marie Young, 98 Ward Ave., Elkins, W. Va.; Kay Roberts, 1425 W. Kilbourn Ave., Apt. 7, Milwaukee, Wisc.; M. M. Bonham, 398 So. 9th St., San Jose, Calif.; Virginia Schmulbach, 3248 Audubon, East St. Louis, Ill.; Elizabeth Bell, 120 South Congress, Rushville, Ill.; Helen Hood, 219 Oakwood Ave., Jackson, Mich.; Thelma M. Barrett, 71 Sunshine Rd., Upper Darby, Pa.; Mrs. Chas. McDonnell, 1506 Hadley St., St. Louis, Mo.; Thelma Pavey, Box 23, Fort Ogden, Fla.; E. J. Hildebrand, 718 West St., Charlottsville, Va.; Jack E. Fray, 1080 Pearl St., Denver, Colo.; Ellen Hofmann, 315 Marvin Ave., Hackensack, N. J.; Mrs. Carrie J. Campbell, 621 Wilfred Ave., Dayton, Ohio; Gladys van Scott, 397 Yarmouth Road, Rochester, N Y.; William Murray, 2601 State St., E. St. Louis, Ill.; Pauline Musser, Pittman, Ohio; Ethel S. Abdon, 245 McGregor Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio; Catherine Heidel, Waterville, Box 312, N. Y.; Grace M. Custer, 2423 Clyde Pl. S. W., Canton, Ohio; J. Elizabeth Milliken, 104 Hiram Ave., Liverpool, N. Y.; Helen Haskell, 652 Herman St., Burlington, Wisc.; Margaret White, 123 Nagle St., Paterson, N. J.; Edna M. Irwin, 199 Peace St., Stratford, Conn.; Mrs. L. A. Burnett, 305 Columbia Ave., Pullman, Wash.; Mrs. G. E. Bryant, 1719 Bancroft St., San Diego, Calif.; Beryl Farrand, R. R. 4, Box 18, Moscow, Idaho; Pauline Calkins, 8023 South A St., Tacoma, Wash.; Hilda Nash, 2213 Triumph St., Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada; Marjorie D. Cooper, 1424 North Euclid Ave., Tucson, Ariz.; Willamine Hart, 810 Republic Bldg., Seattle, Wash.; Rae Kent Sholberg, 631 Colorado Ave., Palo Alto, Calif.; D. M. Davis, Rt. 5, Co. H., Santa Rosa, Calif.; Virginia F. Rogers, 185 Summit Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J.; Frances McClure, Bynum, Tex.; Mrs. G. M. Graham, 410 Hill St., Niles, Mich.; Clarabelle Hemmer, 251 South St., Lockport, N. Y.; Marie H. Otto, 210 E. Boulder St., Colorado Springs, Colo.; Lorraine Alstrom, 5017 Queen Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.; Harold J. Holtz, 26 Mallon Rd., Dorchester, Mass.; Barbara Pandak, 4554 Liberty Rd., South Euclid, Ohio; Mrs. Florence Schmidt, 134 Fall St., Fastoria, Ohio; Anne MacFreitas, 549 So. R. R. Ave., Sta. Maria, Calif.; Nita Marie Mortensen, 409 West Bijou St., Colorado Springs, Colo.; Catherine Doyle, 45 Park St., Lawrence, Mass.; Mary Kayata, 301 West Court St., Cincinnati, Ohio; Margaret Downing, 2107 E. Liberty St., Savannah, Georgia; Howard Robison, 612 W. Francis St., Grafton, W. Va.; Florence Naples, 11 Providence St., Taftville, Conn.; Eva Moizelle Ward, 804 City Natl. Bank Bldg., Wichita Falls, Tex.; Edith Plant, 191 S. Main St., Albion, N. Y.; Harold R. Tanner, 41 Marshall Ave., Mohawk, N. Y.; Mrs. Geo. V. Roach, 2111 Woodbine Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.; Cora Riley, Rugus Street, Plattsburgh, N. Y.; Helen Meyer, 3332 Wisconsin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; Stella Mae Owen, 322 W. B., Hutchinson, Kansas.

THE END

IN THE MARCH ISSUE OF

RADIO STARS

An Enlightening Interview with
POLICE COMMISSIONER LEWIS J. VALENTINE
of New York City

In which he states that radio is the greatest advancement in police work since the invention of finger printing.

MUSCULAR RHEUMATIC PAIN

It takes more than "just a salve" to draw it out. It takes a *"counter-irritant"!* And that's what good old Musterole is—soothing, warming, penetrating and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain when rubbed on the sore, aching spots.

Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness generally yield promptly to this treatment, and with continued application, blessed relief usually follows.

Even better results than the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.

Good Housekeeping Bureau

MUSTEROLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

"HUSH"

FOR BODY ODORS

AT ALL 10¢ STORES



NEW EASY WAY 10¢ JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP



KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR

(LAMPS AND RADIO)

A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords. 10c. At Kresge's

LEARN TO DANCE AT HOME

Easy as A-B-C. Each course complete in illustrated booklet. Your choice of:

BEGINNERS or ADVANCED TAP or BALLROOM COURSE $1 EACH

(Includes Plain Waltz; Fox Trot; Tango; Carioca; Continental, etc.)

ALL 3 COURSES $2

Sent prepaid or C.O.D. (in U.S.A.) plus postage.



FREE with $2 order—your choice one pair dancing taps or latest "Top Hat" exhibition dance.

BILLY TRUEHART Dept. O. 5308 Almida Way, Houston Texas

HAIR *Lovelier* THAN EVER BEFORE



ELSA BUCHANAN Feature Player

STAR-SHEEN Liquid Rinse and Tint is used and praised by thousands of women! STAR-SHEEN brings out natural color, fascinating high-lights Creates a new, lustrous softness . . . counter-acts dullness, brittleness. Safe, simple to use. Use STAR-SHEEN after every shampoo.

SEND 10c FOR FULL SIZE BOTTLE

CHECK SHADE. ( ) PLATINUM ( ) HENNA ( ) BLACK ( ) BLONDE ( ) DARK BROWN ( ) GOLDEN BROWN

★ STAR-SHEEN

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

SOLD AT ALL 10c STORES



SIMPLE SIMON
MET A PIEMAN
AND ORDERED THREE OR FOUR;
HE NOW EATS TUMS
WHEN HEARTBURN COMES . . .
DON'T SUFFER ANY MORE!

Stop SAYING "NO" TO FAVORITE FOODS!

IT isn't only pie that disagrees with some people. Many say that even milk gives them a gassy stomach. The very best foods may bring on acid indigestion, sour stomach, gas, heartburn. Millions have found that Tums bring quick relief. Munch 3 or 4 after meals or whenever smoking, hasty eating, last night's party, or some other cause brings on acid indigestion. Tums contain no harsh alkalies, which physicians have said may increase the tendency toward acid indigestion. You will like their minty taste. Only 10c at all drug stores.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY



TUMS ARE ANTACID . . NOT A LAXATIVE

HANDY TO CARRY

FREE: Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of Tums and NR. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Dept. 2B-50, St. Louis, Mo.

BECOME AN EXPERT

ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 12,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 2318H, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,200 C. P. A.'s



Rubinoff shows Alice Faye his Stradivarius, valued at $100,000.

Radio Ramblings

(Continued from page 100)



Connie Boswell, warm-voiced Southern soloist whose singing features outstanding song hits of the day on the "Refreshment Time" program with Ray Noble's orchestra. One of the famous Boswell sisters, she made her first public appearance playing the violin and piano. The sisters hail from New Orleans.

strings," for dance music . . . The saddest moment on Sunday evening: When you have to decide between the Benny and the Woollcott programs . . . Rachel Carlay, vivacious French singer of the "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" made her operatic début at seventeen in the lyric soprano rôle of Nedda in "Pagliacci," at the Theatre Royal Monnaie in Brussels . . . John Charles Thomas decides momentous questions by tossing a coin. He did it when he chose between music and medicine as a profession.

Out of our mail bag this month came three books which seem to deserve special mention. These are: "Fan Mail," by Lowell Thomas, a collection of letters; "Air Storming," by Hendrik Van Loon, comprising forty radio talks; and "Radio Personalities," an elaborate year-book of personalities of the air, reminding one in presentation — and price — of the college year book.

Also a letter, from Frank B. Maxim, of Portland, Maine.

Mr. Maxim writes:

Dear Sir:

After listening one evening to the final commercial announcement on Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight" program, in which Harry Von Zell extolled the greatness of both Ipana and Sal Hepatica, I was astonished to hear the orchestra burst forth: "I've got a feelin' you're foolin'!"

Was he?

Well, one never knows!

Jumbo on the Air

The elephant after whom the fire chief broadcast is named is not used on the pro-

gram. . . . They can't cue the bulky beast for the script because, as Announcer Louis Witten says: "An elephant doesn't remember that long." . . . Witten also is the authority for the statement that Jimmy Durante stands sidewise at the "mike" because his nose is so long it would knock the "mike" over from the front. . . . And there is so much equipment back stage in the New York Hippodrome that the NBC engineers are fearful that Billy Rose's hired hands will mistake their portable control room for a lion's cage some night and begin tossing steaks into it. . . . Which steaks, incidentally, might not be so bad, what with the extended hours of rehearsal required for the broadcast each week. . . . The production and diction master, Announcer Witten, says twenty-five hours of preparation is required for every Tuesday's thirty minutes on the air. . . . The time is divided into four hours for script conference, eight for rehearsal of principals, six for the band and chorus, and about seven hours more for calling everybody together and the polishing off processes. . . . Also from the department of statistics comes the news that forty persons, aside from those heard on the air, are accessories before, during and after the broadcast fact. . . . Along the lines of the *Jumbo* theme, forty-five hundred persons crowd into the Hippodrome to see the Fire Chief show each week, this number of guests being three times more than the capacity of the auditorium studio in Radio City, which studio is the largest in the world. . . . And the demand for tickets to the performance is greater than ever before. . . . There's a huge Fire Chief hat hanging over the broadcasting arena, the hat, of course, being a plug for the sponsor, but the thing is so built of such and such material that it serves as a massive acoustical property. . . .

At the Zero Hour

Fred Allen, looking like a lawyer coming into court, walks briskly to the "mike," takes his script out of a brief case and puts it on a stand.

Helen Hayes gets a firm handshake by way of encouragement from her husband, Charles MacArthur, who attends every "New Penny" broadcast.

Jack Benny lights up a fresh cigar.

Lawrence Tibbett goes off to a corner to limber up the larynx by shouting: *"Me, Me, Me; My, My, My; Ma, Ma, Ma,"* and sounds as if in distress.

Phil Baker patiently explains a joke to the slow-witted Bottle.

Mary Livingstone powders her nose.

Hal Kemp adjusts a rubber-band to keep his bushy hair from falling into his eyes during the program.

Portland Hoffa looks for friends in the audience.

Johnny Green practises his dialect on Don Wilson.

Kenny Baker, used to working before the cameras, straightens out his tie.

Edith Meiser, authoress of the Helen Hayes scripts, finds a seat in the corner of the studio and takes out her knitting.

Emily Vaas, Phil Baker's "Angelface," gets a final hair-combing from her mother, who sits in the wings during the show.

Don Voorhees always ties his shoe-laces tighter.

Mark Warnow, musical director for the Hayes programs, takes a new unsharpened pencil from his pocket to serve as a baton. He uses a fresh one for each performance.

Beetle gives a final "voice level" of his haunting inflection at the request of the control-room.

Peter Van Steeden unstraps his wristwatch and hangs it on the podium.

Sponsors just wait.

Jack Benny Statistics

To date, Jack Benny has sprung 2,483 jokes since he has been on the air. Waxing statistical on the eve of his 200th anniversary which was celebrated over the NBC-WJZ network, Sunday, December 1, the suave jester went to the files for material for the first time in his comedy career and emerged with some other illuminating figures.

66 burlesque dramatizations of famous plays and films have been staged. The most successful was "Grand Hotel," which popular demand forced Jack to repeat twice.

36 poems have been recited by Mary Livingstone, "Labor Day, Oh, Labor Day" making the biggest hit. Mary also is responsible for the popularization of two national catch-lines—"O.K., Toots," and "What's she got that I haven't got?"

55 different stooges have been used by Jack from time to time, including one stooge-team, the Chicken Sisters. He has worked for four sponsors.

744 musical selections have been aired on the Benny programs exclusive of 17 attempts to play "Love In Bloom." 194 of these have been vocals, the rest orchestral. Benny bandmasters have been George Olsen, Ted Weems, Frank Black, Don Bestor, Jimmy Grier and Johnny Green. His singing-stooges have included Ethel Shutta, Andrea Marsh, Jimmy Melton, Frank Parker, Michael Bartlett and Kenny Baker. Mary Livingstone turned songbird on 7 occasions.

123 letters "poured" in as the result of the first Benny broadcast. Now his mail is said to average in the vicinity of 2,000 pieces weekly. More than 4,500 pages of typed script have been used while he has been on the air. His ad-libbed lines, of which there is no record, would fill another 1,000 pages.

Benny has smoked the same brand of cigar—an eight-inch long Havana—during each broadcast. The oddest occurrence during 200 broadcasts took place last spring when Mary fainted just at the sign-off. It was the occasion when Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa made guest appearances.

THE END

Stop Baby's COUGH

The "Moist-Throat" Way



● Tender little throats should be healed the "moist-throat" way with Pertussin, which stimulates the flow of natural fluids, loosens phlegm and soothes the throat. Contains no harsh or injurious drugs. Will not upset the stomach or spoil the appetite. It checks coughs quickly and safely. Doctors have prescribed it for 30 years.

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year, according to Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Association.

PERTUSSIN

"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF

COUGH RELIEF

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Seeck & Kade, Inc., 440 Washington St., N.Y.C.
I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—quick!

Name_____

Address RS-2

Learn Radio IN 12 WEEKS

BY SHOP WORK-NOT BY BOOKS

I'll Finance Your Training!

Prepare for jobs in Service Work, Broadcasting, Talking Pictures, Television, Wireless, etc., by 12 weeks practical shop training in Coyne Shops. Free Employment Service. Many earn while learning. Write for BIG FREE RADIO and TELEVISION BOOK, and my "Pay-Tuition-After-Graduation" Plan.

H. C. LEWIS, President, COYNE RADIO SCHOOL
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 26-1K, Chicago, Illinois

NEVER TOOK A LESSON FROM A TEACHER

yet Bob is the envy of his music-loving friends



You, too, can learn to play any instrument this amazingly simple way. No expensive teacher. No tiresome exercises or practicing. You learn at home, in your spare time. Yet almost before you know it you are playing real tunes! Then watch the invitations roll in—see how popular you become. Yet the cost is only a few cents a day.

EASY METHOD

You don't have to be "talented." You can't be too young or too old. No teacher to make you nervous. Course is thorough, rapid, simple as A-B-C. First you are *told* what to do—then a picture *shows* you how to do it—then you *do* it yourself and *hear* it. In a short time you become the envy of your friends, the life of every party.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE
Piano, Violin, Guitar, Saxophone, Drum, Ukulele, Tenor Banjo Hawaiian Guitar, Piano Accordion Or Any Other Instrument

DEMONSTRATION LESSON FREE!

Send for free demonstration lesson, together with big free booklet which gives you details and proof that will astound you. Instruments supplied when needed—cash or credit. No obligation. Write letter or postcard today.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
3952 Brunswick Bldg. New York City, N. Y.

COMING!!! IN THE *MARCH* ISSUE OF

RADIO STARS

A gay and highly entertaining story of that popular radio team.

"MYRT AND MARGE"

Radio Laughs

(SELECTED SNICKERS FROM POPULAR PROGRAMS)

Apropos of Gracie Allen's attempt to put the needle through the camel's eye, Gracie remarked:

GRACIE: Oh Georgie Porgie, isn't it wonderful that scientists invented the needle and saved so many lives?

GEORGE: Saved so many lives, Gracie?



Why?

GRACIE: Because—they save millions of lives by people not swallowing them.

(BURNS & ALLEN, Campbell's Tomato Juice Show.)

EDDIE: Do you mean to tell me that the entire play is on these two sheets of paper?

PARKYAKARKUS: Sure. . . . It's a bedroom play and all we need is two sheets.

(EDDIE CANTOR AND PARKYAKARKUS, Pebeco Program.)



CANTOR: Remember your friend—the blonde typist who used to work here? I got her a job, too.

WALLINGTON: I guess she's worked for every man in the building.

CANTOR: Yes, Jimmie—she's on her last lap.

(EDDIE CANTOR AND JIMMIE WALLINGTON, Pebeco Program.)

JANE: My father's a G-Man.

GOODMAN: What do you mean?

JANE: Every time he writes it costs me a G.

(JANE AND GOODMAN ACE, Easy Aces.)

PICK: Pat, does you know what a potato chip is?

PAT: Sho. It's a potato shaving—starched.

PICK: Mah good man, you has been drinking.

PAT: No man, I ain't been drinking. I been eating frog's legs an' what you smell is the hops!

(PICK AND PAT, One Night Stands.)

EDDIE: I had dinner with a friend the other night and was he a crank! He says: "Are oysters in season? I want some oysters; I don't want 'em too cold . . . and I don't want 'em too large, too young or too old and I want 'em right away!"

And the waiter says: "Okay, mugg—do you want 'em with or without pearls?"

(EDDIE GARR, on Vallee Varieties.)

ALLEN: Motor car manufacturers are getting pretty modern, but they still haven't developed a special brake for speeders.

PORTLAND: What kind of a brake?

ALLEN: In the driver's leg when he steps on the gas!

(FRED ALLEN, Town Hall To-Night.)

GOODMAN: Jane, I'm ashamed of you. You have no idea of bridge—you should never have bid four spades on that hand. You're probably the worst bidder I've ever seen.

JANE: Yes—and you're probably the best after-bidder speaker in America!

GOODMAN: Well, I've got a yen for some Chow Mein.

JANE: Oh tell me, how much Chow Mein can you get for a yen?

(JANE AND GOODMAN ACE, Easy Aces.)

MOLASSES: It wracks mah nerves to look at you.

JANUARY: Whut's wrong with mah looks?

MOLASSES: You looks like an E flat detour through Chittlin Switch, Georgia.

(MOLASSES AND JANUARY, Maxwell House Show Boat.)



BAKER: One of these days I'm going to give you a piece of my mind!

BOTTLE: Oh, Mr. Baker—not your last piece!

BEETLE: Believe it or not, I sleep with my brother on the edge of a roof.

BAKER: Where's your brother now?

BEETLE: This morning he got up on the wrong side of bed!

(PHIL BAKER, BEETLE & BOTTLE, Gulf Program.)



PORTLAND: Papa has gone to the hospital on account of housemaid's knee.

FRED: How could housemaid's knee put your father in the hospital?

PORTLAND: Mama caught him sitting on it.

(FRED ALLEN AND PORTLAND HOFFA, Town Hall Tonight.)

BESSIE GLASS: There are two worlds: To be or not to be . . . and I'm going to be.

(GERTRUDE BERG, House of Glass.)

DAN: Mah cousin, Delilah, had her face lifted.

JIM: Had her face lifted?

DAN: Yassuh. But it didn't take. When de doctor give her de bill, her face fell!

(Lazy Dan, OLD ENGLISH WAX Program.)

CAROL DEE: Well pappy, this is the day of the great turf classic, the Frankfurter Handicap.

MARTY: That's right . . . wiener take all!

CAROL: I asked that man: "What are the odds?" and he said: "Mr. and Mrs. Dionne."

MARTY: Sure . . . he means five to two! Now—in this play I take the part of a Cherokee Hitch-hiker named "Indian Thumber".

CAROL: Some thumb, eh kid?

MARTY: Quiet, Carol. Put that hot water bottle back in your hair and keep your wig-wam.

CAROL: This ought to be barrels of fun.

MARTY: Yeah—I heard the hoops.

(MARTY MAY and Carol Dee, Columbia Broadcasting System.)

DIZZY DEFINITIONS

Radio is stuff that I would have a smaller automobile or none at all if it weren't for.

Gasoline is stuff that if you don't use good in your car it won't run as well as if.

Glue is what the flaps on envelopes would stick down better if you had good on.

A desk is when you're tired working you don't sit at it.

Gas is stuff that if you turn it on and don't light it the soft music they play you don't hear.

(Col. Stoopnagle and Budd, FORD MOTOR Program.)

JIMMIE: All right . . . let's go, Boy Scout.

EDDIE: Why do you keep calling me Boy Scout?

JIMMIE: Well, haven't you been scouting for a boy for twenty years?

(EDDIE CANTOR and JIMMIE WALLINGTON, Pebeco Program.)

EDDIE GARR: I ran into a fellow I met in Scotland and he says: "Mon, I'm glad to see ye. . . . I want you to come to my house for dinner—at 216 West 63rd. Ye press the button with your elbow, ye go inside and ye'll see my name on the mailbox—an' ye press that button with your elbow. When ye reach ma door ye press *that* button with your elbow and. . . ."

"Wait a minute," I said. "What's all this about pressing all these buttons with my *elbow?*"

"Fer the love of Mike," he says, "you're not comin' empty handed, are ye?"

(EDDIE GARR, Vallee Varieties.)

BOTTLE: I'm not feeling well today. I ate a dozen oysters last night.

BAKER: Were they fresh? What did they look like when you opened them?

BOTTLE: Oh—do you have to open them?

(PHIL BAKER and BOTTLE, Gulf Program.)

(Continued on page 106)

Guarantee of Satisfaction

The publishers of RADIO STARS guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of every packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, RADIO STARS will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case all you have to do is to send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in RADIO STARS

Careful examination before publication and rigid censorship, plus our guarantee, enable you to buy with complete confidence the products you see advertised in this issue of RADIO STARS.

Index of Advertisers

February 1936

Alka Seltzer 99
Allcock's Plasters 98
American Drug Company 86
American School of Photography 88
American Tobacco Company ..... 4th Cover

Barbo Compound 82
Blondex 99
Blue Waltz Cosmetics 89
Borden Company 85
Brookline Chemical Company 90
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Co. 59

Camay Soap 11
Campana's Italian Balm 74
Carter's Little Liver Pills 58
Cheney Medicine Company 96
Chicago School of Nursing 76
Colgate Toothpaste 61
Cocomalt 67
Coyne Electrical School 103

DDD Company 95
Denison Company, T. S. 97
Dr. Grove's Quinine 66
Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion 98
Dr. Pierre Chemical Co. 82

Enterprise Dripolators 84
Exlax Company 9

Fairyfoot Company 76
Faoen Cosmetics 70
Fashion Frocks 92
Federal Schools 76
Feenamint 4
Fels Naptha Soap 7
Fleischmann's Yeast 53
Fletcher's Castoria 63
Forhan's Toothpaste 58
Fort Orange Chemical Co. ..... 3rd Cover
Franco-American Spaghetti 57
Franklin Institute 97
Frontier Asthma Company 95

Geppert Studios 62
Griffin ABC Polish 97

Hollywood Rapid Dry Curlers 92
Hollywood Studio Stores 95
Hotel Savoy Plaza 78
Hubinger Elastic Starch 84
Hush Company 101
Hygeia Nursing Bottles 98

Ipana Toothpaste 3
Ironized Yeast 83
Irresistible Cosmetics ..... 2nd Cover
Ivory Flakes 13

Justrite Push Clips 101

Kelpamalt 93
Kenton Pharmacal Co. 88
Kool Cigarettes 59
Kotex Company 18
Kristee Manufacturing Co. 90

Lady Esther Cosmetics 81
Lanzette, Mlle. Annette 84
La Salle Extension University 102
Lauder Co. 100
Lewis Medicine Company, A. H.
Tums 102
NR 90
Lifebuoy Soap 55
Lucky Strike Cigarettes ..... 4th Cover
Lux Toilet Soap 51
Luxor Cosmetics 54

Maybelline 87
Mehl, Max 69
Mercolized Wax 92
Metal Textile Co. 98
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer 5
Midol 64
Mifflin Antiseptic Mouth Wash 96
Modess 75
Musterole 101

Olive Tablets 95

Pazo Ointment 80
Pedodyne Company 86
Pertussin 103
Platinum Nailpolish 71
Polk Miller Co. 88
Pond's Powders 65
Pond's Vanishing Cream 73

Rhodes, Arthur 97
Rieger, Paul 86
Rinso 55

Sergeant's Dog Medicines 88
Shelia, Inc. 96
Standard Brands, Inc. 53
Star Sheen 101

Tangee Lipstick 72
Texas Company 85
Thornton Dance Studios 88
Tintex 79
Truehart, Billy 101

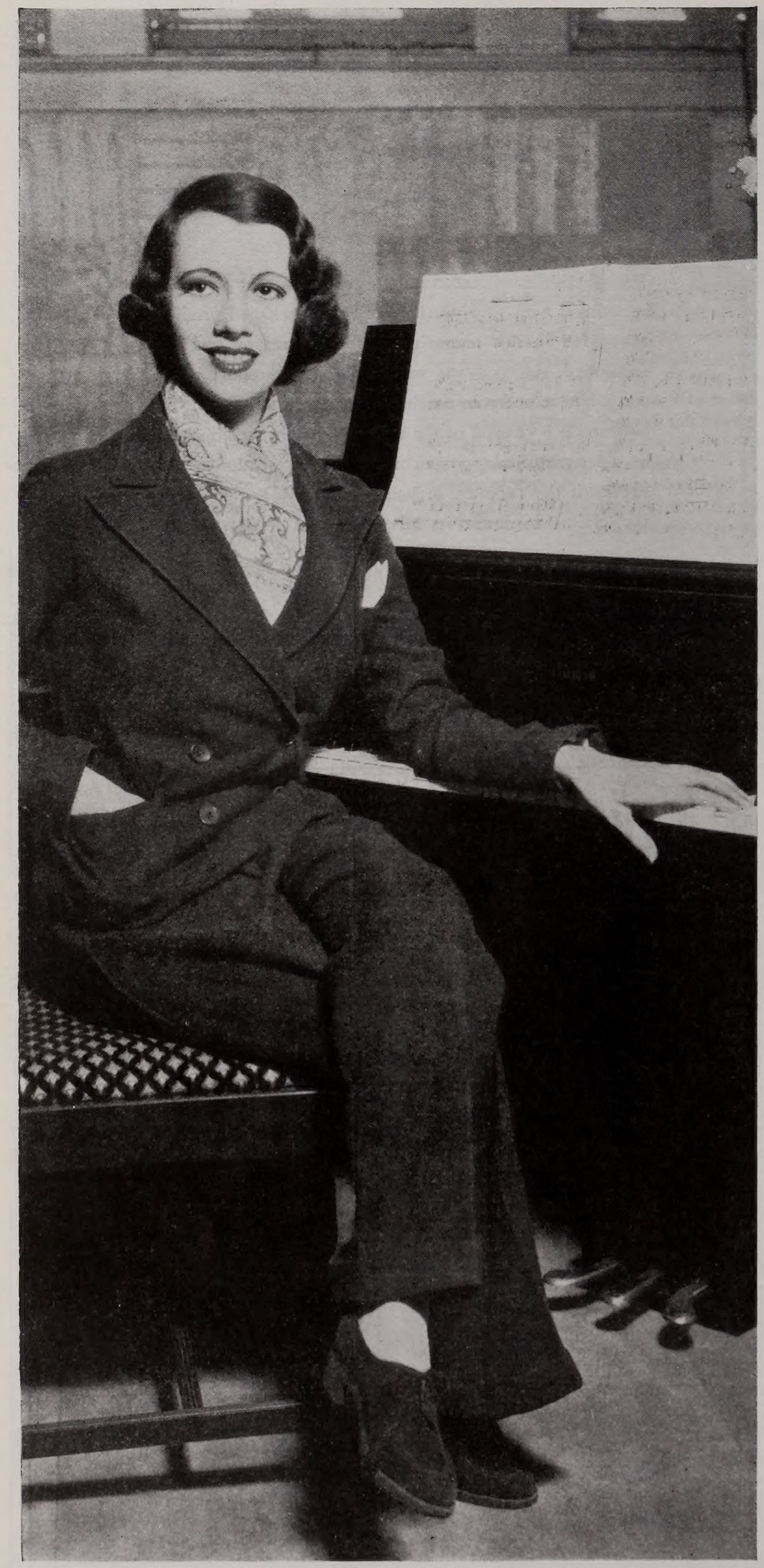
U. S. School 103

Wilson Chemical Company 86
Wilson Chemical Company 98
Winx 56
Woodbury Powder 77

Yarn Novelty Company 96
Yeastfoam Tablets 60

Zonitors 62

Although we make every effort to insure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error.



Lovely Lily Pons, greatest coloratura soprano of a generation, practises long hours every day. Despite her gratifying success in Grand Opera, in the concert field, on the air and now in the movies, Lily does not relax in her studying.

Radio Laughs

(Continued from page 105)

JIM: What kind of a house did you have in the country, Dan?

DAN: We had what I calls a bungalow, Mistuh Jim.

JIM: A bungalow, eh?

DAN: Yassuh! De carpenter *bungled* de job an' I still *owe* for it!

* * *

JIM: Dan, does your wife make your salary go a long way?

DAN: Does she make it go a long way! Boss, she make it go so far dat none of it ever comes back!

(Lazy Dan, OLD ENGLISH WAX Program.)

TOM: I'm working in a nut and bolt factory.

GEORGE: What are you doing in a nut and bolt factory?

TOM: Nutting.

GEORGE: And they pay you for that?

TOM: Why, I do nutting faster than anybody in the factory!

(TOM HOWARD AND GEORGE SHELTON, Bromo Seltzer Program.)

PICK: What did dat last chicken dinner cost you?

PAT: Ten days in jail. An' den I had a terrible fight with my wife.

PICK: Is dat so? An' how did it come out?

PAT: Dey took us bofe to de hospital. Doctuh took three stitches in my wife . . . den he look at me an' say: "Anybody here gota sewin' machine?"

(Pick and Pat, ONE NIGHT STANDS.)

MARY: I played football at Vassar.

JACK: Go on—who could a girls' football team play against?

MARY: The Notre Dames.

(JACK BENNY AND MARY LIVINGSTONE, Jello Program.)

PAT: Let's send Little Nell to the mountains.

PICK: We can't do that . . . there's b'ars in them thar mountains.

PAT: Don't worry about Little Nell . . . she rides a bicycle. She knows how to handle bars.

(PICK AND PAT, One Night Stands.)

BOB: Pigs—or razorback hogs—down in Van Buren, Arkansas, are certainly something. One day a pig ate sixteen sticks of dynamite. Then he crawled under the barn. A mule came up and kicked the pig, blew up the barn, killed the mule and blew out the windows in the house. And for a couple of days we certainly had a mighty sick pig!

(BOB BURNS, on Kraft Program.)

FANNIE (As Pocahontas): Smitty, not even a goodbye kiss?

SMITH: You would relish that?

FANNIE: Yeah—you know—Indian relish!

(FANNIE BRICE, on Vallee Varieties.)

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

How Mary Kept Her Date With Bob

OH, JANE! I'D LOVE TO COME. BUT MY NAILS ARE A MESS AND I WOULDN'T WANT BOB TO SEE THEM THE WAY THEY ARE

DON'T WORRY, MARY, I'LL FIX THOSE NAILS OF YOURS BEFORE THE BOYS ARRIVE.

MY! THEY ARE PRETTY BADLY MUSSED UP. WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THEM?

GUESS IT'S MY NAILS. POLISH JUST NEVER SEEMS TO LAST AND MY NAILS CRACK SO EASILY. THEY NEVER LOOK AS NICE AS YOURS.

DON'T WORRY, HERE'S SOMETHING I ALWAYS USE, BUT FIRST LET'S TAKE THAT OLD POLISH OFF WITH THIS REMOVER.

MY! THAT'S A GRAND-LOOKING BOTTLE, AND IT WORKS LIKE A CHARM, DOESN'T IT?

YES! AND SO DOES THE POLISH. HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS NEW SHADE? OH! OH! HERE COME THE BOYS.

OH, JANE! IT'S A PERFECTLY MARVELOUS SHADE, AND SO SMOOTH. BOB CAN HOLD HANDS ALL HE PLEASES TODAY. WHAT KIND IS IT?

IT'S CHIC! AND YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE BEAUTIFUL NAILS IF YOU USE IT.. BUT COME ON, THERE THEY ARE.

BUT JANE, WAIT! LET ME JOT THAT NAME DOWN! C-H-I-C. I'M GOING TO GET SOME TOMORROW MY NAILS LOOK LOVELY DON'T THEY?

MARY'S BOB DID HOLD HANDS AND, LIKE MOST MEN, HE DID NOTICE HER NICE NAILS. BUT IN ADDITION TO THAT, HE TOLD HER...BUT THAT'S THEIR SECRET, FOR AWHILE AT LEAST. • DON'T LET UGLY FINGERNAILS EVER KEEP YOU FROM HAVING A GOOD TIME. USE CHIC MANICURE AIDS AND REST ASSURED THAT YOUR NAILS WILL ALWAYS LOOK BEAUTIFUL AND WELL-KEPT.



7 CHIC SHADES

[In Cream or Transparent Polish]

COLORLESS · NATURAL
ROSE · CORAL · RUBY
DEEP · SUNTONE

Also

CHIC CUTICLE REMOVER
CHIC POLISH REMOVER (Plain)
CHIC POLISH REMOVER (Oily)

chic

MANICURE AIDS

10¢ AT ALL TEN CENT STORES


LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20
Luckies a light smoke
OF RICH, FULL-BODIED TOBACCO
ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT A LIGHT SMOKE